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## THE EYE-WITNESS.

### THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY AND THE LEAGUE.

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#### THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY.

ON entering the House of Lords, and looking round, with some knowledge of the adjuncts and personalities of individual peers, we are at once struck with the fact, and appreciate its literal significance, that the aristocracy of England is a **TERRITORIAL** one. Here is no merchant, no manufacturer, no shopkeeper. They are not merely **LORDS**, but **LAND** lords. True, amongst them are peers who, either themselves or their parents, have sprung from the middle classes. Industry, talent, and genius enable individuals to reach the honours of the upper house. Eldon is dead, but his son inherits the title and the estates. The Lord Chancellor, John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, is the son of the artist who painted the Death of Chatham. Lord Campbell boasts that his parentage was that of a worthy minister of the Established Church of Scotland. And though Lord Brougham comes from a higher grade than the toiling section of the middle class, his propulsion upwards has been owing to his own wonderful activity and marvellously varied powers. The **LAW** is indeed the main road from the middle class of society into the House of Lords. But there are others. Brilliant achievements by land and sea introduce middle class men into the peerage; and Wellington owes but little to the fact that he comes of a noble family. Nay, great wealth acquired by merchandise is no absolute barrier, if the individual is otherwise of service to the state. Lord Ashburton, originally Mr. Thomas Baring, was not born a poor man; his connections were all of that station which verges on, and even enters into, the aristocratic class. But his chief merit arises from the fact, that as head of the mercantile house of Baring, one of the greatest in the world, his wealth, his ability, and his character, gave him a position in the country enabling him to rank with, and ultimately bringing him into, the peerage.

These exceptional cases, however, do not negative the main fact of the **TERRITORIAL** character of our aristocracy. **LAND** is its basis. A vast majority of the dates of our peerage are certainly *modern*. The premier baron of England, Lord de Ros, goes no farther back than the thirteenth century; the premier duke, Norfolk, is of the fourteenth, which is also the starting-point of the House of Derby. But this is owing to the fact that many of the titles are revivifications. War and confiscations have made many a revived title of recent date. In Gibbon's beautiful 'Digression on the Family of Courtenay,' he remarks, "The proudest families are content to lose, in the darkness of the middle ages, the tree of their pedigree, which, however deep and lofty, must ultimately rise from a plebeian root." And this reminds us of that same Courtenay family, still existent in the House of Lords. Do you see that plain, kindly-looking man on the ministerial benches? It is the Earl of Devon. In the House



of Commons he was a member, as Mr. Courtenay; and as Mr. Courtenay he was for years "clerk assistant" at the table of the House of Lords. He is collaterally descended from the ancient, proud, renowned family of Courtenay, whose glory and misfortunes Gibbon has rendered immortal. Descended from emperors of Constantinople, with branches which reigned on the banks of the Euphrates, in the south of France, and the west of England, here they are, their memory still embalmed in the person of the present Earl of Devon, who, as head of the Powderham, or Devon branch, still retains, as Gibbon says, "the plaintive motto which asserts the innocence, and deplores the fall, of their ancient house." It is *Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?* Where have I fallen? What have I done?

Looking round the House of Lords, we perceive that the peers dress as gentlemen usually dress in these prosaic and undistinguished days. Meeting them in the street, though most of them, from their air and manner, would at once be known as high bred men, we should not, unless made aware of the fact, recognise them as having any greater stake in the country than the reputed son of Cœur de Lion, "lord of his presence, and no land besides." Yet there is Earl Fitzwilliam, one of our very great lords of the soil. He is talking with the Marquis of Lansdowne, another great territorial peer. Across the House you perceive the Duke of Buccleuch, who, like the Marquis of Breadalbane or Lord Panmure, hold many an acre of "braid Scotland." How largely, too, does the extension of the west end of London contribute to the annual income of the Marquis of Westminster! And the Duke of Sutherland owns an extent of country which many an ancient king would have envied. But it would be useless to enter on a muster-roll the great territorial peers. They do not certainly form a majority of the House of Lords; and there are some Commoners, as Lord Francis Egerton, equal to the wealthiest of them, while several others, not connected, as Lord Francis is, directly with the aristocracy, have accumulated enormous fortunes by shipping, manufactures, and trade.

But the presence of the bishops, in their distinctive costume, confirms the impression of the territorial fact. They, however, seldom assemble in numbers, unless some question is involved affecting the interests of religion, humanity, or the church. The "junior bishop," however, has to attend to read prayers at the opening of each sitting, a duty which, in the House of Commons, is performed by the chaplain of the SPEAKER. The youngest bishop at present on the episcopal bench is the recently appointed Bishop of Oxford. His career has been rapid. Archdeacon of Surrey; Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Oxford, he has been within a comparatively short space of time; and has become, at the early age of forty, a spiritual peer. He may owe something to the fact that he bears the honoured name of WILBERFORCE. But he owes much to his own talent. At the opening of a railway—at the meeting of an archæological association—at an assembly of the clergy—he speaks with a depth, solidity, and power which mark him out as no ordinary man. He has already made a speech in the House of Lords on secondary punishments; and though troublesome bishops are more dreaded by the temporal peers than any other species of *bore*, it is to be hoped that so much promise of excellence as the Right Reverend Doctor Wilberforce has afforded will not be extinguished by his elevation to the see of Oxford.

That LAND is the basis of our institutions—monarchical, aristocratic, and religious—may be seen in the relation which the lay aristocracy and the church bear to each other. Each individual prelate has a much larger amount of ecclesiastical patronage than any individual temporal peer. Thus, while the Archbishop of Canterbury has the patronage of one hundred and forty-nine livings, the Archbishop of York of



sixty-two, the Bishop of London of ninety, St. Asaph of one hundred and thirteen, St. David of ninety-nine, and so forth, the Earl of Lonsdale has only thirty-three, the Dukes of Devonshire and of Rutland thirty-one each, the Earl of Egremont thirty, the Earl Fitzwilliam twenty-six, the Duke of Cleveland eighteen, the Duke of Buckingham thirteen, and other peers in a smaller proportion. But the lay lords, as representing the aristocratic community, have, in the aggregate, the largest amount of patronage. The Crown has the patronage of very nearly a thousand livings; the archbishops and bishops of 1248; other dignitaries of 1851; deans and chapters of 787; universities and colleges of 721; but private owners of no less than 5096. Some idea, but a very imperfect one, of the importance of this patronage may be received by knowing that the annual value of the commuted tithes of England, in 1843, was returned as close upon two millions sterling. But without a minute knowledge of the extent of the ecclesiastical property held in trust by the church, by charitable corporations, by universities and colleges, and even by private individuals, we can scarcely have a clear, far less a correct, conception of the extent to which our social institutions are based on land, or the power and influence which the possession of land confers on them.

In the House of Commons the territorial influence is less apparent, but still clearly discernible. Here, to use the words of Pope, we can discern the presence of

“Heathcote himself, and such large aced-men,  
Lords of fat E’sham, or of Lincoln fen.”

For instance, look at those two men standing at the bar, neither of whom, in external appearance, are tell-tales of their social importance. The one is Lord Worsley, the eldest son of the Earl of Yarborough, whose property in Lincolnshire has been prodigiously augmented in value by agricultural improvements; the other is Mr. Philip Pusey, brother of the celebrated theologian, who, as a country gentleman and a member of Parliament, would pass along, unknown to fame, were it not for the zeal with which he advocates the scientific cultivation of the soil, and the intelligence and taste with which he writes for and edits the *Journal* of the Royal Society of Agriculture. It is not wonderful that an elder brother should be a country gentleman, and a younger a clergyman; but the extraordinary contrast between Mr. Philip Pusey, M.P., and the celebrated Dr. Pusey, compels us again to quote Pope, and say as well as ask—

“Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you’ll find  
Two of a face as soon as of a mind;  
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless, one  
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun,”

while the other betakes himself to the calm yet active seclusion of the cloister?

Two or three years ago, Mr. Philip Pusey went down to Lincolnshire, in order to inspect its farming, of which he has heard so much. Crossing what was once Lincoln Heath, but is now a fertile district, he was arrested by the sight of Dunston Pillar. There was nothing barren about the Heath but the name: but in the midst of smiling farm-steads, fertile fields, and teeming “rows of high, long, saddle-backed ricks,” Dunston Pillar stood, like an Irish Round Tower, a memento from the past to the future. The generation is not yet quite extinct which, by the aid of this “land lighthouse,” guided their steps by night over the dreary wastes of Lincoln Heath—a desert on which merry parties, returning from the social jovialities of Lincoln, have been lost, and compelled to tarry till the dawning of the day. Even by day-light the



Heath was so impassable, that, when the late Lady Robert Manners wished to visit Lincoln from her residence at Bloxholme, a groom was sent forward previously, who examined some track, and returned to report on one that appeared practicable. "This Dunston Pillar," says Mr. Philip Pusey, "lighted no long time back for so singular a purpose, did appear to me a striking witness of the spirit and industry which in our own days have reared the thriving homesteads around it, and spread a mantle of teeming vegetation to its very base; and it was certainly surprising to discover at once the finest farming I had ever seen, and the only land lighthouse that was ever raised." Yet there is nothing extraordinary in the soil of Lincoln Heath. It is a fawn-coloured sand, about six inches deep, "lying on a dry, thirsty walling stone," and showing no marks of natural fertility.

This Dunston Pillar, standing in the midst of what was once a barren heath, but is now a fertile landscape, is no inappropriate illustration of what has been going on all over England. Undoubtedly, our agriculture, *comparing it with what it OUGHT to be*, is very backward. But, *comparing it with what it has BEEN*, the change is wonderful. The owners of the soil have not been indifferent to its scientific cultivation. During the past century—at least since the days of Arthur Young—travellers from all other countries have been invariably struck by the high condition of English farming; and by the drainage of the Bedford Level, commenced nearly two centuries ago, the surplus waters of about a million acres are poured into Boston Wash. Nor has local drainage been neglected, especially in Suffolk, Essex, Norfolk, and Hertfordshire, where the practice was known more than an hundred years. But it was not till about the year 1835, that the present SPEAKER of the House of Commons, Mr. C. S. Lefevre, himself an experienced agriculturist, brought into public notice the scientific process adopted by the manager of a cotton-mill, Mr. Smith, formerly of Deanston, in Scotland. This is effecting a wonderful revolution; and in conjunction with new manures, new machines, and economical management, is changing the character of English farming. Still, it would be most unjust to suppose that no real improvement was effected before thorough draining and subsoil ploughing came up. These, in fact, only mark a stage in the progress of what was steadily going on. Our climate is indeed against us; the elevated moors of West Somerset, the high lands of Derbyshire, of Wales, of Westmoreland, of Cumberland, and of Scotland, subject as they are to long intervals of bleak, dreary weather, can never be expected to ripen wheat, which some authorities say cannot be regularly and properly ripened any where north of the Trent. Yet that English agriculture has received a prodigious development, measuring its progress by the rapid increase of population, is evident from a Parliamentary paper, frequently quoted to show that we are not, and cannot be, independent of foreigners:—

#### AVERAGE ANNUAL IMPORTATION of FOREIGN WHEAT in periods of Ten Years.

Period.	Foreign and Colonial Wheat Imported.		
1761-70	.	.	94,089 quarters.
1771-80	.	.	111,372 ,,
1781-90	.	.	143,292 ,,
1791-1800	.	.	470,342 ,,
1801-10	.	.	556,959 ,,
1811-20	.	.	429,076 ,,
1821-30	.	.	534,762 ,,
1831-40	.	.	908,118 ,,



During the period embraced in the above return, the population of Great Britain has increased from twelve to eighteen million souls.

Justice, then, compels us to admit that the territorial aristocracy of England has not wholly neglected its duties. The *land* has been its basis; the *land* has been its care; and the great bulk of our hereditary and elected legislators being landowners, we need scarcely wonder that at one period they stimulated produce by bounties on exportation, and at another by prohibitions on importation. Whatever may be the opinion entertained on the policy or the wisdom of this species of legislation, the result has been, to quote the language of an intelligent observer, that in no part of the world "has so great a breadth of land been more scientifically and more expensively improved," as is the case in England. Nor, after all, is the possession of the soil such a monopoly as it is generally thought to be. At the commencement of the present century Dr. Beeke estimated the number of landed proprietors in England at two hundred thousand; and this statement continues to be repeated to the present day. But amongst the four hundred and fifty members of the House of Lords, the number of very great landed proprietors is comparatively small. In the House of Commons the proportion is still smaller. The few holders of estates whose incomes reach 100,000*l.* annually are as nothing compared with those whose incomes are only 1000*l.* The area of Great Britain is, in round numbers, about eighty-eight thousands of square miles, and in statute acres about fifty-six millions. To this add, for Ireland, thirty-two thousand square miles, or twenty-one millions of statute acres. Much of this vast extent of surface is still unimproved. A sanguine agriculturist declares that there are thousands, if not millions, of acres which at present scarcely support a goose, or, at least, a sheep, per acre, that, with proper drainage, would have their value increased from one hundred and fifty to three hundred per cent., while the operation would so improve the climate as to advance the harvest from fourteen to twenty days. Admitting that much remains to be done, very much must have been done, when we find such an exhibition as the following of the value of real property in Great Britain:—

ANNUAL VALUE of REAL PROPERTY in GREAT BRITAIN Assessed to the INCOME and PROPERTY TAX in the year ending April, 1843.

	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Total.
Lands . . .	£40,167,088	£5,586,527	£45,753,615
Houses . . .	35,556,399	2,919,338	38,475,738
Tithes . . .	1,960,330	. .	1,960,330
Manors . . .	152,216	. .	152,216
Fines . . .	319,140	901	320,042
Iron Works . . .	412,022	147,212	559,435
Quarries . . .	207,009	33,474	240,483
Mines . . .	1,903,794	177,592	2,081,387
Fisheries . . .	11,104	47,809	58,914
Canals . . .	1,229,202	77,891	1,307,093
Railways . . .	2,417,609	181,333	2,598,942
Other property . . .	1,466,815	309,480	1,776,296
	<hr/> £85,802,735	<hr/> £9,481,762	<hr/> £95,284,497

Add to this that the annual rental of Ireland is reckoned at about 14,000,000*l.*

This return, however, reminds us of a new social element which has sprung up and spread itself out like a great branching tree. No doubt the great bulk of the members of the House of Commons are connected with the aristocracy, or are dependent on land. But there is Mr. Alderman Thompson, who, though a great land-



lord, has acquired his vast wealth by trade. There, again, is Mr. Morrison, intelligent and rich, another of the great commercialists of the City of London. That quiet, unassuming man going out at the door is Mr. Strutt, of Derby, who reminds you of Jedidiah and William Strutt, and the remarkable establishment at Belper. Sir Robert Peel, himself, is an off-shoot of the new manufacturing system which has already changed the institutional character of Great Britain.

Of this "great fact," that pale, unobtrusive-looking man, Richard Cobden, is a type. He is sitting beside Mr. Villiers, the brother of the Earl of Clarendon,—on the other side is John Bright, the colleague of Mr. Cobden, in a career of mental agitation which has produced remarkable fruits. We give its history, simply as the history of an important though brief era in our social and legislative existence, and one whose effects can alone properly be estimated in future years.

The economic doctrines advocated by Adam Smith and his successors have never been without legislative followers. Burke adopted them, and his little but precious tract, 'Thoughts and Details on Scarcity,' exhibit them with the power of a master. Pitt adopted them, and realised them in a commercial treaty with France in 1787, which the subsequent revolutionary war rendered nugatory. But the fatal restriction of cash payments checked the further progress of the doctrines of the school of Smith. The Bank of England and the legislature, the people and their teachers, had to go through a long course of painful experience before the question of currency assumed a definite shape. David Ricardo and Francis Horner stand out conspicuously amongst the earlier of the currency expositors; and Sir Robert Peel as the practical realiser of their doctrines. Then, again, Lord Grenville, in 1815, in his celebrated protest against the passing of the Corn Act of 1815, expressed, in language which cannot be surpassed, his opinion on the inexpediency of restricting the importation of corn. And from time to time, ever since, men in the legislature and in the periodical press, spoke and wrote with much vigour on the same question.

But after the passing of the Reform Bill the attention of the public was diverted from economic to political questions. Good harvests from 1832 till 1836 aided the diversion. In 1835, as Mr. Cobden once told the House of Commons, the eloquence of Demosthenes would not have attracted attention to the subject of the Corn Law. But another period was coming which demonstrated, in a way not to be misunderstood, that a new social element was at work, threatening the disruption of the wall which hemmed in the territorial power of legislation.

At the close of the year 1836 a commercial or monetary crisis occurred. The cause of it at the time staggered some of the most acute of our periodical writers. An able writer in the 'Companion to the Newspaper,' noticing the fact at the moment, professed himself unable to propound the reason why the exchanges had become adverse, and that, as a consequence, mercantile accommodation was restricted and commerce embarrassed; for all our trade appeared, on the surface, to have been flowing in a healthy and tranquil channel.

The cause gradually developed itself. The harvest of 1836 had been slightly deficient, and an exportation of bullion was going on. But there was another concurrent, but more powerful one. Enormous credits had been extended to the United States, not only in the way of bills of exchange accepted by English merchants for account of American houses, but also by means of loans to that country for the formation of railways, joint-stock banks, and other public works. Universal discredit caused a collapse and a ruinous fall of prices. We struggled through 1837; and during the early part of 1838 the country seemed to be recovering. In all the discussions that ensued the most prominent idea in men's minds was the subject of the



CURRENCY, and the management of the Bank of England. The Corn Laws were scarcely ever mentioned, unless by the few who had closely reasoned on the subject, or who, remembering the discussions and debates of former years, were able to bring their previous knowledge to bear on it.

Colonel Thompson and Dr. Bowring deserve the credit of originating what may be termed the *modern* crusade against the Corn Laws; and a gentleman of Bolton, Mr. A. W. Paulton, who has since acted as the secretary of the Anti-Corn Law League, began the first of that series of public lectures which have effected so great a change in opinion. All this, however, might have proved unavailing if the harvest of 1838 had not been deficient. Towards the end of that year the rapid rise of provisions, the stagnation of trade, and the embarrassment of the manufacturers, caused general anxiety; and on the 13th of December, 1838, the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester agreed to a report, in which, after making some alarming statements as to the state and prospects of the cotton trade, it was agreed that a petition should be presented to Parliament, praying for the total and immediate repeal of the Provision Laws.

This was the commencement of an agitation which has never abated until the present moment, when the object seems so near realisation. No sooner was the attention of the Lancashire manufacturers specially directed to the subject of the Corn Laws, than they took it up with the energy which characterises their movements; yet at first their efforts appear comparatively insignificant. At a meeting a subscription of one thousand pounds was raised towards defraying the expense of getting up a combined movement. This was followed by a meeting of deputies, who assembled in Manchester in January, 1839. It was then resolved that Anti-Corn Law Associations should be organised in different localities, and petitions be got up to Parliament, which met in February. A large delegation from the manufacturing districts assembled at the same time in London, meeting at Brown's Hotel, in Palace Yard. It was composed of several members of parliament, and a body of influential manufacturers and traders. Dr. Bowring was placed at the head of a committee, whose business was to gather EVIDENCE on the question; and the deputation then selected Mr. VILLIERS to be their parliamentary mouth-piece. His first motion—the first of a series annually renewed from 1839 till 1846—was rejected by a large majority, and in a way not calculated to raise expectation of future success.

On the day after the rejection of this motion the delegation met, and the idea of the Anti-Corn Law League was struck out. Mr. COBDEN recalled to the recollection of the meeting the conduct of the merchants of the Hanse Towns, when their commerce was impeded and their merchandise plundered by the feudal chiefs of Germany. They formed themselves into the Hanseatic League to resist their oppressors. "Let us," exclaimed Mr. COBDEN, "form a League of the great towns of England to put down the oppression of our feudal aristocracy, and let the ruined and dismantled castles of the Rhine and the Elbe be to our opponents a warning of the fate which awaits them if they persist in a struggle with the commercial classes of this country."

"Land and trade," said Sir Josiah Childs, "are twins, they wax and wane together." But here was the commencement of a great social struggle between land and trade, which, for a time, seemed to place them in irreconcilable antagonism. The delegation, before separating for their different localities, resolved to form themselves into a "federal" ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE, which should have its head-quarters at Manchester.



## VIRGINIA WATER.

## THE CASCADE.

A WILD and solemn scene in the green  
woods—

A close and shaded scene—where the quick  
water

Wakes its own musical voice, unvex'd by  
man.

It is a quiet, heart-entrancing tone,  
A mellow sound; in which, amidst the leaps  
Of the white sparkling foam, a constant roll  
Swells like the deep flow of the organ's peal.  
Unwearied minstrelsy! thou art not dull;  
But in the noon-tide glow 'twere sweet to  
dream,

Hush'd by thy murmuring song; and hear  
in thee

Gushes of choral hymns, the slumbering  
airs

Of music indistinct, such as the wind  
Breathes on its own lute with a balmy kiss.

Faint image of the loud and mighty falls  
That headlong tumble down unfathom'd  
steeps,

And lift, amidst the hills eternally,  
A voice more dreary than the whirlwind's  
roar.

I love thee not the less, that thou hast come  
Fresh from the hand of art, a gentle thing,  
A pleasant tranquil thing such as in groves,  
Where a soft glimmering light for ever lies,  
May mingle with the breeze and the blithe  
song

Of evening nightingales. Yet thou art not  
A crude unripened bauble: for the sun,  
And dew, and frost, have long convers'd  
with thee,<sup>1</sup>

Till thy brown rocky stones are crumbling  
and hoar,

While the moss clings to them, as if they  
grew

Here with the hills. The graceful willows  
droop

Beautiful o'er thee, and the weeping birch  
Is listening to thy voice. Fair at thy feet  
The acacia blooms; the uncropp'd turf is  
fresh

With spongy moss, mid knots of rank thick  
grass,

And straggling fern, and frequent dewy  
nooks

Where the bright harebell gleams like a  
precious gem.

Deep by thy side there is a rocky cave,  
Piled up as if in sport, where the high sun  
Not often looks through its thick doming  
boughs.

Here the close lichen, and the delicate heath,  
And yellow pellitory, have singled out  
Green vegetative spots, where they may  
creep

Blooming amidst the dark and dripping  
walls.

Hollowly here the gushing water sounds,  
With a mysterious voice; and one might  
pause

Upon its echoes till it seem'd a noise  
Of fathomless wilds where man had never  
walked.

Thy song is varied with the varying clime,  
Unceasing fall! When autumn rains have  
filled

Thy parent lake, thou pipest clear and  
strong,

Yet with no harsh voice; but when winter  
raves,

Thou hast a shout of power, while thy loud  
swell

Sings through the stripp'd trees with the  
eddy wind:

In summer, thou art still as the south gale,  
And thy low murmur creeps upon the ears  
With a monotonous hum, most like the buz  
Of honey-seeking bees. Yet never mute  
Is thy subduing voice;—and never leafless  
Are the thick firs that tower above thy  
height

In manifold hues. Thou art the abode of  
life

Through changeful seasons; fragrance and  
sweet sound

Dwell with thee ever. May'st thou endure  
as long



As the green woods and the transparent  
lake :—

Thou art a work of man that Nature loves,  
And she will cherish thee.

#### THE LAKE.

Heaps upon heaps the frosted clouds are  
sailing

On the stiff breeze; here high up-piled they  
stand

A clotted mass, blackening against the west  
In solemn fullness; here, in all-varying  
forms,

They course each other down with playful  
speed;

Here, in soft bars they stretch across the sky,  
Drinking in light; and here the steadfast blue  
In delicate patches asks the pensive eye  
To pierce the glimmerings of its shadowless  
depth.

A golden ray skims o'er that heathery slip,  
And the thick purple flowers show like a  
garden, —

Midst the uncultur'd hills.

Rich as thou art,

Soul of these sylvan haunts, delicious Lake,  
E'en when the flickering clouds obscure the  
sun

And the sky shows in spots—give me to  
muse

On thy untroubled banks, when the warm air  
Lies like an infant on thy cradling breast.

Then the gull screams not, but the trilling  
thrush

Makes glorious music in thy skirting woods,  
And midst her gusts of song there is a  
stillness

Which not a ripple stirs, while the hush'd  
soul

Hugs up its thoughts, as if it fear'd to wake  
The spirit that sleeps upon thy quiet  
breadth.

Or let me gaze on thee, when the soft moon  
Sheds a perfusive gentleness around,  
While wood, and water, and the cloudless sky  
Lose each their features and peculiar hues,  
In something lovelier than the eye can  
pierce—

A subtle, viewless, mute, indefinite joy.

Waveless or rippling, thou art beauteous  
ever,

Sweet Lake; and beauteous arc thy shadow-  
ing banks:

Thou art a place for pure and gentle  
thoughts;

Thou hast a charm to free th' entangled  
heart

From low and carthy chains;—thy calm  
makes audible

The voice of Omnipresence.

#### SHREDS OF THE PAST.

WILLIAM COWPER ON FASHION.—While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same things, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low,—whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is indeed an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictates and adopts the change, are invariably the same. When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world is grown more reasonable than it was; but because in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes happen to be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present, a proof of its greater folly. In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will

shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hand with a crab-tree cudgel instead of it: and when he has done so, will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety, which, in reality, he has no taste for, all his merit on the occasion amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another.

WILLIAM COWPER ON GENIUS.—I never knew a poet, except myself, who was punctual in anything, or to be depended on for the due discharge of any duty, except what he thought he owed to the Muses. The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he has what the world calls Genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices, and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favourite employment.





Louis XI.

## HISTORICAL SCENES.

### III.—TREATY OF PICQUIGNY, AND INTERVIEW BETWEEN EDWARD IV. OF ENGLAND AND LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE; AS NARRATED BY PHILIP DE COMINES.

THE character of Louis XI.—one of the strangest in history—has been made familiar to the general reader by the fascinating pen of Walter Scott.\* His suspicious temper, cunning, cruelty, and superstition, his matchless kingcraft, his towering ambition, his sordid personal habits, his mingled ferocity and facetiousness, are all faithfully portrayed in Scott's amusing historical romance, which has been translated and read in every country in Europe.

With the startling anachronisms of that story, with the extreme, and at times unnecessary, liberties Sir Walter took with history and chronology, we have here nothing to do. We would only inform or remind our reader that for the materials of the character, sayings, and doings of Louis XI., Scott was indebted almost entirely and solely to Philip de Comines, who

was most familiar with the cunning French monarch, and an eye-witness of nearly all the scenes and events he describes in his chronicle or historical memoir. Although as a statesman, or political agent, Messire Philip had much of the cunning and indirectness of the king, his master, he is, as a memoir-writer, exceedingly frank and straightforward. His accuracy and *impartiality* have been admitted by all historians. His genius for narration is of a first-rate order; his style is deliciously quaint, and characteristic of the times in which he lived. As old Froissart gives the true key to the age of chivalry and baronial independence and turbulence, so does Comines give us the true-key to the age of kingcraft and coming absolutism. It was in the school of Louis XI. that Henry VII. of England, Ferdinand of Spain, and other cunning and successful sovereigns of the fifteenth century, studied their craft, and learned how to deceive, distract, and crush the feudal aristocracy. The policy which we call Machiavellism was invented, promulgated, and practised in many parts of Europe long before the illustrious Florentine wrote his 'Prince;' and the

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\* 'Quentin Durward.'



groundwork of this system will be best understood by studying the memoirs of the writer now under notice.

Philip de Comines, Lord of Argenton, had changed allegiance and masters. He was by birth a Fleming, and a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, who at that time, by holding nearly all Flanders, and a great part of France, was at least equal in power to the French king, his suzerain. In the year 1464, when he was only nineteen years old, he entered the service of Charles the Bold, or the Rash, whose father was then living, and who, consequently, was only Count of Charolais. The character and tastes of the Burgundian prince—a man of frank violence, who was passionately fond of war, and preferred the sword to the pen, the battle-field to the council-chamber—could scarcely suit one of Messire Philip's disposition. He left the service of Charles for that of his rival and mortal enemy Louis XI., who promoted him, kept him much about his person, and employed him in some of the most confidential and important of his state matters.

Charles and Louis were constantly engaged either in open war or in intrigues against each other. In 1474 Charles made a second treaty with Edward IV. of England, who engaged to cross the seas with 10,000 men, and co-operate with the Burgundian in a grand invasion of the dominions of the French king. The Count of St. Pol, hereditary Grand Constable of France, who was master of St. Quentin and other towns on the river Somme, and who had a mortal quarrel with his sovereign, promised to join the English and Burgundians, and to give King Edward possession of the town and fortress of St. Quentin, as a dépôt and basis of military operations. In the beginning, at least, King Edward did more than he was bound to do by the treaty: he crossed over to his own city of Calais with 1500 men-at-arms and 15,000 foot, chiefly archers. "This army," says Comines, "was the most numerous, the best disciplined, and the best armed that ever any king of that nation invaded France with. Edward was attended by the flower of the English nobility. . . . And, besides this main army, a body of 3000 Englishmen was to be landed in Britany." But Charles the Bold, instead of being ready to co-operate with Edward in France, had gone on a mad expedition to the frontiers of Germany; and the Constable St. Pol, dreading the great power of the English, refused to admit them into any of his towns. Yet, even without his allies, Edward was so for-

midable that Louis dreaded him. Moreover, the astute French king would never rely upon arms when he could employ policy and cunning. He knew that Edward was of an impetuous disposition, and that he was offended and irritated beyond measure at the conduct of the Burgundian duke and the Constable of France. He had no herald with him, but dressed up a menial servant in the disguise of one, and sent him to the English camp to ask for a truce, and to make liberal offers of money, not only to the king, but also to some of his chief ministers and courtiers. Edward, who saw that the winter season was advancing, and that he had no prospect of winter-quarters, readily consented to appoint Commissioners to arrange a treaty, and promised to meet Louis in a personal conference.

The French and English armies being within four leagues of each other, their respective Commissioners met on the next morning. The rest is best told in the words of Comines, and is the subject and substance of our present article.

"The English at first demanded, according to their custom, the crown of France, and by degrees they fell to Normandy and Guienne: our Commissioners replied as became them; so that it was well urged on the one side, and well refused on the other. Yet from the very first day of the treaty there was great prospect of an accommodation; for both parties seemed very condescending, and inclinable to hearken to reasonable proposals: our Commissioners came back, and theirs returned to their camp. The king was acquainted with their demands, and the final resolution was, to have seventy-two thousand crowns paid them down before they left the kingdom; a marriage concluded between our present king and the eldest daughter of King Edward, who is now Queen of England, and for her maintenance, either the Duchy of Guienne, or a pension of fifty thousand crowns to be paid annually, during nine years, in the Tower of London; at the end of which term the king present and his queen were to enjoy quietly the whole revenue of Guienne, and our king to be discharged from paying the pension for the future. There were several other articles, but, being of no great weight or importance, I shall pass them over; only this I shall add, that in this peace, which was to continue nine years between the two crowns, the allies on both sides were to be comprehended, and the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne were named expressly by the English. The King of England offered (which was strange)



to make a discovery of some persons who (as he said) were traitors to our king and his crown, and to produce an instance of their treason under their hands. King Louis was extremely pleased with the progress that our Commissioners had made in this affair.

"He held a council to consult what measures to take, and I among the rest assisted at it. Some were of opinion all this was but a trick and fallacy in the English; but the king was of another mind, and he inferred it from the time of the year (being pretty near winter), and their being unprovided of any one place for a secure quarter; as also from the delays and disappointments which they had received from the Duke of Burgundy, who had (as it were) forsaken them already; and as for the Constable, he was well assured he would not deliver up any of his towns, for the king sent every hour to entertain and wheedle him, and prevent him from doing any harm. Besides, our king was perfectly acquainted with the King of England's humour, and that he loved to indulge himself in ease and pleasures: so that by the consequence it plainly appeared that his majesty spoke wiser, and made a better judgment of those affairs, than any of his council. Whereupon he resolved to raise the money with all the expedition, and recommending the way to them, it was resolved it should be done by a loan, and every one advance something for greater despatch. The king declared he would do anything in the world to get the King of England out of France, except putting any of his towns into his possession, for rather than do that, he would hazard all."

Here follows a curious account of the trickery and tergiversation of the Grand Constable, who, fearing he had offended all parties, sent a secret envoy to King Louis, to abuse the Duke of Burgundy and his Majesty of England. There is a scene, with a screen and concealed listeners, which has been suggestive to the imagination of Scott, but which would be only episodical in the present narrative. Messire Philip goes on—

"Our negotiation with the English was concluded, as you have heard, and all these intrigues were carried on at one time. The King of France's Commissioners, who had had a conference with the English, reported their proposals; and the King of England's returned to their camp. At last it was agreed upon by the ambassadors on both sides, that the two kings should have an interview, and swear mutually to the performance of the articles; after which the King of England should return into his own country upon the receipt of 72,000 crowns,

and that the Lord Hastings and Sir John Cheney (Master of the Horse) should be left as hostages till he was arrived in England; and, last of all, a pension of 16,000 crowns a year was promised to the Privy Councillors of the King of England, viz., to the Lord Hastings 2,000 (who would never give an acquittance for it), to the Chancellor 2,000, and the rest to the Lord Howard, the Master of Horse, Mr. St. Leger, Sir Thomas Montgomery, and several others; besides a great deal of ready money and plate, that was distributed among the rest of the King of England's retinue.

"The Duke of Burgundy, who was then at Luxemburg, having notice of these proceedings, came in mighty haste to the King of England, attended only with sixteen horse in his retinue. The King of England was extremely surprised at his unexpected arrival, and demanded what it was that brought him thither? for he saw an uneasiness in his countenance that plainly denoted a disturbance of mind. The Duke told him he was come to discourse with him: the King of England asked whether it were in public or private? Then the Duke asked him if he had made a peace? the King told him he had made a truce for nine years, in which the Duke [of Bretagne and himself were comprehended, and he desired that they would accept of that comprehension. The Duke fell into a violent passion, and in English (a language that he spoke very well) began to commemorate the glorious achievements of his predecessors, who had formerly invaded France, and how they had spared no pains, nor declined any danger, that might render them famous, and gain immortal honour and renown abroad. Then he inveighed against the truce, and told the king, he had not invited the English over into France out of any necessity he had of their assistance, but only to put them in a way of recovering their own right and inheritance; and to convince them he could subsist without their alliance, he was resolved not to make use of the advantage of the truce till the king had been three months in England: and having delivered himself after this imperious manner, he took his leave of the King, and returned to Luxemburg. The King of England and his Council were extremely displeased with his language; but others, who were averse to the peace, highly extolled it.

"In order to bring the peace to a conclusion, the King of England advanced within half a league of Amiens; and the King of France being upon one of the gates, saw his army marching at a distance. To speak im-



partially, his troops seemed but raw and unfit for action in the field, for they were in very ill order, and observed no manner of discipline. Our king sent the King of England three hundred cart-loads of the best wines in France, as a present, and I think the carts made as great an appearance as the whole English army. Upon the strength of the truce several of the English came into the town, where they behaved themselves very imprudently, and without the least regard to their prince's honour, for they entered the town all armed and in great companies; so that if the King of France could have dispensed with his oath, never was there so handsome an opportunity of cutting off a considerable number of them; but his Majesty's design was only to entertain them nobly, and to settle a firm and lasting peace, that might continue during his reign. The King had ordered two large tables to be placed on each side of the street, at the entrance of the town-gate, which were covered with a variety of nice dishes of all sorts of food most proper to relish their wine, of which there was great plenty, and of the richest that France could afford, and abundance of servants in the king's livery to wait and attend on them; but not a drop of water did the English call for. At each of the tables the king had placed five or six jolly drinking companions, persons of rank and condition, to entertain those that had a mind to take an hearty glass; amongst which were the Lord de Craon, the Lord de Briquebac, the Lord de Bresmes, the Lord de Villiers, and several others. Those English which were within sight of the gate, saw the entertainment, and there were persons appointed on purpose to take their horses by the bridles and lead them to the tables, where every man was treated handsomely, as he came in his turn, to their very great satisfaction. When they had once entered the town, wherever they went or whatever they called for, nothing was to be paid; they were liberally furnished with all that they wanted, and they had whatever they had a mind to call for, without paying for it; according to the King of France's orders, who bore all the expense of that entertainment, which lasted three or four days."

After explaining how the Duke of Burgundy and the grand constable vainly endeavoured to retain King Edward in their alliance and induce him to break off his treaty with the astute Louis, by offering him 50,000 crowns in hand, and making him "divers other fair proposals," Comines goes on to give an account of "King Louis' nobly entertaining the English at Amiens."

"One night the Lord de Torcy came to the king and told him their numbers in the town were so considerable that he apprehended there might be some danger in it; but his majesty being angry with him, everybody else was silent. The next day was Childermass-day, on which the king neither spoke himself nor permitted any one else to apply to him about business, but took it as an ill omen, and would be very pettish when any such thing was proposed, especially from those who waited on him and knew his temper. However, the morning I speak of, when the king was dressed and gone in to his devotions, one came to me with news that there were at least nine thousand English in the town. I resolved to venture his displeasure, and acquaint him with it; whereupon entering into his closet I said, 'Sir, though it be Childermass-day, I think myself bound in duty to inform your Majesty of what I have heard.' Then I gave him an account of the number of troops already in the town, that more were coming in every moment; that they were all armed, and that nobody durst shut the gate upon them for fear of provoking them. The king was not offended, but left his prayers, and told me, that for once he would put off the devotions of that day. He commanded me immediately to get on horseback, and endeavour to speak with some of the English officers of note, to desire them to order their troops to retire; and if I met any of his captains, to send them to him, for he would be at the gate as soon as I. I met three or four English commanders of my acquaintance, and spoke to them according to the king's directions; but for one that they commanded to leave the town there were twenty came in. After me the king sent the Lord de Giè (now Marshal of France), and having found me, we went together into a tavern, where, though it was not nine o'clock, there had been a hundred and eleven reckonings to pay that morning. The house was filled with company, some sung, some laughed, some slept, and the rest were drunk; upon seeing of which, I concluded there was no danger, and sent to inform the king of it, who came immediately to the gate, well attended, and ordered two or three hundred men-at-arms to be armed privately in their captain's houses, some of which he posted at the gate by which the English entered. The king ordered his dinner to be brought to the porter's lodgings at the gate, where his Majesty dined, and did several English officers the honour of admitting them to dinner with him. The King of England had been informed of this disorder, and was



much ashamed of it, and sent to the King of France to desire his majesty to admit no more of his troops into the town. The King of France sent him word back, he would not do that, but if he pleased to send a party of his own guards thither, the gate should be delivered up to them, and they might let in or exclude whom they pleased. In short, so they did, and several of the English, by their king's express command, were ordered to evacuate the town.

"And then, in order to bring the whole affair to a conclusion, they consulted what place was most convenient for the interview of the two kings, and persons were appointed to survey it; the Lord du Bouchage and I were chosen for our master; and the Lord Howard, one St. Leger, and a herald for the King of England. Upon our taking a view of the river, we agreed the best and securest place was Picquigny, a strong castle some three leagues from Amiens, belonging to the Vidame of Amiens, which had been burnt not long before by the Duke of Burgundy; the town lies low; the River Somme runs through it, and is not fordable near it. On the one side, by which our king was to come, was a fine champaign country; and on the other side it was the same, only when the King of England came to the river he was obliged to pass a causeway about two bow-shots long, with marshes on both sides, which might have been of very dangerous consequence to the English if our intentions had not been honourable. And certainly, as I have said before, the English do not manage their treaties and capitulations with so much cunning and policy as the French do, let people say what they will, but proceed more ingenuously, and with greater freedom in their affairs; yet a man must be cautious, and have a care not to affront them, for it is dangerous meddling with them. After we had fixed upon the place, our next consultation was about a bridge, which was ordered to be built large and strong, for which purpose we furnished our carpenters with materials. In the midst of the bridge there was contrived a strong wooden grate or lettice, such as the lions' cages are made of, the hole between every bar being no wider than to thrust in a man's arm; the top was covered only with boards to keep off the rain, and the body of it was big enough to contain ten or twelve men of a side, with the bars running across to both sides of the bridge, to hinder any person from passing over it either to the one side or the other; and in the river there was only one little boat to convey over such as had a mind to cross it."

Here Philip de Comines breaks into a digression concerning the death of John Duke of Burgundy, grand-sire of Duke Charles, who was barbarously assassinated on "a conference bridge by the friends of the Duke of Orleans during the French wars of our Henry V., through the absence of such precautions as the wise Louis now adopted. Messire Philip thinks that Louis's bridge ought to serve as a model to future princes for their places of rendezvous and consultation. After this digression he continues—

"The barrier being finished, and the place fitted for the interview, as you have already heard, the next day, which was the 29th of August, 1475, in the morning the two kings appeared. The King of France came first, attended by about eight hundred men-at-arms: on the King of England's side his whole army was drawn up in order of battle; and though we could not discover their whole force, yet we saw such a vast number both of horse and foot, that the body of troops that were with us seemed very inconsiderable in respect of them, but indeed the fourth part of our army was not there. It was given out that twelve men of a side were to be with each of the kings at the interview, and that they were already chosen out of the greatest and most intimate of their courts. With us we had four of the King of England's party to view what was done among us, and they had as many of ours on their side to have an eye over their actions. As I said before, our king came first to the grate, attended by about twelve persons of the greatest quality in France, among which were John Duke of Bourbon and the Cardinal his brother. It was the king's royal pleasure (according to an old and common custom that he had) that I should be dressed like him that day. The King of England advanced along the causeway (which I mentioned before) very nobly attended, with the air and presence of a king. There were in his train his brother the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Northumberland, his chamberlain, called the Lord Hastings, his chancellor, and other peers of the realm, among which there were not above four dressed in cloth of gold like himself. The King of England wore a black velvet cap upon his head, with a large *fleur-de-lis* made of precious stones upon it. He was a prince of a noble, majestic presence, his person proper and straight, but a little inclining to be fat. I had seen him before, when the Earl of Warwick drove him out of his kingdom; then I thought him much handsomer, and to the best of my remembrance my eyes had never beheld a more



beautiful person. When he came within a little distance of the rail he pulled off his cap and bowed himself within half a foot of the ground; and the King of France, who was then leaning over the barrier, received him with abundance of reverence and respect. They embraced through the holes of the grate, and the King of England making him another low bow, the King of France saluted him thus—‘Cousin, you are heartily welcome; there is no person living I was so ambitious of seeing, and God be thanked that this interview is upon so good an occasion.’ The King of England returned the compliment in very good French: then the Chancellor of England (who was a prelate, and Bishop of Lincoln) began his speech with a prophecy (of which the English are always provided), that at Picquigny a memorable peace was to be concluded between the English and French. After he had finished his harangue, the instrument was produced which contained the articles the King of France had sent to the King of England. The chancellor demanded of our king whether he had sent the said articles, and whether he had agreed to them? The king replied, ‘Yes:’ and King Edward’s being produced on our side, he made the same answer. The missal being brought and opened, both the kings laid one of their hands upon the book and the other upon the true cross, and both of them swore religiously to observe the contents of the truce, which was, that it should stand firm and good for nine years complete; that the allies on both sides should be comprehended; and that the marriage between their children should be consummated, as was stipulated by the said treaty of peace. After the two kings had sworn to observe the treaty, our king (who had always words at command) told the King of England, in a jocular way, he should be glad to see his Majesty at Paris, and that if he would come and divert himself with the ladies, he would assign him the Cardinal of Bourbon for his confessor, who he knew would willingly absolve him, if he should commit any sin by way of love and gallantry. The King of England was extremely pleased with his raillery, and made his Majesty several handsome repartees, for he knew the cardinal was a jolly companion. After some discourse to this purpose, our king, to show his authority, commanded us who attended him to withdraw, for he had a mind to have a little private discourse with the King of England. We obeyed, and those who were with the King of England seeing us retire, did the same, without expecting to be commanded. After the two

kings had been alone together for some time our master called me to him, and asked the King of England if he knew me. The King of England replied he did, named the places where he had seen me, and told the king that formerly I had endeavoured to serve him at Calais, when I was in the Duke of Burgundy’s service. The King of France demanded if the Duke of Burgundy refused to be comprehended in the treaty (as might be suspected from his obstinate answer), what the King of England would have him do? The King of England replied, he would offer it him again, and if he refused it then, he would not concern himself any further, but leave it entirely to themselves. By degrees the king came to mention the Duke of Bretagne (who indeed was the person he aimed at in the question), and made the same demand about him. The King of England desired he would not attempt anything against the Duke of Bretagne, for in his distress he had never found so true and faithful a friend. The king pressed him no further, but recalling the company, took his leave of the King of England in the handsomest and most civil terms imaginable, saluted all his attendants in a most particular manner, and both the kings at a time (or very near it) retired from the barrier, and, mounting on horseback, the King of France returned to Amiens, and the King of England to his army. The King of England was accommodated out of the King of France’s court with whatever he wanted, to the very torches and candles. The Duke of Gloucester, the King of England’s brother, and four other persons of quality, were not present at this interview, as being averse to the treaty; but they recollected themselves afterwards, and the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) waited on our master at Amiens, where he was splendidly entertained, and nobly presented both with plate and fine horses.

“On the king’s return from this interview, in our discourse by the way, he happened to fall upon two points, at which he was more than ordinarily concerned; one was, that the King of England was so easily persuaded to come to Paris: His Majesty was not at all pleased with it, and he told me, ‘he is a beautiful prince, a great admirer of the ladies, and who knows but some of them may appear to him so witty, so gay, and so charming, as may give him a desire of making us a second visit: his predecessors have been too often in Paris and Normandy already; and I do not care for his company so near, though on the other side of the water I should be ready to



value and esteem him as my friend and brother.' Besides, the king was displeased to find him so obstinate in relation to the Duke of Bretagne, on whom he would fain have made war, and to that purpose made another overture to him by the Lord du Bouchage, and the Lord de St. Pierre; but when the King of England saw himself pressed, he gave this short but generous answer, 'That if any prince invaded the Duke of Bretagne's dominions, he would cross the seas once more in his defence:' upon which they importuned him no further. When the king was arrived at Amiens, and ready to go to supper, three or four of the English lords who attended upon the King of England at the interview came to sup with his majesty; and the Lord Howard being of the number, he told the king in his ear, that if he desired it, it should go hard but he would find a way to bring his master to him to Amiens, and to Paris too, to be merry with him for some time. Though this proposition was not in the least agree-

able to the king, yet his majesty dissembled the matter pretty well, and fell a-washing his hands, without giving a direct answer; but he whispered me in the ear, and told me, that what he suspected was at last come really to pass. After supper, they fell upon that subject again; but the king put it off with the greatest gentleness and wisdom imaginable, pretending his expedition against the Duke of Burgundy would require his departure immediately. Though these affairs were of very great importance, and great prudence was used on both sides, to manage them discreetly; yet there were some pleasant occurrences among them worthy to be recorded to posterity. Nor ought any man to wonder (considering the great mischief which the English have brought upon this kingdom, and the freshness of their date) that the King of France should be at so much labour and expense to send them home in a friendly manner, that he might make them his friends for the future, or at least divert them from being his enemies."

**SALT MONOPOLY IN RUSSIA.**—One of the most oppressive taxes in Russia is caused by the high duty on salt, and by the imperial salt monopoly. This tax, which is also grievously experienced in France and some other countries, is borne with patience by the Russian serf, although the article is sold, in consequence of the duty and the monopoly, at an exorbitant price; a price that bears much the same relation to its natural value, as the British duty on tobacco does to the original price of that plant. But salt is an article of vital necessity, which should be procured at the cheapest cost; tobacco a pernicious stimulant, which should bear the highest revenue duty possible; limited only so far as that such duty would not hold out a premium for extensive contraband. Salt is absolutely prohibited to be imported into any of the ports of the Black Sea, or Sea of Azof, or of the Danube, or along the Prussian frontiers. Its importation is only allowed at the port of Archangel, on paying a duty of two pounds two shillings the ton; at St. Petersburg, on paying a duty of four pounds one shilling and eight pence the ton; and at the other Baltic ports of three pounds per ton. Central and Southern Russia is supplied from the salt-mines, and especially from the long, narrow, and shallow lagoons, or *limans*, which are at the mouths of all the rivers from the Dnieper to the Pruth. The water of these at the mouths of the large rivers is too fresh to yield much salt, and the exhalations from the limans are causes of great insalubrity in their neigh-

bourhood; whole villages have fallen sick during one night on the wind changing and blowing from over the *limans*. Those which yield the most salt are in Bessarabia, especially that called the *Dusle-liman*. As its waters dry up with the summer heat, the salt is found in crystals, and the liman is then surrounded by the officers of the crown. Agents arrive at the same time from the nobility of Bessarabia, Podolia, and New Russia, and from the German colonists, in order to purchase from the crown the privilege of collecting the salt when it is supposed to be *ripe*, as it is termed; that is, when the waters of the liman have evaporated to the usual extent. The liman is then parcelled out to purchasers. The salt near the border is then not more than an inch and a half deep. It thickens gradually to about a foot deep in the middle. The best part is reserved for the numerous depôts of the crown. The immediate purchasers carry away their salt at once. The crown deposits it in stacks containing about 175 tons each. The labour of men and horses, in collecting the salt of the liman, is very great; and the wages paid, high for Russia, being forty shillings to forty-four shillings per month. The *employés* who guard the limans are chiefly Cossacks armed with pikes and sabres. No vessel or boat is allowed to land on the salt coast, nor is anything allowed to be taken from the sea, not even the wood that drifts along.—*From Macgregor's Commercial Statistics.*





## IMAGINARY SCENES.

### II. MAUNDAY AT CAISTER.

It was on the Wednesday before the feast of Easter, in the year 1469, in which year the great festival of the Church fell on the 2nd of April, that after the time of sunset, in the dark twilight that preceded the rising of the paschal moon, a small cavalcade of jaded riders passed the little church of Caister Holy Trinity, of which there is nothing now remaining but a ruined tower. They had left Norwich at an early hour of the morning ; but although the distance they had to travel was less than twenty miles (yet not to disparage the road, it was a good thoroughfare, maintaining the ancient reputation of the roads of Norfolk), the highway was then so rotten from the rains of the season, that the progress of these riders was painfully slow. Indeed the two footmen who walked by the side of the horse which bore their mistress, and carefully attended upon her bridle-rein, scarcely made so much exertion to maintain their speed as the weary beasts who constantly stumbled amongst the deep ruts. The lady was somewhat more than of the middle age ; yet she rode with a firm seat, held herself erect, and complained not of weariness, though she had tasted no food save a small manchet since she had partaken of the lenten white-herring at the breakfast time of seven. Behind the lady followed the somewhat impatient steed of a reverend priest, who, with submission be it said, did not endure the long fast quite so patiently as she of the weaker frame ; and whose restlessness communicated itself to his horse through the pricking of the spur and the snatching of the bit, which occasionally manifested that he who governed the quadruped required a small portion of self-government to endure the evils of this laborious wayfaring. The lady was the worshipful Mistress Margaret Paston, widow ; the priest was her chaplain, Sir James Gloys. Behind them came two led sumpter-mules, laden with panniers and other gear, but not having to stumble under a very heavy load. The hinds who drove them were themselves driven by an upper servant of the lady's house. The destination of the party was the fair castle of Caister. The weary travellers looked up briskly when they saw the great tower standing out in sharp relief in the twilight, rising high over the hill behind its turrets. The horses, who had pleasant recollections of stall and crib, pressed



into a trot as they passed the church ; and, making a short turn, went cheerily along, till horse and foot halted at the gate of the avenue which led to the drawbridge of the western moat.

The gate was quickly opened by the footmen, who shouted lustily, " Nicholas, Nicholas, down with bridge, our lady is come." But no Nicholas was at hand to answer ; and indeed the shouting was somewhat unnecessary, for the bridge was already lowered, and the mother of the lord of Caister rode without challenge into the outer court of the goodly castle. No warder from its tower had given signal of her approach ; no porter, armed to the teeth, was there to make a show of vigilance, if the reality were wanting. The dame was angered beyond measure ; but she was silent. Again the footmen shouted " Nicholas," as they thundered with their staves against the ponderous western porch which led through a corridor to the inner court. Not a light was to be seen through window or loophole ; but as the rising moon threw a glimmer upon the castle walls, a faint wreath was observed creeping up from the precincts of the kitchen, which told that the place was not wholly deserted. The knockings were again repeated by the impatient grooms, who despite the presence of the lady and the priest, were not sparing of oaths, which, although peculiar to the period, and as such of grave interest to resolute antiquaries, are scarcely needful to be set down by us, who aim at no profundity in our archæological gleanings. At length a lamp glimmered through a side slit in the great tower ; and the yeoman of the buttery, who had charge of the sumpter-mules, advanced, and with a double oath demanded admission. The owner of the voice within gave no mark to a possible enemy without ; but shouted securely below the loop-hole, " Mant come in, bor." For an instant Mistress Margery Paston felt the discomfort, and almost shame, of this exclusion from the shelter of her son's castle—the possession which the Pastons were ready to defend to the extremest issue against those who denied their right to its quiet keeping. She even thought for a moment that Caister had been forcibly wrested from their hands ; that their enemies were within its walls. But a second thought assured her that this could not have happened ; for in that case a better watch would have been kept. Her own knaves had been faithless to their trust. Advancing, with the spirit that became her station, beneath the tower—the priest, however, wisely remaining with the grooms, in the apprehension of some foe in ambush—the Paston cried out, with a voice of authority, " Who are you, varlet, that deny your mistress entrance ? Come down and unbar door, or you shall keep your Easter in a lower chamber than you now hide in." Again the voice shouted, " Mant come in, bor." The lady was incensed ; the priest was cold and hungry ; the yeoman of the buttery and the footmen were furious, for they had an undoubting trust that there was supper in the larder, and a fervent hope that there was wine in the cellar. The point was to find an entrance. They forthwith began to shout for Peryn Sale, John Chapman, and Robert Jackson, men-at-arms that they thought were within the walls ; but no answer came. Nor was the cry more fortunate for Robert Jackson, John Chapman, and Peryn Sale. In whatever way the demand was varied, there came the one answer from the one voice, " Mant come in, bor." \* The lady chafed and

\* *Bor* is a word in familiar use to this day in Norfolk. Whether addressed to man or woman, boy or girl, we constantly may hear, " Come hither, *bor*,"—" How are ye, *bor* ?" The Norfolk folk say it means *boy* ; but they cannot explain how a young maiden, or an ancient grandmother, is properly a *boy*. The word is derived in all likelihood from the Saxon *bohr*, a pledge, and at the same time a *pledge-giver*. Every Saxon was bail, or *bohr*, for some other Saxon ; and thus the mutual renderers of service came to be commonly addressed as *bohrrs*, or bound-friends.



muttered, "Oh, that Daubeney were here, to have a rule!" She suddenly bethought her of William Penny, a soldier of Calais, lately sent to the keeping of Caister, of whom her son, Sir John Paston, had written a remarkable eulogy, purporting that he was bald, and as good a man as goeth upon the earth, saving a little—which little was that he was apt to get a little drunk. So "William Penny" was forthwith shouted, and the courts of Caister echoed "William Penny." It was all in vain. Some one thought of John Thresher, to call upon in their need; and at length a voice was heard within—"Up, James Hallman—stand to your tackling—they are over the moat; up, you drunken varlet; up, Rawlings; bills, bills, lights, lights." The shoutings within the portal were answered by another faint shouting from an inner chamber; and now a babel of sounds was rising in the distance, and the voice of the chief in command, William Penny, the soldier of Calais, might be heard above the general uproar—"Harrow, harrow! loselly gadlings!—bacinets, halberts!" And then this great leader, rubbing his eyes, solemnly said—"Here's lachesse. Know ye not that it is written in the Ordinances for War, that every man be obeysant to his captain, to keep his watch and ward, and to do all that longeth a soldier to do? Muster! mountee! havock!" Fearful as these "eseries" were, the garrison seemed not inclined for a sortie; nor, indeed, would any such inclination have availed them much, for the gates of Caister were all locked upon them. Yet those without were not wholly free from peril; and several drew close under the dark shade of a buttress, for a quarrel from a loop-hole might have closed a weary journey with unnecessary awkwardness for some one. A sudden relief lighted upon them in the form of Nicholas, the porter, who, all unconscious of the presence in which he was about to stand, came singing up to the drawbridge, with a basket on his shoulder and a keg slung to his side. The yeoman of the buttery, his old and faithful friend, advanced to meet him, as he stood irresolutely on the bridge, seeing unexpected company. "Oh, Nicholas, Nicholas," ejaculated the afflicted yeoman, "what could lead you to desert your post?"

"Hunger," stoutly answered Nicholas. "Hunger, what has made many a bold man run afore now."

"Hunger!" interposed Dame Margaret; "who presumes to talk of hunger in Sir John Paston's castle of Caister? Nicholas, Nicholas, if you had not been porter of old to Sir John Fastolf, of blessed memory ("Whom God assoil," said the priest), I would discharge you on the spot. Let no one talk of hunger in this fair castle, as an excuse for the neglect of duty. No parley here, varlet, but give us entrance."

"No parley here, varlet," echoed the priest.

The unhappy porter laid down his load, and selected the largest of the keys from the bunch at his girdle. The great door creaked on its hinges; and as it gave admission to the angry visitors of the inhospitable castle, half a dozen men, who had slept on in spite of the tumult, started up from their nap on the benches of the corridor, and with one voice exclaimed, "Nicholas, have you got the herrings?"

Hunger, cold, weariness, offended dignity—all these were forgotten by the mother of the Pastons till she had provided for the security of their stronghold. During this tedious waiting she had refused to dismount from her horse; and now, riding even within the porch, she shouted with a voice of captainship for the delinquent leader of the men-at-arms, "William Penny, come forth." The spirit of soldiery drove out the spirit of drink; and in a moment William Penny snatched a partisan, and, lowering the point in gracious salutation, awaited the lady's commands. "William Penny,



gather your men, and up with the drawbridge." The comrades had the word from their corporal and the feat was done. Again the point of lance was lowered, and again the lady commanded—"William Penny, muster your men in the great hall." The tramp of heavy shoon proclaimed that they were finding their way from the portal across the inner court. The lady now dismounted from her steed; the porter and the cook had taken charge of the panniers; a toreh was held by the trembling urchin who had shouted "Mant come in, bor," and who now kept muttering, "M'uncle bod me." With the dignity of a queen, Mistress Margaret slowly paced into the hall, where William Penny and his men, with pike and crossbow, stood in serried file in the bright moonlight which gleamed through the traceried windows. Sir James Gloys followed in amaze, not clearly seeing the resources for supper; and still more amazed was he when the lady passed through the hall to the great staircase, saying, "Gentlemen-at-arms, to your quarters; Sir James, give you good night."

The visits which Mistress Margaret Paston made to her son's castle to Caister were not frequent; and to her they were not pleasant visits. The fair inheritance which the Pastons had obtained, under the will of Sir John Fastolf, was a doubtful blessing. Its tenure was exceedingly precarious. Claimants to this great property—"a rich jewel at need for all the country in time of war"—were there more than one; and they were each ready to take by the power of the strong arm what the law forbade them to take by any other power than the parchment missiles of the courts. The castle had within it few domestics; but their absence did not render the place lonely; for whenever a soldier, English or foreign, who was ready to fight for any cause, could be hired, Sir John Paston gave him an introduction to the spacious courts of Caister. Small inquiry was there as to the moral qualities of these hirelings. There were few moveables left in Caister to excite their cupidity; there was scarcely anything to guard but the bare walls. Sometimes John Paston, the brother of Sir John (whom we shall call, to avoid confusion, by his familiar name of John of Gelston), would take the government of these ill-disciplined forces; and as he was a bold and skilful soldier, well informed in the warlike science of his day, John of Gelston ruled these knaves with a steady hand. Sometimes John Daubeney, a trusty friend of the house, held the rule; and then also some order was preserved. In the absence of these authorities, Mistress Margaret Paston occasionally took upon her the very difficult task of governing this irregular household. She was a wise and a high-minded matron in many things; but this duty was something beyond her capacity, even in her own opinion; and she frankly confessed, "I cannot well guide nor rule soldiers, and also they set not by a woman as they should set by a man." But, whoever was the commander at Caister, there was one thing essential to the rule of that small community, which is equally essential to the quiet government of the largest communities,—that the people should be fed. Now it unfortunately happened that the day which we have recorded, on which Dame Paston and her chaplain took their way from her comfortable dowry house at Norwich to her son's somewhat cheerless Castle of Caister, for the purpose of distributing Maunday on the following morning to the poor and afflicted, as became the lady of a great house—this day was marked at Caister by the absence even of "a lenten entertainment." In most great houses of that time, and, indeed, to a later period even, in houses of earls who lived in almost kingly state, the domestics were accustomed to what were called Scambling Days of Lent, which Bishop Percy has interpreted as "Days when no regular meals were provided, but every one shifted and serambled for himself as well as he could." But in the Caister household, under the rule of the Pastons, the scrambling days were not



confined to this especial season, but prevailed with little interruption throughout the year. This arrangement was not the result of any philosophical theory, such as might be derived from a logical induction that as fasting was undoubtedly good at one season, it might be equally good at all seasons; but from certain necessities which pressed heavily upon a family that, in times when private as well as public affairs were greatly disordered, had more lands than rents, and, desiring many things in exchange, had not means always at hand for conducting the exchange upon principles that could alone satisfy the traders of Yarmouth and Norwich, upon whose stores the household at Caister had a somewhat precarious dependence. It happened that at this season of Lent, in the ninth year of King Edward IV., Sir John Paston had reckoned somewhat too strongly upon the powers of abstinence which were possessed by his followers at Caister; and thus it also fell out that on the day when the good Mistress Margaret arrived at the fair but ill-victualled castle of her son, there was a mutiny in the garrison, which could scarcely be considered an offence, for in truth the meal was exhausted, and so was the stock-fish; mutton was there none in the fold, nor beef in the salting-tub. The beer-barrel, however, was not quite empty; and to that and to sleep had the honest guardians of Caister addressed themselves with the utmost eagerness, at the time of even-song, to find some compensation for their morning, noon, and afternoon privations. They were angry; they were rebellious. But they had the military virtue even in their sufferings—they would not leave the post they were hired to defend. Thus it was that when good old Nicholas the porter, having shared his last loaf with the men-at-arms, had given over expecting his mistress as the night drew on (he did not reckon upon the unusually bad roads), he started off for the village of East Caister, where he trusted some kind Christian to succour him with a few loaves and a keg of herrings. In making this sally he turned key upon his companions; for the beer, although not of the strongest, had deranged their brains, weak from inanition. And so the drawbridge was down, and the portal shut, when Mistress Margaret Paston came to the castle.

The feelings of the widow of John Paston, first inheritor of Caister, under this unlucky combination of circumstances, were intensely painful. She seemed degraded in the eyes of her own proper household, who lived in comparative comfort in her dower house in Norwich. Her establishment there was simple and orderly. She had no band of military retainers to govern; she had no apprehensions of violence by day or stratagem by night. Caister was to her a perpetual anxiety. For seven years her unhappy husband had struggled to maintain his claims against the most powerful noble of the day, and even against the cupidity of the crown itself. His wife had been left in the dismantled chambers of the fair castle, whilst he was pursuing the court of Edward IV. with his petitions; and the court answered by throwing him into prison as a suspected traitor. He died, without a friend to close his eyes, in a London inn. His family impoverished themselves still more, to bestow on the first heir of Caister a most sumptuous funeral. Three years had John Paston slept soundly under the floor of Broomholm Priory, but the possession of his castle was not one jot more secure to his son, although he had been honoured by the king, and could say with Falconbridge—

“Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.”

Sir John was an accomplished knight, a frank and fearless soldier, an eager champion in the lists, and not seldom a victor; a pleasure-seeker, talking of marriage with courtly dames, with a shrewd eye to the securer possession of Caister through money



and influence, but ever clinging to some lowlier love, which he was suspected of pursuing through "primrose paths," not altogether honest or prudent. John of Gelston, the second son, was also a soldier. He had been brought up in the household of the Duke of Norfolk, who now claimed the castle which the Pastons held, and was not indisposed to press his claims by every means, fair or foul, that presented themselves to a noble of such power, wealth, and high connections. Mistress Margaret thus felt degraded as she entered the castle without provender for its defenders. She remembered the days, happier days for her, when old Fastolf dwelt in all splendour and liberal hospitality in this, the castellated house which he had built at enormous expense. She had feasted in the Great Hall, in the bright summer season, when the gold flagons, and chargers, and standing cups, and salt-cellars, glistened in the sunny rays that came into that spacious room, through the windows rich with heraldic crimson and purple, where the columbine flower and the antelope, the badges of the house of Lancaster, shone amidst the *or* and *azure* of the Fastolf quarterings. She had sat, in the days of quiet domestic occupation, in the Winter Hall, when the bright wood-fire blazed amidst the andirons, and the cloth of arras with which the walls were hung, representing all the gambols of the morris-dance, brought the thoughts of May into the gloom of December. She had knelt in the chapel, where golden candlesticks and chalices, and images of St. Michael and our Lady, sometimes appeared to have more associations with worldly pride than heavenly humility. She had slept in the Great Chamber, and the White Chamber, and the Stranger's Chamber, all made luxurious with feather-beds, and pillows of down, and coverings of arras, and cushions of silk. In those days the buttery was stored with its "great and huge bottles," its tankards and its quartlets, its napery and its trencher-knives; and the kitchen was abundantly provided with its brass pots, its pike-pans, its ladles and skimmers, its spits, its dropping-pans, and its frying-pans. Now Mistress Margaret Paston looked upon bare walls, whether in hall or chamber, in chapel or kitchen. The plate was gone, the tapestry was gone; the feather-beds and the pillows had given place to hard straw-mattresses; the kitchen could boast only a cauldron, a frying-pan, and a spit; the buttery had no flagons of silver, though it maintained a show of conviviality in the display of six black-jacks; the cellars were empty, save that a cask or two of hard and sour ale was absolutely necessary to prevent the men-at-arms altogether deserting their dreary post. Mistress Margaret knew something of all this; but she had not been to Caister for several months, and she little expected that the allies which Sir John had sent down—"the gentlemanly comfortable fellows," who had arrived in the preceding November—would have made such havoc with the white herring and the baconed herring, the salted chins and the Dutch cheeses.

Mistress Paston repressed her anger, for she justly considered that honest Nicholas, who had kept the gate in the old days of abundance, when he had ale and beef without asking, to his heart's content, had scant blame for seeking in his own extremity, and to satisfy the clamour of his noisy fellow-sufferers, a supply of something to keep life and soul together in these long-continued scrambling days. Her sorrow, however, she could not suppress. To conceal it from those around her, she retired to the small and somewhat bare chamber which she reserved to her own use when sojourning at Caister. But before she sought to bury her anxieties in sleep, she sent for her yeoman of the buttery, he who had attended on the sumpter-mules from Norwich, and, like a discreet lady as she was, affected to regret the somewhat too earnest piety of Sir John Paston, in compelling his merry men to keep such an over-strict Lent.



That should be at once amended. What did the panniers contain that he had brought from Norwich for the morrow's Maunday? The careful man set forth that, humbly presuming her ladyship's age to be forty-six, he had brought forty-six manchets of the finest bread for the alms on the morrow, and in the same way he had brought sufficient salted meat to cut into forty-six portions, each poor person receiving the same upon a treen platter. The lady proclaimed that it was well; but it had occurred to her that as this was her son's household, and not her own, it would be more fitting if the almesse were regulated by her son's age, and not by hers; and so she directed that twenty-eight treen platters, with twenty-eight portions of bread and meat, should be distributed on the morrow, instead of the forty-six which had been provided. "And so," said the lady with a merry voice, "let Sir James Gloys bless the remaining meat and manchets for this evening's supper and let Nicholas keep his herrings for the morrow's breakfast. And, good William, ask Nicholas's wife to come here and be my chamberer, and let her bring me a slice of manchet, for I am somewhat weary, with a cup of the red wine of which you brought a pitcher or two for Sir James."

Mistress Margaret Paston descended from her solitary chamber, with a heavy heart, on the Maunday Thursday whose eve saw her son's retainers wanting a supper, had a lucky device not suggested itself to her inventive mind. She came into the Winter Hall, the somewhat snug room which, opening into the inner court, was sheltered from the keen east winds that blew from the neighbouring sea. The morning was raw and comfortless. She looked upon the bare walls, and thought of the cloth of arras of the Morris-dance with which they were wont to be lined. She sat down upon the hard bench, and the remembrance of the great fringed chairs that once combined all the requisites of state and comfort were present to her memory. She gazed upon the wide chimney, and recollected the polished andirons richly ornamented (it may be) with

"Two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing ;"

and she sighed when she saw, as she had often seen before, that they were supplanted by two coarse uprights of undecorated and rusty iron. These were small matters, but they told a tale. The real present evil was, that there was no fire on the hearth, and no attendant appeared to procure one. She sat down and mused. Early rising was not a custom now in the household of Caister; for it had been found by experience that sleep was an abater of those cravings of the inner man which were most imperative in exercise and action. At length the wife of Nicholas appeared; and as fuel was not so scarce as salt beef, humbly suggested that her ladyship would be the better of a fire. Her ladyship assented. In due time her own yeoman of the buttery presented himself, with two of the portions of meat and manchet which he had rescued from the eighteen that had been somewhat hastily dedicated to secular uses. A napery was laid over the rough oak table, and Sir James Gloys was duly informed that breakfast was ready. A leathern bottle, or black jack, of sour ale graced one end of the board; fortunate was it that something remained of a pitcher of red wine, which stood invitingly at the other.

Sir James Gloys, after a short matins, sat down to his frugal meal in a state of great abstraction. We are not exactly sure that his meditations were heavenward; for, in truth, he had been considerably discomposed by the events of the preceding evening, and by the prospects which he saw before him of little difference between the fasts of Lent and the feasts of Easter while he remained at Caister.



After an expressive silence, which in some degree revealed the struggle of pride which was passing in the breast of one, and of half-blighted hopes in that of the other, Sir James at length found relief in the observation that the court was fast filling with the poor people who were come, according to annual custom, to claim the Maunday. Nicholas, the porter, knew by experience that the drawbridge should be lowered on this occasion; that there would be almsgiving in the hall and prayers in the chapel. He had seen, too, the chaplains of his old master assist him in washing the feet of the poor in all humility; and so, being the chief in command of the household, he reverently entered, to inquire whether his mistress, as the season was very cold, would not prefer that the water with which the ceremony would be performed should be temperately heated. The lady referred the question to the priest.

“With all reverence, worshipful lady,” said the chaplain, “I humbly submit that this obsolete portion of the ceremonial may be dispensed with altogether.”

“Obsolete, Sir James? How can you call it obsolete, when kings and queens are even at this hour preparing to imitate the humility of our Divine Master, with archbishops and bishops to assist them?” replied the lady.

“And for that especial reason I hold it right that we, of less degree, should in all humility not presume so closely to imitate the example of those whom the Lord hath set on high,” responded the priest.

“We have little to give these poor people,” sighed out the lady, “except the kindness and Christian love that are manifested in this act, which acknowledges all who bear God’s image to be our fellows.”

“The more necessity, I opine, for omitting that part of the day’s business which has no substantial blessing in it. There will be scant thanks for courtesies and humilities, when the hand is sent empty away,” concluded Sir James.

The reverend chaplain was one of those persons with whom the world has been always filled, who hold that there is no charity but in alms-giving, and who, indeed, consider that the word charity has no other signification. Mistress Margaret knew that there was an authority which did not exactly support the opinions of the priest:—“If I depart all my goods into meats of poor men, and I have not charity, it profiteth to me nothing. Charity is patient, it is benign.”\* If the halls of Caister had been filled with abundance to feed a multitude, and if the lady and her chaplain had heaped up the baskets of every comer, and there ended, something would have been still wanting to have given happiness to those who were assembled in the great court on this Maunday Thursday. The lady had not abundance, but, with many faults, she had a spirit of love in her bosom, sometimes smothered, but the more ready to come forth now at a time when she was not happy, and felt more humbly than was her wont; and so she said that if the poor went unfed from the household, they should not go unblest. She proceeded to the court, and thus addressed them in a tone of real kindness.

“Friends and neighbours!—I am come amongst you unprovided with the usual means of discharging one portion of the Christian duty which has been common in this house on this day. Before Sir John Fastolf died, at the reverend age of eighty, he distributed his Maunday to an increasing number with his increasing years. When my husband came into possession of this house, we each distributed Maunday according to our several ages, so that the poor were not worse off than before. When he died, you were reduced to the widow’s mite, for my son left me here to be his housekeeper. I am no longer equal to that duty. I dwell not among you. Accord-

\* Wiclif’s Translation of the New Testament.



ing to the custom of ancient time the Maunday must be as the years of the age of the lord of the household. I grieve that some of you will return to your homes disappointed. But let us not part as if there was wrong to be remembered. Let us meet together and offer up our prayers together, that God will bless and preserve all his children, and give them according to their several necessities. Sir James, we follow you to the chapel."

There was disappointment, but it was only for a moment, for when did the words of sincerity and kindness ever fail, if addressed to an assembled multitude not stirred by passion or rendered sullen by real or fancied contempt? Men, women, and children followed the lady and her chaplain to the sacred place; and there prayer and thanksgiving were offered; and there, with many a passing word of considerate inquiry, of comfort to those who were afflicted, of sympathy with those who bore their lot in cheerfulness, did the matron kneel at the feet of the old and the young, and discharge her office patiently and gracefully, so as to draw down many a tear and many a blessing. Had her handmaidens performed the duty alone, the form of sanctimoniousness might have been present; but where would have been the spirit that unites the great and the humble in a reverent love before Him who knows no distinctions?

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## THE EYE-WITNESS.

### THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY AND THE LEAGUE.

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#### THE LEAGUE.

MANCHESTER, thus selected as the head-quarters of the newly-formed ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE, is not calculated, by external aspect, to attract the tourist who is in search simply of the picturesque. There is a forest of tall chimneys. There is a perpetual over-hanging cloud, composed of steam and smoke. Perpetual moisture keeps the many unflagged streets in a state of perpetual dirt, in spite of the assiduity of cleansing-machines. At noon or at evening tide not merely a crowd but an army of people sweeps along, clad in fustian jackets and corduroys. The mills of Union Street, or the counting-rooms and warehouses of Mosley Street, proclaim the fact, that here pleasure has reached its minimum, and business its maximum. At different quarters of the town, by night or by day, we hear the shrill whistle of the flying train, on some one of the numerous railways. The clanking of the steam-engine, the creaking of cranes, the lumbering of waggons loaded with cotton goods, the lights which at night gleam from the lofty mills, the hurried business-look of the people, the sombre aspect of the streets—all are repulsive to the man of leisure or the man of taste, and dispose him, on a first glance, to "wipe the dust from his feet," and fly into some other region, where he can breathe the air of calm, rustic nature.

Manchester, though still a great manufacturing town, is daily becoming a central depôt for the large, busy, and populous district of which it is the centre. Lancashire—at least, its southern portion—is now almost one huge city, all quarters of which are linked by railways, canals, and streets of mills. An anecdote frequently tells us more of "rise and progress" than a pile of statistics. An American captain at



Leghorn reported himself from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania. The Custom-house officer knew the Atlantic sea-board, and denied that there was such a port as Pittsburg in the world. Trembling for his ship and cargo, the captain unrolled his map, guided the eye of the functionary up the Mississippi and up the Ohio, and made it rest on this new harbour of the "western world." True or not, the story is striking; and in the same spirit we may receive what a man of character and veracity tells us, the late Sir Fowell Buxton, in his book on the Slave Trade. He heard it, he says, himself, "stated to the Marquis of Normanby by a gentleman whose mercantile knowledge would not be disputed by any one. He stated that the person who first imported from America a bale of cotton was still alive—that the person to whom it was consigned in Liverpool was still alive—and that the Custom-house officer at that place refused to admit it at the lower rate of duty, because to his knowledge no cotton could be grown in America: yet that country which could grow no cotton, now, besides supplying her own demand, sends annually to Great Britain a quantity valued at 15,000,000*l*."

Lancashire (and its capital, Manchester), by virtue of population, wealth, and activity, had therefore some claim to take precedence in an agitation so materially and immediately affecting the interests of the manufacturing districts. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Anti-Corn-Law League enlisted from the first the sympathies and the support of the entire body of the commercial and manufacturing classes of Great Britain. The contrary was the case. In all our great towns the leading merchants and manufacturers will be found to be attached to existing institutions, and unwilling, without strong occasion, to join in any attack upon the external defences of that legislative and executive government which secures property as well as protects existence. This is the case in Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, nay, in Birmingham, and even in Manchester itself. By their position as manufacturers or as merchants, this portion of the middle commercial classes—comprising at least one-half of the body—were disposed to look favourably at questions bearing more immediately on their own interests. But they disliked everything having the aspect of menace or intimidation. They shrank back from the turbulence which more especially accompanies the *raising* of an agitation. To them, open hostility to the aristocracy appeared not merely vulgar and indecent, but dangerous. They refused, therefore, to sympathise with the Anti-Corn-Law League; the larger number were neutral, but not a few were active opponents. In addition to these, there were the iron-masters, the coal-owners, and the shipping interest, all more or less unfriendly to the principles of Free Trade, while personally, by association with law and land-owners, they felt themselves identified with the body and the system which the Anti-Corn-Law League was organised to assail. Here, therefore, the League, at its very origin, had a formidable antagonism to encounter, and a mass of neutrality to rouse, within the circle from which its agitation emerged.

Another formidable obstacle was encountered at the very threshold. The League began with the somewhat *unscientific* principle of cheap bread as against dear bread; and they raised the popular and captivating cry of a large loaf as against a little loaf. This ought to have told on the working classes, and enlisted them on the side of the League. The very reverse was the case. The exacting demands of competition too frequently compelled the coupling of the energies of the human being with the power of the steam-engine; and the manufacturing operative became imbued with the idea that he was but the serf of the manufacturing capitalist. Hence CAPITAL and LABOUR appeared, in the manufacturing districts, to scowl wrathfully at each other; the one



exacted in seeming tyranny, the other submitted in sullen helplessness. To these sources of alienation was added that of political excitement. In 1839 the working classes became vividly possessed with the idea that the attainment of political power was the first great essential towards the rectifying of their wrongs. The agitation raised by the League appeared a mere mischievous attempt at diversion. It was more—they viewed it as a desperate effort on the part of the commercial classes (whom they accused of having defrauded them of their share in the Reform Bill) still further to augment the power of CAPITAL, and, consequently, still further to subjugate LABOUR. With these feelings the working population not only refused to aid the early efforts of the League, but met them with active and direct hostility. Meetings were interrupted; orators were silenced; scenes of confusion arose; and so perpetual were these occurrences, that the announcement of a “League lecture,” or a “League assembly,” might be set down as the infallible intimation that a breach of the public peace was to occur.

The long-rooted power of the aristocracy—the neutrality of one-half of the commercial body—and the active hostility of the working classes—were obstacles sufficiently discouraging. But another one existed *in the League itself*. Its members were not merely destitute of the experience requisite for the proper working of their organization, but they were unable properly to define the principles for the advancement of which they were organized. They commenced the teaching of a nation before their own education was complete. It would be wrong to say of them—as Byron spitefully said of his child’s governess—they

“Taught so well,  
That they themselves by teaching learned to spell.”

They certainly knew more than the alphabet of their principles. What Smith taught, and Burke, Pitt, and Grenville learned, they knew. But, as we have said, they were *unscientific* in their early definitions. “Cheap bread” was the first motto of the League; and they physically demonstrated that a big loaf will weigh down a little one. To this it was replied, with tolerable fairness, that if the big loaf was accompanied by a fall in wages, or if the “cheap bread” disabled the landlord from employing so many workmen, the “gain,” in the Irishman’s phrase, might prove a “loss.” Along with inadequate arguments there were indifferent advocates. During the early days of the League, when their meetings were exposed to interruption, and their speeches liable to be put down by “physical force,” it was no disadvantage to a League lecturer to have a pair of broad shoulders and a brawny arm. Gradually the agitation rose above deficient arguments, and the employment of agents who could scarcely claim the credit of “dancing their bear to the genteelst of tunes.” The “big loaf” gave way to “continuous employment,” arising from extended commercial intercourse; mere “cheapness” was superseded by “abundance;” a “steady” moderate price took the place of a “low” price; the cry of “lower your rents” melted into that of “agricultural improvement,” by which competition might be defied, and rents be sustained by increased production. Thus, the League, in the act of extending its influence, was also employed in elevating itself; it has slowly raised itself to “the height of its great argument;” and though, like St. Paul’s, it can boast of completing its edifice under the same sovereign, the same architect, and the same builder, the association in 1846 is as different from what it was in 1839, as St. Paul’s, crowned by its dome, is different from what it was when only the walls were raised over the foundation.



Shortly after the Anti-Corn-Law League was constituted, and its head-quarters established at Manchester, the Executive Council, of which Mr. George Wilson is Chairman, started a periodical, the title of which indicates that imperfection of idea of which we have been speaking. It was called the "Anti-Bread-Tax Circular," and the first number appeared on the 16th of April, 1839. The whole "getting-up" of this early organ of the League indicated that determination of purpose, vehemence of idea, and ratiocinative deficiency; characteristic of honest, hearty, but provincially narrow men. The words "bread-tax" were rung in our ears, *usque ad nauseam*. The aristocracy were drubbed in a style which caused many even of the Manchester manufacturers to curl their noses and refuse their subscriptions. But there was earnestness and energy, and these are the raw material of power. Along with the "Anti-Bread-Tax Circular," which at first appeared only once a fortnight, a staff of lecturers was engaged; and tracts were distributed, at first by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands. An extensive correspondence was also entered into; and the "Executive Council" carved out daily work for itself. Watched with some alarm by the aristocracy—regarded with suspicion by a large portion of the middle class—encountered with direct hostility by the working population—their progress was, nevertheless, certain though slow. During 1839 everything was depressed in price except corn. The harvest was unpropitious. A rapid drain of bullion compelled the Bank of England to ask the Bank of France for a loan of two millions sterling. Employment became scarce, while food was dear. The winter was unusually gloomy. Conviction began to spread, and the Anti-Corn-Law League opened its campaign in 1840 in a bolder and more determined way. To escape the interruption of the working classes, admission to meetings was regulated by tickets; and to engage the "women of England" in the cause, Tea-parties were devised, at which economics and refreshments were discussed. There were great meetings in Manchester at the commencement of 1840; and in March hundreds of deputies assembled in London from all parts of the empire to be present when Mr. Villiers should again bring forward his annual motion, which, of course, was rejected by the House of Commons, the numbers being 300 to 177 votes.

Fortified by large subscriptions of money, the League resumed its efforts with vigour; and the elements aided its arguments. A new movement was made. The League directed its first efforts towards influencing the electoral body of the United Kingdom. Authentic lists of the voters for each borough were procured; circulars were forwarded, inviting them to specific places of meeting; and Mr. Cobden, along with other members of the League, set out on that career of itinerant agitation which has produced effects so remarkable. The next step was to attempt to introduce a candidate to represent a place in Parliament, on purely Free Trade principles, apart from other political considerations. Walsall presented the first opportunity; and though the attempt was unsuccessful, it attracted public attention from its boldness and its novelty. Hitherto, politics had been apportioned between the Whig and the Tory parties; and an attempt to create a Political Economy party, and give it influence in the State, seemed somewhat absurd, and yet not a little startling. Meantime, the continuous decline in the public revenue added to the embarrassments and the unpopularity of the Whig party, then in power; for a year the Government had struggled on with a majority in the House of Commons of less than twenty; and even that was dwindling down to a unit. The continuance of distress, and the force of argument, to say nothing of necessity, drove the ministry



to attempt the first ministerial approximation towards Free Trade. On bringing forward the Budget, on the 30th of April, 1841, Lord John Russell startled the House and the country by announcing the intention of abolishing the Sliding Scale, and substituting a fixed duty of eight shillings on every quarter of foreign corn imported. Other commercial reforms had been already intimated. The result is known. From the moment that the Whig ministry announced their intention to meddle with the Corn Law, their doom, as a Government, was sealed. Outvoted on a "want of confidence" motion, Parliament was dissolved. In the general election of 1841 the question of Free Trade suffered a temporary reverse. It was associated, rightly or wrongly, with the last efforts of the party from whose hands the sceptre had departed. The Anti-Corn-Law League laboured under the disadvantage of being considered the mere aids or auxiliaries of a party which had been in office ten years, and had now passed into the last stage of official decay. Notwithstanding, therefore, the progress which had been made in the public mind with the question of Free Trade, the general election of 1841 was a seeming demonstration against it; and the sanguine advocate of Free Trade might well have despaired, when, on the assembling of a new Parliament, the roll was called, and a majority of NINETY-ONE in the House of Commons turned out the Government which had proposed an approximation towards Free Trade, and placed the party in power which, by popular repute, was determined to maintain the existing system.

Two days before the assembling of the new Parliament, Manchester exhibited a singular scene. During the year meetings had been held all over the country; in the London Guildhall, in Liverpool, and in all our great towns, on the subject of the Corn Laws. These, in many instances, had been disturbed by inroads of working men, the leaders of whom moved amendments on the resolutions proposed, declaratory of an opinion that the adoption of universal suffrage was a more urgent, more important measure than the repeal of the Corn Laws; or, in other words, that, by giving every man a vote, not merely the repeal of the Corn Laws would be effected, but all other grievances be promptly redressed. The Anti-Corn-Law League now endeavoured to impress on their agitation a more solemn and serious character than that of a mere political movement. It was resolved to call a CONFERENCE of the ministers of all religious denominations, in order that they might give expression to their opinions on the *moral* as well as the *physical* effects of the Corn Law. Here was a bold attempt to ally the cause with religious feeling—to enlist in its support that earnest enthusiasm which, in England, is so important an element of success. The Conference had not dispersed when the new Parliament assembled. It met on the 19th of August; the preliminary business of choosing a SPEAKER and of taking the oaths occupied the time till the 24th; and on that day the Royal Speech was delivered by commission. The scene was dull, spiritless, and unexciting. The Whig ministry were known to be doomed; Lord John Russell had himself announced it in his letter to the citizens of London, for which city, after a desperate struggle, he had been returned as one of the representatives by the narrow majority of *nine*, out of its large constituency. That letter, however, was a hopeful one. Though, said his lordship, the people of England may now repudiate the principles of commercial legislation which we have adopted, they will discuss, hesitate, pause, deliberate over, and finally adopt them! The same spirit animated the Royal Speech. This was the first Free Trade Royal Speech ever spoken to the Legislature. But meantime the political parties in the House of Commons had other work to attend to—"Want of Confidence" in the existing Administration was moved in both Houses;



the Lords disposed of the matter in one sitting ; the Commons debated it four nights. In that debate Mr. COBDEN made his first legislative speech. It was closed by Sir Robert Peel, in an oration of nearly four hours' duration ; and even *then* he threw out a darkling intimation of the chaotic state of his mind with respect to the existing system of protection. Suddenly wheeling round to the benches behind him, which were crowded with county members, he rapidly but emphatically stated that if restored to power he "*would not pledge himself to maintain all the details of the sliding scale.*" We remember well that every countenance of every county member appeared as if a dark cloud had passed over it : but the effect was momentary. The division came ; and a cheer, which rose like a swell of trumpets, accompanied the equable intimation of the SPEAKER, that the numbers were 360 and 269, leaving the Whig government in a minority of ninety-one.

Sir Robert Peel became First Minister of the Crown ; and immediately he was interrogated as to what were his plans for restoring the revenue, relieving the people, and renovating the social condition of an empire, which seemed falling into decrepitude. "Give me TIME to consider," was the reply of the new Minister. Not unreasonable was the request, by a man newly called to power, and under circumstances of the gravest character. But the driving rain which rattled on the windows of the House of Commons proclaimed that another *wet* autumn was about to be added to the list of those which preceded it. Mr. COBDEN, who, from the very first, took up the leading position which he has since maintained, described the existing distress, and demanded immediate measures for its relief. He had come into the House preceded by a provincial reputation ; and at first, though his style was perfectly correct, there was a provincial impetuosity about him, characteristic of all men who think strongly, and, in a new assembly, are apt to express themselves strongly. How soon his tact enabled him to adapt himself to what is called the *tone* of the House of Commons, his career testifies. But in expatiating on the effects of monopoly, and enlarging on the benefits to be derived from the adoption of Free Trade, he used occasional phrases, two of which were picked up, an attempt was made to ridicule them in the House, while they were sneered at in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and other periodicals. Describing the Corn Law, he said its authors could not have produced more mischief by it than would have been done had a "demon actually risen in the Thames, with an Act of Parliament in his hand." This provoked consummate laughter, for anything was a relief. Again, he talked of having seen, in his travels, "cheeses made on the top of the Alps." "On the *top* of the Alps !" exclaimed some travelled somebody ; and again the House laughed. Though the practical power of Mr. COBDEN was even then felt, the House was, in general, but little aware of the clear intellect and the persevering energy possessed by the pale-faced manufacturer who addressed them : but that all such attempts to turn him into ridicule ceased with the short session of the autumn of 1841, is a proof at once of his tact, his talent, and his spirit.

Parliament sat from the 19th of August till the 7th of October ; and the only important matters which were done, were the installation of the new government in office, and the voting of supplies. The doors were then shut. In December, 1841, the 'Quarterly Review' appeared with an article full of kindly sympathy for the privations of the labouring classes, deploring the high price of meat, and pointing to the seas around Great Britain as being stored with FISH. Meantime the Executive Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League continued and extended its exertions. Meetings of deputies were recommended to be held in every district



where our staple manufactures are carried on. The Linen Trade of Scotland assembled at Dundee; the Hosiery Trade of the Midland Counties at Nottingham; the Iron Trade at Birmingham; the Cotton Trade at Manchester; and so of other branches. The great object of these assemblages was to get up the statistics of each branch of trade, and to exhibit its condition. In January a Conference of Ministers assembled at Edinburgh. At the end of the same month a Bazaar was held at Manchester, which produced a sum of 9000*l.* for the League Fund. And on the 8th of February deputies from all parts of the kingdom assembled in London, once more to urge on the Legislature the state of the country, and the necessity of adopting measures for its relief.

Before the assembling of Parliament flying rumours went about, intimating that Sir Robert Peel was contemplating some great legislative measures of relief. Expectation was excited. The commencement of the Session came at last. The Tower and the Park guns opened their iron mouths, and announced that the Queen of England, accompanied by her "good brother and ally," the King of Prussia (then on a visit to this country), had gone down to the House of Lords. On the 3rd of February, 1842, Her Majesty assured her assembled Parliament of her regret at "the continued distress in the manufacturing districts," and of her admiration of "the exemplary patience and fortitude" with which they had borne their "sufferings and privations." Now they were commanded to apply a remedy—to consider measures which would "improve the national resources, encourage the industry, and promote the happiness of the people."

The first of these measures was propounded on the 9th of February, 1842. Expectation was almost wild with anxiety and excitement. The country gentlemen clustered like bees when swarming. All below was crowded, and from the side galleries above eager eyes looked down, and ears were open as eagerly to hear. The Prime Minister stood up; he talked of corn, of averages, and of the sliding scale; and informed the landed interest that he wished to relieve them "from the odium of too much protection." The next measure was introduced on the 11th of March, in that remarkable speech in which Sir Robert Peel announced that the policy of a commercial nation should be "to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest market." While Parliament was engaged, during the Session of 1842, in carrying these measures into law, the stagnation in trade and commerce continued. Mr. Cobden, towards the close of the session, exclaimed in the House of Commons, that the country "was drifting on to confusion without rudder or compass!" The summer was moist and wet. Another deficient harvest was dreaded. In Parliament the subject raised discussion, and Sir Robert Peel nervously assured Lord Palmerston that he had been informed that in a favoured nook of the south, the harvest, in the month of July, "had already begun!" Providence interposed to save us from the disasters of another deficient harvest. A brilliant August sun chased away the clouds and the rain, and saved the crops. The doors of Parliament were closed, and almost at the same moment the working classes of the North of England, worn out with long continued privations, broke out into that insurrection which marked the autumn of 1842. But this matter, along with the return of commercial prosperity, and the subsequent course of the Anti-Corn-Law League, are important enough to receive a full and separate consideration.

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## ENIGMA VII.

My first, in torrents bleak and black,  
 Was rushing from the sky,  
 When, with my second at his back,  
 Young Cupid wandered by :  
 "Now take me in ; the moon hath past ;  
 I pray ye, take me in !  
 The lightnings flash, the hail falls fast,  
 All Hades rides the thunder-blast ;  
 I'm dripping to the skin !"

"I know thee well, thy songs and sighs ;  
 A wicked god thou art,  
 And yet most welcome to the eyes,  
 Most witching to the heart !"  
 The wanderer prayed another prayer,  
 And shook his drooping wing ;  
 The Lover bade him enter there,  
 And wrung my first from out his hair,  
 And dried my second's string.

And therefore—(so the urchin swore,  
 By Styx, the fearful river,  
 And by the shafts his quiver bore,  
 And by his shining quiver),  
 That Lover, aye, shall see my whole  
 In Life's tempestuous Heaven ;  
 And when the lightnings cease to roll,  
 Shall fix on me his dreaming soul  
 In the deep calm of even !





## THE EYE-WITNESS.

## THE LANDED ARISTOCRACY, THE LEAGUE, AND THE COUNTRY.

## THE COUNTRY.

THE agitation on the subject of Free Trade had been hitherto carried on mainly in the country. Innumerable were the pamphlets, the speeches, and the lectures. Grave, and even reverend men, rushed into cheap tracts, conjuring the working classes not to listen to selfish manufacturers, who, for an inappreciable fractional reduction on the price of a loaf, intended to ruin the upper and to trample on the lower classes, simply for their own aggrandisement. Philosophic economists started unsolved problems, and, in letters addressed to men high in station or in office, expressed their doubts as to whether or not this country could fight "hostile tariffs with free imports." Professional men assailed the "millocracy." Cotton lords were demonstrated to be worse for the people than land lords. Newspapers fearlessly asserted that England would be as happy and glorious if all our manufacturing towns were rased to the ground. All this was returned with compound interest. The Corn Law and the Aristocracy were associated together; the law and the law-makers were denounced in the one category of sordidness and selfishness; and until both were overpowered by the might of a determined people, there was, so it was said, little hope of prosperity ever returning to the empire.

The debate "out of doors" gradually narrowed its circle, and closed round the House of Commons. In 1839, as we have previously shown, Mr. Villiers commenced his series of annual motions on the Corn Laws. In 1840 appeared Mr. Hume's celebrated Committee Report on Import Duties. In 1841 the Whig government proposed their commercial measures; Parliament was dissolved; at the general election Mr. Cobden was returned for Stockport; and the short session of the autumn of that year was the commencement of legislative agitation. But it was not till 1842 that the controversy may be said to have been fairly transferred from the country to the floor of the House of Commons. We had passed through a dreadful winter. Visitors to the manufacturing districts were appalled by what they witnessed. Paisley was literally living on public bounty; whole streets in Stockport were depopulated; Bolton endured a famine siege; in Colne and Padiham, workmen, wandering about hungry and idle, cheered the expression of the hope that "Captain Swing would take command;" and the poor-rates in London shot up enormously high, because crowds of despairing creatures, flying from the wolf behind them, thought to find bread or work in the vast and wealthy metropolis. A "Queen's Letter" called upon the more fortunate to contribute to the support of the poor; the churches resounded with exhortations; thousands of pounds were collected, and disappeared far more speedily. For years the public revenue had been inadequate to the public expenditure; our exports were rapidly falling off; gloom and despondency presided over trade and commerce.

Thus opened the year 1842; and a new Corn Law, a new Tariff, and a new Income Tax, were the plans of the chief minister of the Crown for resuscitating the revenue,



and pouring fresh life into commerce. This transferred the debate on the great question of the day from pamphlets to speeches, from public meetings to the legislature. But the landed aristocracy, comprising men as humane, as kind-hearted, and as disinterested as any in the kingdom, had yet to learn the true character of this "great fact" which had forced its way into the House of Commons. They were bred up in the faith of independence of foreigners; and it never occurred to them that the coat on their backs, and the wine on their tables, were demonstrations of the absurdity of the doctrine. Living remote from "tall chimneys;" left, many of them, with heavy incumbrances on their property; they disliked manufacturing bustle, and dreaded any change that might possibly affect their incomes. Therefore, in the spring of 1842, they regarded with fear, approaching to hatred, the vivid evidence of a new power, manifested by the commercial measures of the Government and the presence of such men as Mr. Cobden in the House of Commons. A champion appeared for them. He was a young man, returned for the first time to Parliament. With a powerful resonant voice, and a ready copious vocabulary, Mr. Ferrand, M.P. for Knaresborough, had made himself a great favourite with the working classes in Yorkshire, who hailed his return to the House of Commons as an event which gave to the poor and oppressed another fearless and intrepid advocate. Mr. Ferrand stepped forward to defend the landed interest, and to attack the Anti-Corn-Law League. He traced the stagnation in trade and commerce to "machinery," "over-production," and "devil's dust." Machinery gave facility for manufacturing over-much; and in their haste to be rich, the manufacturers sent the most worthless trash abroad, thus committing commercial suicide. In addition to cheating and disgusting the foreigner, the manufacturers, especially those of them who were members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, trampled on and ground down their workmen. Charges like these, uttered in a loud tone, and with a fearless undaunted manner, were cheered to the very echo by the country gentlemen; and at aristocratic parties at the "west-end," Mr. Ferrand was exhibited as a "lion." Emboldened by his success, he descended from generals to particulars. He made specific charges against individuals, selecting Mr. Cobden especially, and affirming that at his print-works at Chorley sundry small and sordid practices were adopted towards the workmen. One by one the charges were met and refuted. The country gentlemen began to doubt if Mr. Ferrand were not more credulous than wise. The cheers with which he used to be greeted died away. It was soon discovered that the most effectual mode of answering Mr. Ferrand was to allow him to talk himself down; and thus, in the short space of two or three months, his reputation, which "went up like a rocket," came "down like the stick." The working classes, however, still had great confidence in his energy and zeal; and when, towards the close of the session of 1842, he fruitlessly proposed that a *million* sterling of public money should be appropriated towards the relief of their distresses, the excitement in the manufacturing districts was very great, and the newspapers were perused with an intensity which showed that long-continued suffering had accumulated a combustible mass, which could be fired by a spark.

Meantime Mr. Cobden was making his legislative character. Sir Robert Peel, in changing the Corn Law, expressly abandoned protection as a *principle*, and held to it only as a temporary expediency. A Kentish baronet, Sir Edward Knatchbull, now retired into private life, but then Paymaster of the Forces, in a strain more frank than discreet, advocated the Corn Law as necessary to enable landlords to keep their station in the community, and to provide for their younger daughters, while Mr. Gladstone,



then at the Board of Trade, let slip the phrase that "in the revolution of ages and circumstances" the Corn Law might be abandoned. All this gave power to the speeches of Mr. Cobden, who, on the Corn Bill and the New Tariff, took opportunities of proposing amendments, and established on the minds of all who heard him a conviction of his acuteness, earnestness, and skill. But the session drew towards a close; in spite of protests and expressed fears that we were about to have another deficient harvest, the legislature dispersed; and almost on the very day that the doors of Parliament were locked, the working people in the manufacturing districts of England, Wales, and Scotland broke out into general insurrection.

A warm August sun had dispersed the clouds and the rain; and under its cheering influence the heavy but unmatured crops on the ground were ripened into abundance. It was the first good harvest for five years. Yet at that moment the colliers of the midland counties, the workmen of the Potteries, the manufacturing operatives of Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, in Scotland, and in Wales, assembled in large bodies, demanding "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." Some outrages were committed, especially in Staffordshire; but round Manchester, where enormous property lay at their mercy, the workmen, who at one time might be said to have literally taken possession of the metropolis of the cotton districts, behaved with a moderation which was much to their credit. Horse and foot were poured down to maintain the authority of the law; a "special commission" was appointed to try the prisoners who had been taken; an attempt which was made in London to convert the excitement into a political demonstration was quelled by the police; and ultimately the whole matter subsided into tranquillity.

Previous deficient harvests had enabled speculators in foreign corn to realize large sums, by watching the moment when the price of corn became high, and the importing duty descended to a nominal amount. They were prepared to carry on their operations on a more extended scale in 1842. The month of July having been wet, it was fully anticipated that the autumn would be moist, if not cold; and a very large stock of foreign corn was lying in bond, ready to be taken out at the critical moment. The sun baffled the speculator. The harvest proved abundant, and prices descended instead of rising. Many of the speculators, having imported beyond their available means, were compelled to realize their stocks, in order to satisfy the Lombard Street bankers, who had made large advances on the security of the corn in bond, and which therefore had to be taken out at a high instead of a low duty. Enormous loss, instead of great profit, was the consequence; a commercial pestilence swept Mark Lane. The abundant harvest was of itself sufficient to cause a considerable fall in price; but to this was added the large quantity of foreign corn, which had the effect of still further precipitating prices. On coming to market, the farmers encountered a phenomenon with which, ever since 1836, they had not been familiar. High prices had hitherto compensated them for diminution of consumption, the effect of manufacturing depression: but they had now to meet both a diminished demand and a low price, the operation of which they felt severely, while it drove them into an inquiry as to its cause.

The Anti-Corn-Law League seized the opportunity for extending the range of their agitation. At a great meeting held in Manchester, in the month of October, Mr. Cobden announced an intention of raising, by subscription, a sum of FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS, to be expended on tracts, lectures, and deputations; and the Executive Council offered a prize of twenty guineas for the best essay on the inju-



rious effects of the Corn Laws *upon the interests of the agriculturists*. Three were selected out of the number sent in ; these were printed, and several hundred thousand copies were circulated, a large portion being distributed in the agricultural districts. This novel movement excited general attention ; weekly meetings, attended by large numbers, were held in Manchester ; and Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, Colonel Thompson, and others, set out on a tour, visiting all the large towns in Great Britain, addressing public audiences, and raising contributions in aid of the League Fund. This was followed by the erection of a building in Manchester, called the FREE TRADE HALL, capable of containing seven thousand individuals ; and, finally, it was resolved to interest London in the agitation, by convening a great meeting of the League, to be held in the metropolis during the approaching session of Parliament.

Towards the close of 1842 unequivocal indications of returning prosperity manifested themselves. The public revenue began to revive. Low prices, however they might have damaged the speculator, and crippled the farmer, were operating favourably for the country. Abundance and cheapness combined to inspire confidence, disengage capital, enlarge manufacturing industry, increase the amount of wages earned by the working classes, and consequently to augment the weekly fund which those who live by labour distribute to the bakers, the butchers, the grocers, and the tailors. At the same moment came the intelligence of PEACE with CHINA ; and the merchants, the manufacturers, the traders—the makers of calico and the constructors of watches—rushed into speculation, in order to be first in this new Eastern market, the extent of which was deemed boundless. This event supplied the advocates of Free Trade with new arguments. “ See ! ” they exclaimed to the landed aristocracy, “ the Emperor of China is far wiser than you ! Beaten by British valour, he submits with grace ; opens the ports of his ‘ invisible world ’ to our manufactures at moderate import duties : but pays such high honour to FOOD, that the article itself, and the vessels in which it is carried, are exempted from all imposts whatever ! ” Such an argument as this told upon the public mind, which had sunk into a state of almost permanent depression ; for, in spite of the evidence which revenue returns and statistical tables afforded, it required all the efforts of the daily and weekly newspapers to convince it that commercial prosperity was really returning.

So passed the winter of 1842-3 ; and when Parliament assembled, the Chancellor of the Exchequer anticipated the opening of his budget with glee, because, for the first time since 1837, the words “ surplus revenue ” might be used without a mockery of national feeling. The Royal Speech, indeed, alluded, “ with regret,” to “ the diminished receipts from some of the ordinary sources of revenue,” and attributed it to “ the reduced consumption of many articles, caused by that depression of manufacturing industry which has so long prevailed.” At the same time a hope was confidently expressed, that “ the future produce of the revenue will be sufficient to meet every exigency of the public service.” Still, the long-protracted suffering had left vivid traces of its effects ; and the “ state of the country ” fully justified Lord Howick, now Earl Grey, in bringing forward a motion, when it was ascertained that the Government meant to do nothing. Just before this a most unfortunate circumstance occurred. Immediately previous to the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Edward Drummond, the private secretary of Sir Robert Peel, as well as his intimate personal friend, was shot, in open day, at Charing-Cross, by a maniac, the assassin mistaking him for the Prime Minister himself. The murder of this amiable, estimable, and intelligent gentleman preyed acutely on the feelings of Sir Robert Peel. Ever since



the Commissioners of Police have caused a policeman to watch the First Lord of the Treasury, in his walks between his residence and the House of Commons—a somewhat absurd regulation, for there is not a man in his senses who would “hurt a hair” on the head of Sir Robert Peel, while a dozen policemen might not be able to protect him, or any body else, from the deliberate aim of cunning insanity. Be this as it may, the unhappy death of Mr. Drummond caused a very singular and painful “scene” in the House of Commons. On the last night of the debate on Lord Howick’s motion, Mr. COBDEN made a powerful speech, depicting the condition of the country, and throwing on Sir Robert Peel, as the head of the Government, the “responsibility” of such a state of things. Sir Robert Peel, much agitated, declared that by throwing on him “*personal* responsibility,” he was marked out to the public eye. The inference was obvious. A wild and angry discussion arose as to whether Mr. Cobden had said or meant “*personal*” or “*ministerial*” responsibility; but so excited were members, that, after the division, on passing out from the heated house into the cold streets, covered by a heavy fall of snow (it was about four o’clock in the morning), many of them, in covering themselves with their great-coats and cloaks, stood aloof from Mr. Cobden, as if he, too, were an assassin! That such a charge should have made a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Cobden, cannot be wondered at; and we should not mention the circumstance, were it not for the moral which it conveys. Mr. Cobden did not resort to the usual expedient for “vindicating his honour.” He lived the calumny down; and had at last the satisfaction of receiving from Sir Robert Peel the unsolicited and voluntary expression of regret that he should have been hurried into such a groundless and shocking insinuation.

The return of commercial prosperity raised some expectation that the agitation on the subject of the Corn Law would subside. But though, to some extent, it was *weakened*, the long endurance of commercial distress had left too powerful an impression, while the men engaged in the controversy were too active, earnest, and determined, to permit it to “die.” And though the Government abstained from any extensive commercial legislation in 1843, they effectually repudiated Protection as a *principle*. In the debates of the session of that year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goulburn, declared that the “abstract” truth of the principles of Free Trade had never been disputed. Mr. Gladstone said that there was no longer any doubt about their truth. And Sir James Graham emphatically announced that “the principles of Free Trade are the principles of common sense.” All this gave impetus to the discussion; and towards the close of the session, Mr. Cobden, rapidly rising in legislative character, made the House of Commons ring with one of his practical yet sterling sentences. Ridiculing the idea of preferring our colonial to our foreign trade, he called aloud, “It is with *people* we should deal, and not with *barren wastes*!”

The Parliamentary session closed, not without discouragement to the Anti-Corn-Law League; yet it redoubled its activity. A great meeting was held in Covent-Garden Theatre, on the 28th of September, 1843, at which it was explained that the League had received upwards of FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS; and the mode of its expenditure was explained. They had printed and circulated nearly *ten millions of tracts*, the bare weight of which was one hundred *tons*—the *moral* weight being an after-consideration. In addition to the tracts, six hundred and fifty lectures had been delivered, and one hundred and forty towns had been visited. Deputations had gone through nearly thirty counties; had addressed large audiences, and put themselves into communication with a main portion of the electoral body of the United Kingdom.



Then came the plan for the future. Instead of FIFTY thousand pounds, which had been collected and spent, Mr. Cobden, in the name of the League, demanded ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS—a sum which, in the early stages of the agitation, would have been supposed to surpass all human credibility. The League, in fact, became bolder, as the impelling motives for the agitation seemed to abate. An intention was avowed of contesting every election for a Member of Parliament; and a solemn declaration was made, that the Anti-Corn-Law League abjured Protection for Manufactures, and demanded its unqualified removal from Corn.

Then, taking advantage of a fall of *twenty shillings* on the average price of corn, as compared with previous years, Mr. Cobden, accompanied by Mr. Bright, recently returned for Durham, set off to talk to all the farmers of the United Kingdom. “We are distressed,” said the farmers. “Yes,” said Mr. Cobden, “you are. Some time ago, we were very badly off, and you were tolerably well off. Now, we are getting better, and you are getting worse. It is two buckets in a well; as the one goes up, the other goes down.” The “mind” of the agricultural constituency was disturbed and shaken by appeals like these. Nor was it the least striking portion of this extraordinary exhibition, that two manufacturers should be seen traversing the kingdom, expounding to the agriculturists the doctrines of political economy, and labouring, with a zeal and assiduity which may have been equalled, but has never been surpassed, to *raise* the intellect of the constituency of the empire to a level with the opinions which they themselves entertained.

A bolder step was in contemplation. Mr. Cobden, during his two sessional residences in London, consequent on his election for Stockport, had been drawn out of that *provincialism* in which his active mind had been embedded. His mental vision took a wider range. London, he felt, must be the head-quarters of a NATIONAL agitation. He saw that Manchester, with all its energy, its enthusiasm, and its determination, was *only* Manchester, in the estimation of Great Britain and the world. He proposed a removal to the Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The idea staggered its members. “What!” they exclaimed, “leave *warm* Manchester for *cold* London! quit concentrated energy for diluted effort; remove from a town which has nursed your association from the feebleness of infancy to the athletic strength of manhood!” The appeal was a powerful one. Mr. Cobden felt it; but he persevered in his demand. “Railroads,” replied he, “will make London and Manchester one: but let us remove our head-quarters to the commercial capital of the world.” The demand was acceded to: but just before, an event occurred indicative of the extraordinary development of free-trade doctrines in the public mind. A gentleman, having a most remarkable talent for applying statistics to the commercial questions of the hour, Mr. James Wilson, started a weekly newspaper, which he still conducts, under the title of the *Economist*. This paper has become an authority on commercial and financial subjects; and has been repeatedly quoted in Parliament. Immediately after the *Economist* was started, the Anti-Corn-Law League removed its head-quarters to London; and carried on its operations on a more extended scale than ever. Large premises were taken; men of great ability were employed; advocates of free trade from the provinces found, in the public and in the private rooms of the Anti-Corn-Law League, a point of concentration, and a place where social hospitality might be enjoyed. And THE LEAGUE weekly newspaper was started—a huge advance on the *Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*. Then the metropolitan theatres were hired—first Drury-Lane, afterwards Covent-Garden—in



which three thousand men and women weekly listened to popular speeches on economic doctrines, and showered on every orator the unfailing thunders of their applause. The Anti-Corn-Law League also meddled with elections. They fought, and they won, a contested election for the city of London against formidable odds; and though they lost ground at other elections, it was clear that the doctrines of free trade were taking possession of the commercial mind of the kingdom. Mr. Cobden suggested the idea of inducing supporters of free trade to buy up *forty shilling freeholds*, so as to counteract the power of the landed aristocracy in the counties with their influence over the fifty-pound tenants-at-will—an idea which has been extensively adopted in the manufacturing counties. And while Sir Robert Peel was giving impetus to free-trade doctrines, by successive legislative removals of restrictions on trade and commerce, the Anti-Corn-Law League was anything but idle. A great industrial exhibition was held at Covent-Garden Theatre during the summer of 1844, serving a double purpose of manifesting the extraordinary ingenuity and variety of our arts and manufactures, and of adding to the funds of the association.

We are drawing too near to recent events to remain any longer *historical*. The railroad mania—the cold, wet autumn—the potato-rot—the apprehended famine in Ireland—the resignation of Sir Robert Peel on the question of Free Trade—the failure of Lord John Russell to form an administration—the resumption of the government by Sir Robert Peel, and his free-trade measures—these are all questions of the hour, with which we cannot properly intermeddle. Four acts of the social drama have now passed; when the fifth has been concluded, we may resume the thread of the present discourse in the spirit of an impartial “Eye-Witness.”

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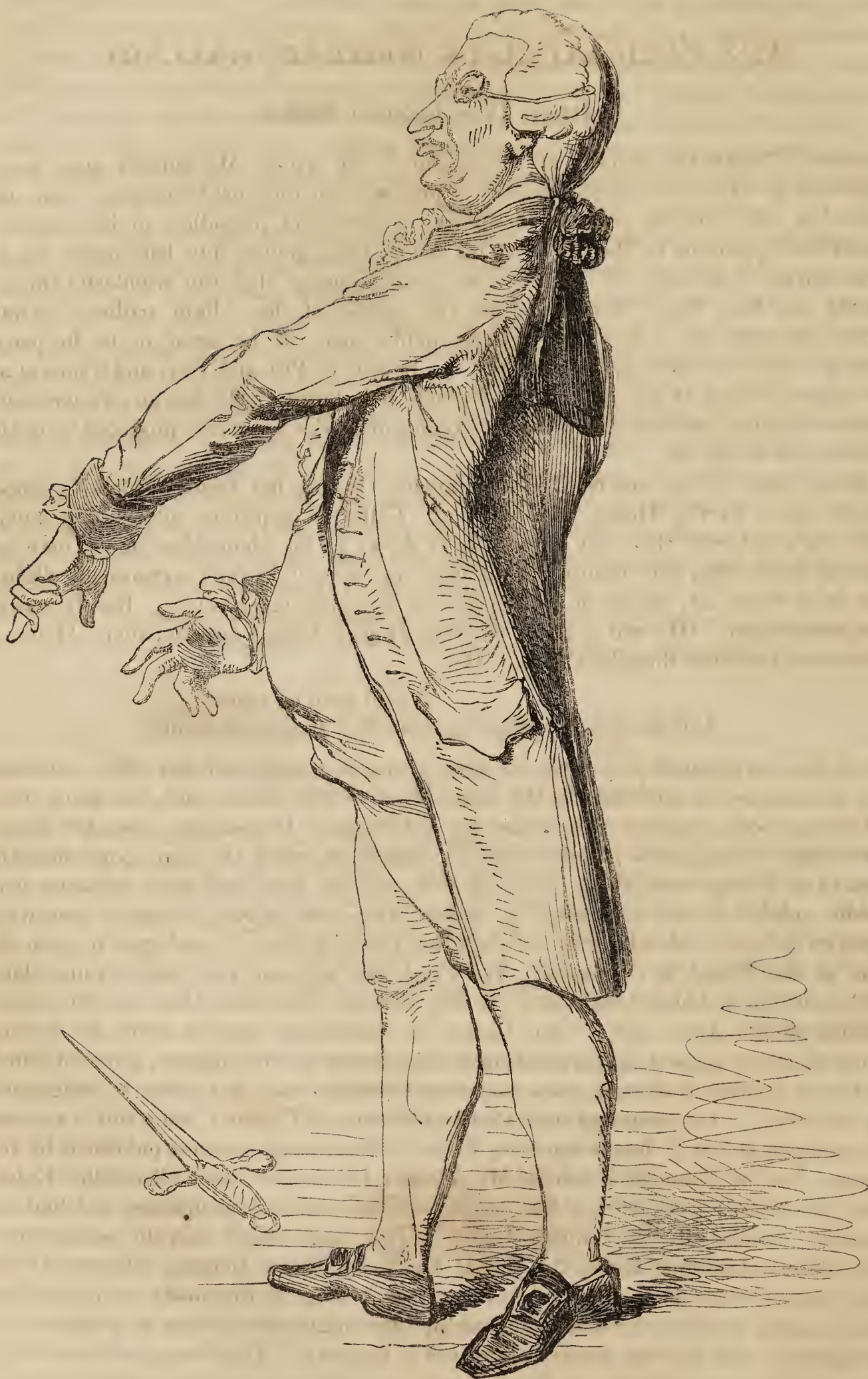
#### A RIDDLE BY MR. CANNING.

A FRIEND writes, “I see you give specimens of Mr. Praed’s Riddles. Now I think your readers may be amused by seeing Mr. Canning in the character of a riddle-maker. His best—perhaps the best riddle extant—is the well-known one, ‘A noun there is,’ &c.” Alas for fame! We have had some difficulty in getting a copy of this “well-known one;” but here it is, as expounded to us by a lady, who might have inspired the rhymes of the gallant statesman and wit, had they lived in the same generation:—

“A noun there is of plural number,  
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.  
Now, any other noun you take,  
By adding *s* you plural make;  
But if you add an *s* to this,  
Strange is the metamorphosis—  
Plural is plural now no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before.”

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## THE CARICATURIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## PORTRAIT IV.—EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE the subject of a caricature!—he whom Mackintosh most justly described as “the greatest philosopher in practice that the world ever saw;”—he, the politician, who, dealing with the temporary passions and prejudices of his own day, raised such questions by the force of his astonishing genius into land-marks for all time—he to be caricatured! And yet we cannot lament that this wonderful thinker should not have been exempted from the attacks of the “light artillery” which rattles its shots about the ears of every public man, be he great or be he petty. GILLRAY was the caricaturist of Burke, as he was of Pitt and Fox, and a host of all the leading spirits of the days of the French Revolution. He was an extraordinary portrait-painter, and so characteristic a likeness of Burke was never produced as in the sketch now before us.

Every body in the least familiar with modern history has heard of Burke's famous dagger-scene in the House of Commons. Gillray's caricature tells us this story; and it tells it better than any words, for it shows us the identical actor. There is a general notion that this oratorical exhibition was one of Burke's extravagant flights. But Burke was not, except on rare occasions, an extravagant orator. Rarely was he a passionate one. He was a great teacher, whom a listless and impatient House of Commons too often thought a bore. He

“Still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.”

Even this very dagger-scene was in some respects a matter-of-fact affair—elevated into an approach to sublimity by the imagination of the orator, and, like many other sublime actions, treading close upon the ridiculous. It certainly, upon the face of the thing, does appear a proper subject for caricature, when the man upon whom the eyes of all Europe were fixed,—who at that moment exercised more influence over public opinion than any speaker or writer who ever existed,—a grave man well-stricken in years,—should draw out a dagger from his pocket, and cast it upon the floor of the House of Commons. Mr. Prior, the biographer of Burke, thus relates the occurrence, which took place on the 28th of December, 1792, on the second reading of the Alien Bill: “Mr. Burke, in mentioning that an order for making three thousand daggers had arrived some time before at Birmingham, a few of which had been actually delivered, drew one from under his coat, and threw it indignantly on the floor.” The author of the ‘Pictorial History of England’ calls this “a stroke of oratorical acting;” but it appears, from a circumstantial account published by the present Earl of Eldon, in a note to Mr. Twiss's Life of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, that Mr. Burke's possession of the dagger was an accidental occurrence, and that the “acting” was at any rate unpremeditated. The dagger itself is in the possession of Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb, the son of Sir James Bland Burgess, who was Under Secretary of State at that period. It is “a foot long in the blade, and about five inches in the handle, of coarse workmanship, and might serve either as a dagger or a pike-head.” Sir Charles Lamb's account is as follows: “The history of it is, that it was sent to a manufacturer at Birmingham, as a pattern, with an order to make a large quantity like it. At that time the order seemed so suspicious, that instead of



executing it, he came to London and called on my father at the Secretary of State's office, to inform him of it, and ask his advice; and he left the pattern with him. Just after, Mr. Burke called, on his way to the House of Commons; and upon my father mentioning the thing to him, borrowed the dagger, to show in the House. They walked down to the House together; and when Mr. Burke had made his speech, my father took the dagger again, and kept it as a curiosity." This, no doubt, was the veritable dagger. Lord Eldon, then Sir John Scott, had a similar dagger; and on the 11th of January, 1793, he writes to his brother, "You would hear of the dagger which Burke exhibited in the House of Commons. I have got the pattern specimen of that order, which I shall keep as a great curiosity."

## THE FLORAL TASTES OF LONDON AND OTHER LARGE CITIES.

HAVING occasion, after several years' absence from the metropolis, to walk through its closely populated suburbs, my attention was attracted by the almost universal manifestation of a taste for floriculture in the windows and small plots of ground in front of the houses. The labyrinthine streets displayed the outward marks of great varieties of pecuniary endowments, and were inhabited by people of almost all the grades of middle and low life; but, with few exceptions, indications of this taste pervaded them all, and a wreath culled from the bountiful lap of nature told the passer by that Flora and her kingdom were not forgotten. I was prepared for something like this development of a love of gardening, from having spent my early days in London, and thus being personally acquainted with the earnest yearnings of its citizens for green fields and flowers; but I am convinced, from a little attention to the subject, that the taste has more than kept pace with the increase of the population, and must be considered a stronger characteristic of the people than it was then.

As I passed from the Great Western Railway one bright summer's morning, before the natural blue of the heavens was travestied by London smoke, what a gorgeous sight presented itself in the decorated balconies of the noble and wealthy inhabitants of that aristocratic quarter! The owners were probably yet slumbering, but what beauties were silently pouring their fragrance on the morning air! Pots of the choicest greenhouse plants, wet with the dews of night, gave sure intimation of the floral tastes of those who dwelt within. Roses and pelargoniums (*geraniums* in our old vernacular) were especially abundant, as they will always be in such collections, from the facility with which they are grown. Myrtles and other evergreen shrubs mingled their dark green with the foliage of gayer tints, and mignonette and heliotrope poured forth their delicious perfumes. These balconies, opening probably from drawing-rooms, were evidently little consecrated spots, where taste and refinement kept watch from day to day, and where the purest pleasures might be enjoyed. Some, indeed, of these accessories of fashion might be the appurtenances of mere wealth, evincing the love of display of their owners; but I cannot believe this was the case with many of them. The flowers looked like loved things, and uttered silent tales in the ear of a contemplative observer. I could imagine that youth and beauty had tended them; that the sight of them had relaxed the brow of care, so often a tenant of the palace as well as of the poor man's cottage; and that sickness



had been rendered less painful by their innocent beauties. Frail mementos of our evanescent joys! Full many a lesson is conveyed by your chaste calices and petals. But although *general*, this exhibition was far from universal, and many mansions were quite guiltless of green leaves and flowers. Was it possible to avoid the conclusion that between the flower-loving and the flower-neglecting there must be some important differences both of intellect and of heart?

This decided taste in the higher classes, so publicly acknowledged, made me look more curiously for its development in the grades of social life below them, and I was pleased to find that wherever I went through the great city the same floral tendencies displayed themselves. Of that sight—worth travelling over all England to see—Covent-Garden Market in the early morning, I can only utter a passing word of recognition. It is the mighty storehouse whence all the luxuries of vegetable life are dispensed to the largest city in the world. But of this *in transitu*. Girls with baskets and men with carts were found in all the great thoroughfares, bearing productions redolent of odours and sparkling with beauty. Bouquets of cut-flowers, and plants ready to be transferred to the garden of the amateur, presented themselves in such plenty as to prove that there must be thousands of buyers who think that money may be worthily spent on flowers, as well as on other equally ephemeral luxuries. Even into the places of common business flowers had insinuated themselves. What a cheerful appearance many shops presented, when, arranged among their wares, pots of healthy-looking plants invited attention. And, although cultivation becomes more difficult as the population is denser and gardens are wanting, yet even in such localities (Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill for instance) the upper windows are not deficient in evidences that the inhabitants love flowers. The influence of such a taste must be more marked in these crowded depôts of commerce than among the wealthy residents of the suburbs. The latter can easily find egress to the parks and other rural spots; but a tradesman in Cornhill who cultivates a few floral favourites must watch them and linger over them with a joy which the more favoured possessors of gardens can scarcely imagine. It is like possessing *one* object of tenderness, while others bask in the smiles of large families and many friends. The more opulent in the treasures of the heart are doubtless the happiest, but the owner of one idol worships it with an intensity the others know nothing of.

But I must come to that which most attracted me, and the bearings of which are most important. Within the last quarter of a century what immense additions have been made to the great city! Scenes of my youth! Pretty cheerful streets which twenty years ago bordered on green fields, listened to the flail, and could catch a glimpse of a distant windmill, how altered and base have you become! Improvements in the centre of the great metropolis, and the influx and increase of population, have made those remembered places crowded thoroughfares, and their inhabitants have been driven in widening eddies still farther from the centre. What were the suburbs then are now! the town, and the inquirer must proceed farther for those pleasant spots, the semi-rural dwellings of the artisan and the villas of the middle classes. But if a natural repugnance was felt at seeing the arenas of former games of cricket and kite-flying turned into the very thickest marts of trade, ample restitution was afforded by the present condition of the *existing* outskirts of London. With retrogression there has certainly been improvement in almost everything, but in nothing more than in the floricultural tendencies of the population. Long streets, extending in some cases for miles in one direction, display before almost every house a plot of ground, generally laid out with neatness, and adorned with shrubs and



flowers. I observed this peculiarly in winter, when, of course, none but amateurs look much after their gardens; yet, while some of the plots would have been better for a little trimming, on the whole the appearance was excellent. Hyacinths in pots and glasses adorned many of the windows, and evergreen shrubs gave a cheerful appearance to the fronts of the dwellings. Laurel of various kinds, arbor-vitæ, phillyrea, aucuba japonica, and rhododendron, I particularly noticed as being very abundant. How obvious was the reflection that a vast amount of innocent recreation and unembittered happiness must redound to the teeming multitudes of cultivators of these graceful appendages of social life.

But has the poor man no flowers, and is his arduous lot deprived of the alleviation which the culture of plants on the smallest scale can confer? I fear these questions must generally be answered in the affirmative, in reference to the working and poorer classes of large towns. Even if a few square yards of ground are doled out to the dwelling of the poor man, there are too many low characters and "untented" and mischievous bairns to allow much of green to grow. In this respect the agricultural have a decided advantage over the manufacturing population, for in the country a cottage may have as much land attached to it as will allow twenty tenements to be built upon it in a city. But the ruling passion for natural objects will force itself into notice even in the most untoward circumstances. Fine auriculas and polyanthus are grown by the silk-weavers of Spitalfields, sometimes in little yards, sometimes in pots in the windows or on the tops of the houses. In what alley will not the observer discover a struggling attempt after floricultural honours? A wall-flower in a blacking-bottle, or a carnation in a gallypot, are sure, though imperfect and humble indications of the elementary feelings which in better and more favoured circumstances delight in conservatories and greenhouses.

Thus, through the whole extent of London I found an increasing love of those pursuits which have always raised men's characters and improved their feelings. It is true this taste for flowers and gardening is often exhibited in the midst of appliances very inadequate to its development, but it is beneficial notwithstanding. The sweet scenes of pastoral life, as depicted by our poets, must be in a great measure imaginary. Only once, if ever, could Milton's description have been realised:—

"To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labour to reform  
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums  
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease."

Rarely can Thomson's invitation be complied with:—

"Together let us tread  
The morning fields, and gather in their prime  
Fresh blooming flowers to grace thy braided hair."

Life is made up of sober and careful realities, and all that fine tastes can do is to make our burdens lighter.



## EDUCATION FOR THE ARMY.

UNDER the modest title of 'Military Miscellany,' Mr. Henry Marshall, Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, has recently published a very valuable and suggestive work. He treats in an earnest manner, and with the most humane and praiseworthy intention, subjects with which he has been conversant for well nigh fifty years—for so long has he served his country, abroad and at home, in the various capacities of assistant-surgeon, regimental-surgeon, staff-surgeon, inspector of hospitals, &c., &c. He was the first to suggest and to organize that excellent bureau of army statistics which is now attached to the War-Office, and is under the able management of Lieutenant-Colonel Tulloch, whose printed reports have already done infinite good to the service, and have suggested the means of doing much more.

The main object, the one absorbing study, of Mr. Marshall's life, has been to improve the condition of our common soldiers—a very numerous, and, for a long time, a much neglected class of men,—and to raise the moral standard of the British army, by diminishing the amount and frequency of cruel and debasing punishments, and by increasing, or rather by creating, in the army the means of education and moral training. To this end he has spent time and money. For many years his efforts were disregarded by Government, or sneered at in the War-Office, and by all those old men of routine, who took ignorance to be the best assurance for the soldier's implicit obedience, and hard flogging the only correction of the soldier's vices. But still Mr. Marshall persevered in his mission; and, by slow degrees, his writings produced some impression even upon the men of routine, the rigid disciplinarians, those who would continue to flog because they had flogged for forty years, and their fathers and grandfathers had flogged before them. His essays *made them think*; and, when they thought, many of them were led to doubt whether more good might not be done in the army by the schoolmaster than by the provost-marshal—by humanizing books, than by brutalizing cats-o'-nine-tails. The general tendency of the age—which is more gentle and merciful only because the great body of society is somewhat better educated and more enlightened—has been all in favour of Mr. Marshall's endeavours; and other officers, as well of the navy as of the army, have ably advocated the same great cause. The general impression now is, that the brave soldiers (and when was the British soldier other than brave?) of the most free country in the world are no longer to be treated as slaves or dogs; that when the means of education and moral improvement are open or in process of being opened to all classes of the nation, they ought not to be closed against those on whom the nation depends for its honour and safety, or at least, for the keeping together of the most extensive or most varied empire that ever was obtained and maintained by arms and policy; that when most of the powerful and warlike states of Europe have adopted excellent systems of education for non-commissioned officers and common soldiers, we should, in case of a war, contend at a disadvantage, unless our own serjeants and common soldiers be equally educated and enlightened.

Important changes have been made within the last few years; the frightful severities of our military code have been greatly mitigated in practice; more care has been taken of the bodily comfort of the soldier, and *some* attention has even been paid to his mind. The annual sum of about 4000*l.* has been voted by Parliament for the purchase of books for regimental or barrack libraries, and encouragement has been given to the establishing of adult schools in the army. But much yet remains to be done, in order to render the British army that which it ought to be—the best educated,



the best conducted, and most moral army in the world. Without indulging in dreams of perfectibility, or believing that vice, and sorrow, and suffering, can, by any educational process, or by any mortal means, be ever banished from this world, or from any class of men that inhabit it, be they soldiers or priests, rich or poor, refined or unrefined, we can yet gladden our hearts with the hope of a vast and not distant improvement in our soldiery by means of education, humane treatment, and some fair, adequate portion in the prospect of advancement through merit and talent, and without purchase or patronage. The result of what has already been done, is, assuredly, an encouragement to go on and do more. We can speak authoritatively to the fact that the discipline of the British army and navy is far more perfect now than it was thirty years ago; or during any period of the last great war which was ended by the battle of Waterloo; and that our men have lost none of the ancient proverbial bravery and steadiness in actual combat, the victories they have so recently obtained on the Sutlej will sufficiently testify.

In proportion to the diminution of whipping and scourging, and other degrading punishments, has been the increase of moral elevation in the army and navy; the good behaviour of the men, collectively, has steadily kept pace with the slowly advancing system of kinder and better treatment; the barrack library has notably thinned the canteen and public-house of red-coats; the access to good books, and the habit of reading, have filled, to an unprecedented degree, the register in which the good conduct of each soldier is entered.

With this encouragement before them, we trust that Government and Parliament will not impede the progress of the good work by stinting the means of carrying it out. Let the grant be continued annually; let it, at least for a few years, be doubled in amount; and let it not stop until every barrack in England, every station occupied by British troops in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, have its library and its school-master for the common soldiers. As original works of merit and reprints of our excellent old books are now published almost daily at such exceedingly moderate prices, it would require no very great sum—no long extended annual grant—to form and stock such Army Libraries. Provided only that the superintendence and direction be placed in proper hands, and a check be put upon that spirit of jobbery and contract speculation which still haunts the mere business men in too many of our public offices, and which too often mars the intended liberality of the nation, a parliamentary grant for a very few years would provide both our navy and army with a constant solace, and with the means of moral and intellectual improvement. Why not have a depôt of books, as well as of cannon and munitions of war, at Woolwich, Portsmouth, Plymouth? Why not, when a man-of-war is put in commission, furnish her with a good plain library, proportionate to her size, or to the number of her crew, or to the probable duration of her cruise or voyage? No man, with his eyes open, can ever have made a long voyage on board that little world afloat, a ship of the line or a first-rate frigate, without observing how eagerly some of the men will seize upon any book that may chance to stray out of the wardroom or gunroom, or that may be lent to them by some kind officer. We ourselves have often seen, during the long summer calms of the Mediterranean, when there was hardly any ship-work to do, the happy possessor of such a prize seat himself on a main-deck gun, the portal of which gave him his best light, and read aloud, to the evident amusement and delight of some half score or more of his shipmates. Ennui, or the frequent dull monotony of his life, is the cause of more than half the failings and vices of the poor sailor, as also of the poor soldier; it is this that often preys upon his spirits and his health, and makes him obnoxious to mortal disease; it is this that often renders him listless or sullen, neglectful of his duties and



disrespectful to his officers; it is this that drives him to the grog-can. The late kind-hearted, excellent Captain ———, of the ——— frigate, used to say, “So long as I can keep my fellows amused and in good spirits, I have nothing to fear, and the boatswain’s-mate nothing to do with the cat; the discipline of the ship goes on like clockwork.” To effect this desirable end this brave, good, feeling officer took especial care that in every watch there should be one merry fellow that could sing a song or tell a good sea-story. At the period to which we allude the number of sailors and soldiers that could read and write was small compared to what it now is, yet our good friend would have rejoiced if a supply of books had been furnished him for the use of his crew; for those who could read might have read aloud to their less fortunate comrades, and printed volumes would have afforded more variety of amusement than oral tales or “long yarns.” If a well selected series of books (works of a purer and higher kind than the broadsides and odd volumes our men sometimes pick up for themselves at the frowsy, obscene book-stalls of Wapping, Portsmouth, or Plymouth) were made part of the outfit of every ship in her Majesty’s service, the volumes might be restored to the depôt when the ship returns home and the crew are paid off. In the larger ships the care of the library, while afloat, might very well be intrusted to the chaplain, aided by a midshipman; in the lower rates, which have no chaplain, it might be managed and taken care of by a lieutenant, or by a midshipman, aided by a warrant-officer. With respect to the army libraries, the care and management would be still more easy; these collections would not be subject to frequent removal; they would remain in barracks and military stations or garrisons; and if it should be thought advisable to leave them entirely to the management of the troops, there will never fail to be found, among the non-commissioned officers, men quite capable of the duty and proud of performing it. We could wish for no better or more intelligent *custos librorum*, than the veteran pensioned serjeant of artillery who had sole charge of the Merchants’ Library at Gibraltar in the year 1816. We are disposed to believe that, even now, the majority of our men, particularly of those serving in India and our innumerable colonies, would gladly submit to a slight deduction of pay for the purposes of procuring a library and defraying some of the necessary and limited expenses of the establishment; and we feel most confidently assured that, if the majority be not in this humour now, they would fall into it very soon if the experiment were fairly tried. Let Government begin by giving all of them easy access to a few good books, and the men will contract a fondness for books, and wish to increase the common stock.

At Gibraltar, at Malta, and at other British stations we have visited, there were good garrison libraries for the use of the officers, who themselves entirely supported them, each officer paying on his first arrival a small entrance fee; and a trifling subscription afterwards; but there seemed to be absolutely nothing of the sort for the use of the non-commissioned officers and privates. These libraries were enriched by every change of regiments; and, as nearly all the money was spent in books (Government allowing a house rent-free, and the management being economical), the number of volumes was increasing rapidly in each of these establishments.

It is only by raising the average intellect and intelligence of the men that the *morale* of the army can be materially and lastingly improved. Less money than has often been spent in this wealthy country in an absurd and tasteless pageant, or on a foul political job, would now supply and fill good regimental, barrack, and garrison libraries, and afford our common soldiers at least the opportunity of improving themselves, and of finding pleasures and occupations for their long leisure hours, altogether independent of the public-house or wine-canteen.

The most interesting chapter in Mr. Marshall’s volume is that on “Education.”



We propose quoting from it more at length in a future Number ; but, for the present, we must conclude with one brief extract :—

“ I consider it a libel upon human nature to allege, that giving soldiers more knowledge and more sense tends to excite disorder and insubordination, impatience and extravagant claims. The teaching of *morality*, in connection with the sanctions of *religion*, can never, I believe, spoil men for the right performance of their duties. Men who are taught are more apt to understand what is said to them, are more decorous, respectful, and conscientious, more attentive to orders, more ready to see and acknowledge the propriety of good regulations, more disposed to shun low company, and less inclined to inebriety, than persons who have received no education, and been brought up in ignorance and gross vulgarity. . . . . Education, in a general sense, means the process of acquiring a knowledge of ourselves, and of forming habits of activity, so as to qualify us to perform our parts in life with intelligence and success. Let soldiers, therefore, be taught those branches of knowledge which are essential to a due performance of their duties, to their own respectability and welfare, and be habitually trained to apply them. Few persons now entertain, or at any rate few advocate, the absurd idea of rendering men efficient for the purposes of warfare, by reducing them as nearly as possible to the state of senseless machines, or of withholding from them the means of acquiring information. The more the mind is cultivated, the fitter a man becomes for every situation in life. Mental cultivation renders a soldier more amenable to persuasion and higher motives ; the mind is strengthened, the ideas are enlarged, and the man reasons more. The morality and good conduct of the army is of more consequence to the security of the country than the morality of any other portion of the population. A soldier who is well acquainted with the nature of right and wrong, and whose desires are brought under proper regulation, is the person from whom we may expect the faithful discharge of military duties. It was a maxim of Napoleon, that in war the moral is to the physical force as three to one.”

## DEMAND FOR LABOUR IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

(*From the Colonization Circular of March, 1846.*)

### CANADA.

“ THERE has been, throughout the season, and in every part of the province, an extensive demand for labourers of all classes. At this port (Quebec), owing to the large increase in the shipping, and the very extensive export of timber, the wages of all the descriptions of labourers who could be made serviceable, have been unusually high. Many hundred hands have been thus employed, throughout the spring and summer months, at rates varying from 3s. 6d. to 5s. currency per day.”

### SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

It appears by the latest official return received from this colony, dated 10th of July, 1845, that agricultural labourers, shepherds, mechanics, miners, and female domestic servants, were very much in request. There

would seem to be an annually increasing demand for labour, arising from the flocks and herds, and from the mining operations and other pursuits of industry in the colony. Considerable numbers of labourers appear by the return to have resorted to South Australia from the neighbouring settlements, without, however, reducing the current rates of wages.

### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The following is an extract of a Report from the Government of the Colony, dated 22nd of July, 1844 :—“ The want of servants of every description is greatly felt, more especially domestic servants, whose demands for wages are exorbitantly high. The demand also for labourers is so much greater than can be supplied, that many public as well as private works are suspended from inability to procure them.”



## PROFESSION.

WE cannot estimate the actual amount of its offerings, but the Altar of Liberty has ever been rich in vows. Kings have devoted their crowns, heroes their swords, and nations their glory to its service. Alas! for the pledges which so many have given and so few redeemed, from Sylla the Fortunate to Robespierre the Incorruptible. The world still retains her ancient wealth of profession, through all the losses of her latter days. Time has scattered the hoards of Cræsus, and may consume the bills of Rothschild, but cannot exhaust that store; and we who have fallen on these quiet times, when philanthropy makes long speeches and devotion gets up subscriptions, even we can recall voices once raised in high resolves and loud declarations for the good in which we trusted when our faith and hope were green, that had but small accord with the course of their after years.

Such were our reflections while pacing up and down the city hall of Cork (by the way, an edifice worthy to be the Hall of Harps in Tara), being, according to our own established custom, at least an hour and a half too early for a great meeting of neighbouring gentry and landed proprietors, who had hurried from Rome and Paris as fast as steam could bring them, for the purpose of enlightening their vassals or tenantry—but let us not multiply synonyms—on the felonious attempt of the Cabinet to ruin them with cheap bread. We were alone, like Fingal—for who could equal our early comings; and around us lay the great apartment, silent and empty: but a former scene arose upon our memory. The period was one that may have left its flood-marks in the remembrance of many a reader. Single ladies and gentlemen, we seek for no unguarded admission touching the number of your vanished years; but those who have no substantial reason for oblivion may recollect the ferment which filled the land on the discussion of the Catholic Emancipation Bill. The agitation was at its height, and one of the greatest assemblies ever known in Cork (for the “monster-meetings” were yet in futurity) poured into the city hall, then brilliant with a thousand lights that flashed through a mingled foliage of evergreens and shamrocks; while flags, transparencies, and mottoes about “freedom and justice,” not to speak of gay dresses and bright eyes in the ladies’ gallery, composed the rest of the decorations. We were later than our wont, but we came not then alone, for our company formed two equal divisions, the first of which consisted of Miss Dashly, with her two nieces and one nephew; and the second, of Mr. Lessingham, with his two nephews and one niece. Miss Dashly—of course we give the ladies precedence, even in description—was a maiden lady, who did not imagine herself young, though retaining many traces, as well as the reputation, of a belle of by-gone days; besides she preferred politics to scandal, from the conviction that one must have something to talk about, and from respect to the memory of an only brother, who perished in the Rebellion of ’98. But the lady dressed well, and was emphatically a gentlewoman. The Misses Dashly were the daughters of that lost brother, who resided with their aunt, for their mother had followed her husband; they were handsome, light-hearted girls, of whom little could be said but that they were sure of beaux anywhere, and entertained a most unqualified admiration for their brother, Master George, who had just returned from Trinity in a glow of liberal patriotism, and intended to be heard among the orators of the night.

Mr. Lessingham was also one of the unwedded, an Englishman by birth, and by



principle a Tory—a principle rarely to be found in our neutral generation. The bequest of a handsome property had brought him to reside near Cork, and the persuasions of his one niece, strengthened by those of Miss Dashly, on whom it was said he had tried his own persuasive powers, though vainly, in younger days, had lured the old gentleman for once in his life, in spite of the “No Popery” creed, in which he delighted, to a Catholic meeting. Great indeed was the influence which Florence Fitzgerald exercised over her Tory uncle, but it did not end with him. Florence was what Miss Dashly had been—the belle of Cork; and we thought she might have been the belle of Paris, in right of a somewhat stately grace of form and manner, a brilliant wit, and a fair face, over whose expressive beauty swept in endless variety the lights and shades of thought. She too was an orphan, the child of Mr. Lessingham’s younger sister, who twenty years before set out Gretna-Green-ward with an Irish officer after her own heart, whom she soon after accompanied on a still longer journey, for his regiment was ordered to India before the lady’s family could reach the forgiving point. Time and distance widened the gulf of separation, years glided away, and change passed over the household, and at length, when some were dead, and all were gone except that solitary brother, the returning regiment brought home two children, dressed in deep mourning, whose father and mother had been stricken down in one day by the might of the Indian cholera, and the Colonel delivered them and their father’s will to the safe keeping of Mr. Lessingham. Well and kindly was that dying trust fulfilled. Florence had grown up under his guardianship, as well as her brother Frederic, who now stood by her side; a tall dashing-looking youth, for whom the wide creation afforded but three objects of care or thought, his sister, his newly purchased commission, and Miss Juliana Dashly. The last of the party was Ernest Lessingham, a large, serious, and rather handsome man of twenty-eight, even by his own reckoning, but he had been spared much that gives weight to the wings of time; his placid brow and clear thoughtful eye spoke of their owner’s character as one that could reason well and act justly, but was likely never to wander far from the paths of prudence and tranquillity. He was the heir of the family, and had lately succeeded to their old estate in Derbyshire; but instead of patronizing agricultural societies, or canvassing the county, Ernest had come over on a long visit to his uncle in Ireland. Some were pleased to aver that the said visit was not altogether intended for the worthy old bachelor, marked as was Lessingham’s partiality for the quiet representative of his line, in whom he found nothing wanting but what he termed his own high principles; for Ernest had a strong though prudent leaning to the liberal side; but he had a far stronger leaning, which Lessingham encouraged with all his might, and that was towards Florence. She had always been a special favourite with her uncle, perhaps for her resemblance to her young mother, perhaps for her friendship with his first and unforgotten flame, Miss Dashly, but certainly not for her agreement with his opinions, for in this respect Ernest’s sins were nothing to hers. The old prejudices which our wonder-working years have beaten down to mere wrecks and rubbish, on which none but the uninformed can stumble, stood at that period like lofty but tottering walls of division, passed over only by the few whose faith had gone forward; and Florence belonged to that order.

Without being a professed blue, the girl had gone far beyond the usual limits of thought and knowledge that bound the aspirations of young ladies; alas, that they should be so narrow: but few among those whom the world has called philosophers could boast a more liberal and accomplished mind than Florence Fitzgerald. True to



her name, she was Irish in heart and soul ; but her love of country was deep enough to submerge all party spirit and sectarian distinctions, and her love of justice was as wide as the universe. Frequent were the wordy wars waged between Florence and her uncle on these subjects, for the controversy of the day made its way into many a circle where the same degree of affection and consideration were not found to temper it ; and the usual disposition of the battle was that Florence supported the honour of Ireland, ancient and modern, at all risks—in which task her brother was a zealous though not very able assistant, for Frederic never read ; old Lessingham was to the last English, and unconvinced in the strength of his Tory creed ; and Ernest stood in the breach exposed to the fire of both parties, but invariably giving the casting vote for Florence. To say the truth, hers was generally what the Scotch laird advised his son to vote for, namely, “ the winning side : ” but the present was an occasion of peculiar triumph ; I saw it in Florence’s eye as she entered, leaning gracefully on the arm of old Mr. Lessingham, who seemed wrapped up in amazement to find himself actually in such a place ; but there he was, good honest man, brought captive in spite of his more than orange colours, just, as his niece remarked, to hear both sides of the question, and George Dashly make his first speech. Much there was, indeed, to be heard and seen in that crowded hall : there was Sheil, with his strong and polished eloquence ; age had then cast no curb upon its fiery flow ; Steele, with his boundless and burning zeal, which years have not yet exhausted, but many trials and the office of “ Head Pacificator ” lay before it then ; and the leader of the Agitation himself, strong in the vigour of life and the hopes of his rising cause, and knowing perchance only by anticipation the power, the censure, ay, and the “ rint ” of the coming twenty years. After those great lights of the platform came a host of minor orators ; for the meetings in favour of Catholic Emancipation, characterised as they were by the disinterested and patriotic devotion which the volunteers bequeathed to Ireland, and which are found no more in the schemes of her politicians, united in one great effort for justice the Liberals of every sect and denomination, and called forth the enthusiastic eloquence of the young.

Some whose first attempts were made in those assemblies have since won lasting honours in the political arena ; but far the greater number were satisfied with achieving a temporary and often local distinction, and among that number was George Dashly.

His sisters, poor girls ! how their colour went and came when he rose ; and even the elder Miss Dashly looked anxiously towards the platform ; but seldom had it been occupied by a speaker of more prepossessing appearance than the Trinity student. His extreme youth, his aristocratic figure, and fine animated countenance, won the hearts of his Irish audience before a word was uttered, and even his rising was greeted with general applause. His speech was a specimen of magnificent declamation against the Conservative principles of the day. Readers, principles have their days as well as dogs. It was strong with the best arguments for popular rights, and the still more sacred liberty of conscience, and rich in quotations from poets and historians who had chronicled the glories or griefs of his native land, delivered with an impassioned earnestness whose effect was irresistible. The whole assembly seemed to hang heart and eye on the lips of the young speaker, and he sat down amid a continuous thunder of repeated cheers.

We glanced along the line of our companions in the gallery. The Misses Dashly, whom it had been our duty, we mean privilege, to escort, were waving their handkerchiefs, and rejoicing with all their hearts, for George was cheered ; their aunt



was looking in the "You have done your duty" style; Frederic's whole man seemed to have merged into an open mouth and the determination to cheer Juliana's brother; Mr. Lessingham sat in a kind of dogged desperation under the infliction; but Florence, oh! there was pleasure in the bright face and light in the flashing eye which rested on the orator, as he concluded, with a fulness of approval no other glance could give; and he caught it through the applauding thousands. Out upon the winters that have made us old, and the frosts that fall upon the head before they whiten the hair; there was a time when we, too, could have been heroic for Freedom and Fatherland, and believed in patriot professions with a faith that sought no sign. And even ourselves, (we would not resign that plural designation for the world—did not the Dutch fight for their "High Mightiness?") yes, even we joined in that night's glorification, and cheered with all our might. But amid the general excitement Ernest Lessingham sat calmly by Florence's side: there was no shadow on that peaceful brow; no sparkle in the quiet eye; but we observed it glance at times stealthily on his cousin's face, half in admiration, half in astonishment, at the fiery thoughts that never troubled him; and when the noise had in some degree subsided, he coolly remarked that "the young gentleman had made a very fine speech, but his views were incompatible with existing interests."

"With existing abuses, you mean, perhaps," said Florence, with a smile so sarcastic that it roused his placid nature, and a flush of pride and anger passed over the large fair face. What he answered we could not hear distinctly, but it was something about "Revolutionary sentiments and the British constitution;" and before Mr. Lessingham had time to express his approbation, another speaker commanded the attention of the meeting, which soon after separated with the usual series of resolutions and some additional cheers for the Liberator, whose title, like the compensation fund, was then a less familiar article than it has since become.

Compliments and congratulations were showered upon the Dashlys by all their friends and acquaintances. Florence said little; but Frederic did his best, and Ernest and Mr. Lessingham felt bound to spare some praises for the sake of past times and present intimacy.

From that evening the correspondence between the families was rather on the increase; though Mr. Lessingham continued as great a Tory as ever, and avowed his resolution of attending no more Catholic meetings, on all occasions when Miss Dashly was not present. But things were no more as they had been with all the party.

Florence had found an abler ally than Frederic in their social debates; for George Dashly's opinions were her own, and he defended them with all the zeal and fearlessness of youth. It was true the orator did not always speak in the style of his address at the City Hall; but, as his sisters emphatically observed, that was "a set speech." It was true that, notwithstanding his A.M. and several Trinity prizes, the student's knowledge was found on many points less clear and extensive than that of Ernest Lessingham, who often defied his most convincing eloquence; for, with all his moderation, Ernest inherited a share of his uncle's resolute adherence to old established principles.

George Dashly's education was finished, and having nothing to do in Cork but promote the Agitation and pay his devoirs to Miss Fitzgerald, he prosecuted both occupations so vigorously, that in less than three months after his arrival he was regarded as her acknowledged admirer, or, as she said, "friend," and known to the powers that were as "the boldest of local Agitators."

Mr. Lessingham felt that things were going too far, and expended on his niece



treasures of good advice, the purport of which was to leave George to his speech-making, and bestow more encouragement on his English nephew, who had the estate; for we must premise that Mr. Dashly had no fortune but his eloquence, together with keen wit, polished manners, and the gratuitous championship of popular sentiments, which formed his chief attraction in the eyes of Florence. Often did the old gentleman fret to find his sage admonitions disregarded: but elouds of care and disappointment began to gather on Ernest's quiet brow, his cousin walked no more with him, and they had grown all but strangers; and once, when all parties were warm in a lengthened argument, Florenee said, with a rather serious look, that "She shouldn't fancy a friend with such narrow views," his tone grew low and sad as he wished her "a better;" but the same week closed his visit, and he embarked for his home in England.

The first month after Ernest's departure saw George Dashly's conquering career suddenly cut short by a threatened prosecution for seditious language, of which he had been more than usually liberal in one of his Emancipation speeches. The Attorney-General happened to be sufficiently unemployed to take notice of the occurrence, and, to avoid its consequences, George sailed for America. Fashionable friends grew cool, and patriotic colleagues became reserved on the occasion. His exit was made with becoming haste and silence, but Florence found time to take a brief but kind farewell of him, and by way of parting pledges they exchanged Moore's 'Melodies,' and Shelley's 'Ode to Liberty.' The second month was signalized by Ernest Lessingham's return: it seemed to occupy the vantage ground thus left him; but time made no change in his uncompromising cousin, and at length he took to squiring Miss Louisa Dashly.

It might have been to maintain the balance of power between the sisters, for Juliana had a cavalier servente in Frederic Fitzgerald; but before the close of the year Florence had performed a bridesmaid's duty to both young ladies, and Ernest Lessingham had settled quietly down in Derbyshire after his bridal tour. Next year her uncle began to complain that he was solitary, and his niece had lost her spirits; then he wondered why she didn't marry, and discovered it was all her own fault. There was certainly some truth in these charges, though Florenee appeared in public as sprightly and admired as ever. But "sundry motions brought forward by honourable members" of fashion had been negatived; and at home she would sit for hours in her own room, turning over a small volume in which were treasured some long and ardent letters, whose number had received no increase for many a month.

George Dashly's epistles had long since become scarce among his kindred, and after many fruitless inquiries the track of his wanderings in the new world was given up as untraceable, even by his aunt, who still resided in her old house near the Cove. But as the sense of his own loneliness increased upon him, Mr. Lessingham recollected that she was solitary too. Time had, indeed, made all things even for him. Death had lopped down the elder branches of her family; her nieces were gone from her, and her nephew, with all the promise of his youth, was lost in the strangers' land. Readers, there is a bending power in the prospect of desolate years, and under its influence, the *ci-devant* belle, with all her good sense and liberal views, exchanged vows with the old Tory suitor she had refused so resolutely when both were young. It might be that Florence also found herself alone after so many weddings, or that her thoughts wandered westward, for in the third year of our chronicle she accepted the earnest invitation of one of her father's relatives, who, after a long residence in the United States, had returned to look upon his native isle, and learn that he had grown a stranger among its people, to visit his American family among the sugar-canes of



Georgia. We were a passenger in the same packet, bound on the ancient and well authorised scheme of seeking our fortune—an article, by the way, which still remains unfound—and also her fellow traveller, in an American steamer plying on the Mississippi. Our place of disembarkation was a green sloping bank that rose from a bend of the river, crowned by a large and bustling house, “the hotel,” without a rival, round which rose some half-dozen smaller buildings, in time to become the nucleus of some great Western town.

The gold of the southern sunset was shed on sky and river; it hung like a mantle of glory over the dense old woods that closed our prospect to the westward, and shone on the roofs of distant hamlets, and the broad expanse of rice and cotton fields that clothed the river side. But in front of that single inn was a scene to which no beauty of the climate could reconcile our British eyes, though it proved that the embryo city had already claimed its share of the peculiar commerce of the Land of Liberty: there stood a group of half-naked negroes, surrounded by a bargain-seeking crowd, whilst the auctioneer, mounted on the half-cut-down trunk of a huge tree, announced them as the slaves of a neighbouring plantation about to be sold to the highest bidder. The bane and antidote seemed both before us; for at the moment we held in our hands the Report of a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in Derby, “Ernest Lessingham, Esq., in the chair.” Heaven knows how it came on board the steamer; but our reading was interrupted by the auctioneer. He was a large, vulgar, coarsely dressed man as could be found in his class, and pre-eminently a man of action, if one might judge by the gestures with which he enforced his harangue, and the pitch of voice, that rose far above the noise of the crowd and the din of the steamer’s arrival; but we still remember the ghastly and horror-stricken gaze that Florence cast on his face as she passed, for it was George Dashly. The man never seemed to perceive her among the crowd, or if he did, there was neither pause nor interruption to that torrent of slave-selling slang, and the auction went on with all its abominations.

How had the liberty-loving student changed or sunk so far, were questions we could never answer; but within half an hour Florence and her friend had departed by a passing stage-coach, whose line of road lay through the green savannahs and cedar-groves of the south.

We never met the girl again, and only know that her sojourn in America was not long; but the story always rises to our recollection when we chance to meet with either strong faith or ardent profession.

STANORLAR, April, 1846.

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## THE PUNJAB.

(From Knight’s ‘Maps for the Times.’)

THE upper part of the Indus, before it enters the great plain of the Indus, is very little known: it lies north of the Himalaya mountains, the northern boundary of India. The Indus rises on the high table-land of Tibet; its sources are on the western slopes of the Kailasa mountains, about  $31^{\circ} 15'$  N. lat., and probably not very far north of the sacred

lakes Rawan Rhad and Mansorava, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. At first it is named the Sing-he-tsin, and after its junction near Leh or Ladak, with a large tributary, the Shayuk, it is called the Sampoo, or Great River. Its course before it passes through a chasm in the Himalaya range, a few miles east of Attock, is probably above 500 miles;



but it is almost entirely unknown to Europeans. Just before reaching Attock,  $33^{\circ} 56'$  N. lat., it receives the waters of the Kabool, the only large tributary which joins it from the west after it leaves the mountains. At Attock the Indus is nearly 800 yards broad, very deep, and rapid: the banks, which are of a hard black stone, are worn smooth and shine like polished marble, owing to the attrition of the particles of granite brought down by the current. For about 70 miles farther south the river passes through a hilly district formed by spurs from the greater mountain ranges; and when it approaches  $33^{\circ}$  N. lat., it enters the great plain of the Indus.

The northern part of this plain is called the Punjab or Panjab, from the five rivers which traverse it (*panj*, five, *ab*, water). These rivers, enumerated from east to west, are, the Sutlej, Beas, which joins the Sutlej, Ravee, Chenab, and Jelum; they unite in one stream, which, after a course of about 50 miles, joins the Indus near Mittun Kote, in  $28^{\circ} 55'$  N. lat. The Punjab is bounded by the lower range of the Himalaya mountains on the north; on the east and south by the Sutlej, and the united stream of the Sutlej and the Beas, called the Gharra, and then by the Punjnad or Chenab, the name of the channel in which all the waters of the Punjab unite, and flow into the Indus near Mittun Kote; and on the west by the Suliman mountains, which are parallel to the Indus on the west side. Its form is an irregular triangle, of which the Himalaya range forms the base, and the confluence of the Chenab and Indus the apex. Its area contains about 60,000 square miles, and it has a population of about 3,500,000 souls. The general elevation of the northern part is perhaps about 1000 feet above the sea. The surface is greatly varied, containing some tracts of the most fertile and others of the most sterile character. It is now little cultivated, but might be converted into one of the richest districts in India.

When Alexander invaded India (B.C. 326), the Punjab appears to have been a wealthy and populous country, inhabited by warlike tribes governed by numerous princes. Alexander probably entered India at Attock, where he crossed the Indus

by a bridge of boats. The first check the conqueror met with, was from an Indian king, Porus, whose dominion lay on the eastern side of the Hydaspes (now the Jelum), and who had assembled a large army with a considerable train of elephants to oppose him. After defeating Porus, Alexander proceeded without meeting any other enemy of consequence till he reached the territory of the Cathæi between the Acesines (the Chenab) and the Hydraotes (the Ravee), who were strongly encamped outside their principal town, Sangala. Seventeen thousand of these warriors were killed, and the town sacked. According to Burnes, a hardy tribe called the Kattia or Jun still inhabit the district between the Chenab and the Ravee, and he conjectures that they are descendants of the ancient Cathæi. Alexander wished to extend his conquests farther eastward, but his troops refused to cross the Hyphasis, which was the boundary of his Indian conquests. From the Hyphasis, Alexander marched back, and recrossing the Hydraotes and Acesines, he returned to the Hydaspes and descended this river by boats to its confluence with the Acesines. Alexander next fought with the Malli, probably the inhabitants of the country which lies between the lower courses of the Hydraotes and Hyphasis. At the confluence of the Indus and the Acesines (Chenab), Alexander ordered a city to be built and dockyards to be constructed. Timour entered India by Attock, and traversed the Punjab like Alexander, but he penetrated as far as the sources of the Ganges. The Indian campaign of Alexander is contained in the fifth and sixth books of Arrian's 'Anabasis,' of which there is an English translation by Rooke.

The present formidable power of the ruler of the Punjab is chiefly owing to the ability and exertions of the late Rajah, Runjeet Singh, who, during his long sway, left no means unemployed for the strengthening of his army and the perfecting of his military resources. This army is undoubtedly one of the strongest the British troops have ever had to contend with in India. The Seikhs are a hardy, robust, and courageous, but licentious set of men, to whom peace is unprofitable and war necessary. For the last twenty-five years they have been



carefully trained by several skilful French generals, and have attained a degree of discipline unequalled by any other Indian army. The French officers also established foundries for casting cannon, and manufactories for small-arms, rockets, gunpowder, and other warlike *matériel*. All who have visited Lahore have been struck with the military bearing of these Seikhs. Von Orlich describes them as lean, muscular men; active and well made, with long beards, deep-set dark eyes, slightly aquiline noses, and oval countenances; in fact, altogether unlike the other natives of Hindustan. The Sikh irregular cavalry, from the wild and fierce appearance of the men, their picturesque costume, and rapid manœuvring, recall to the traveller's remembrance the soldiers of Porus who so gallantly withstood the Macedonian arms (Arrian, v. 17). It is only so long as they are governed by such a man as their late Rajah, that a Sikh army can be kept in discipline; and such an army, led by unprincipled adventurers, is a curse to the neighbouring country. The destruction of this military force, which we may hope is now nearly accomplished by the British troops, will be an incalculable blessing to India. There can be no peace in India so long as the Punjab is administered as it now is.

Attock, the first place of any importance on the banks of the Indus, was taken from the Afghans in 1818, by Runjeet Singh. Formerly it was a place of some consequence, the fortress being the seat of the Afghan government, but it has been decaying ever since it came into the possession of the Sikh sovereign. It offers the only entrance to India from the north-west; and it is said to have received its name (The Forbidden) from all Hindus having been prohibited passing beyond it without special permission. It has rather extensive fortifications, but they are of no great strength, and are commanded by a neighbouring hill. The Indus is navigable by small craft to Attock.

Peshawur, an Afghan province lying to the west of Attock, was also taken from the Afghans by Runjeet Singh, and now forms a part of the Sikh territory. The town of Peshawur,  $34^{\circ}$  N. lat., used to contain above 100,000 inhabitants; the valley in which it is situated is ex-

ceedingly fruitful, but the remainder of the province is mountainous and barren. The country east of the Indus, north of the Salt range, is very rugged, and full of eminences with numerous *droogs* (hill forts) resembling the small castles of our own Northern marauders of the olden times.

Near  $33^{\circ}$  N. lat., the Indus passes through a range of hills called Jangher, or Salt hills, which reach from the Suliman mountains at  $70^{\circ}$ , to the lower range of Himalaya mountains, near  $75^{\circ}$  E. long. These hills receive their name from the salt-beds found in them. In their highest part they are about 2000 feet above the level of the sea. After passing through the Salt hills, the Indus separates into four arms, and flows in a southerly direction. For a few miles on both sides the ground is fertile and tolerably cultivated. Numerous villages are built a short distance from the banks, and the ground between these villages and the river is enriched by its inundations during the rainy seasons; but beyond this narrow tract the district between the Indus and the Jelum is the most sterile in the country. A long sandy waste, called the Little Desert, consisting for the most part of a succession of low sand-hills, with a very few oases, stretches from near Dara,  $31^{\circ} 30'$  N. lat., almost to the confluence of the Indus and the Punj-nud, a length of about a hundred miles, with a breadth in its widest part of nearly fifty. Throughout the whole of this district water is scarce, and can only be obtained by sinking very deep wells. The streams, where they occur, run in beds too low to be of use for irrigation. North of the desert there are extensive jungles, and the whole district is thinly peopled. Among the most profitable of the products of this district are the breeds of horses and mules, for which it is famous. Near the Jelum, in its course through the Salt hills, are a few fortified places. Jelum,  $32^{\circ} 55'$  N. lat., is a large town. Not far from it, on the steep rocky banks of a small feeder of the Jelum, stands a somewhat remarkable fortress, Rotas. Jellalpoor,  $32^{\circ} 40'$  N. lat., and Dadun Khan Pind, are tolerably strong places.

The long flat district, called the Daman, which lies between the Suliman mountains and the western bank of the Indus, from the Salt range nearly to  $30^{\circ}$



N. lat., was wrested from the Afghans by Runjeet Singh, and now forms part of the Sikh empire. It is about 250 miles in length from north to south, and consists almost entirely of a succession of plains of little natural fertility, and not at all improved by cultivation, except in the immediate vicinity of the villages. The natives are chiefly Juts, but the greater part of the inhabitants are Belooches and Afghans; it is thinly populated, and it is altogether a poor and, it is said, unhealthy country. Dera Ismael Khan,  $31^{\circ} 50' N.$  lat., the capital, and Dera Ghazee Khan,  $30^{\circ} 5' N.$  lat., the two chief towns, are mean places.

The river Jelum, the ancient Hydaspes, rises in the Tibet Panjal range of the Himalaya, and flows through the valley of Kashmeer. It issues from the mountains by the Baramula Pass,  $34^{\circ} 10' N.$  lat.; shortly after which it turns to the south at Mazufarabad, and traverses the great plain to  $33^{\circ} N.$  lat., where it enters the Salt hills, and winds round them to the south and west by Jellalpoor and Dadun Khan Pind. It then resumes a southern course, and joins the Chenab near Choutra,  $31^{\circ} 10' N.$  lat.; its whole course is upwards of 300 miles. The Chenab, the Acesines of the Greeks, like the other rivers of the Punjab, rises in the Himalaya mountains, among which it has an irregular course of about 200 miles. After quitting the mountain region its course is still very tortuous till it receives the Jelum. The united river is joined by the Ravee in  $30^{\circ} 35' N.$  lat., and by the Gharra in  $29^{\circ} 20' N.$  lat. In its lower course it is still called the Chenab by the inhabitants of the Punjab, but by the natives of other parts of India the Punjab, or five-fold river. Arrian ('Anabasis,' vii. 20) states the Acesines to have been fifteen stadia (or about a mile and a half) broad where Alexander crossed it. This greatly exceeds its present ordinary width; but Lieut. Wood, in his Report on the Indus, observes, "Travelling over the Punjab, in a westerly direction, when its rivers are in a flood, a little above the parallel of Kala-Bagh,  $32^{\circ} 57' N.$  lat., no less than five streams are crossed, each occupying a large bed, and seeming to the eye a more important river than the Indus." Arrian observes that he supposes Alex-

ander chose the widest part of the Chenab for his passage, because the stream would be less rapid there. In its ordinary state the Chenab, like the Jelum, is a clear stream; in flood it is somewhat turbid.

The district between the Jelum and the Chenab, called the Doab\* of Jetch, is entirely level, except where the spurs of the Salt hills somewhat diversify it. Large portions of it are covered with jungle; and it is scarcely anywhere properly cultivated. Between the Chenab and the Ravee is the Reechna Doab, a somewhat more important district than the last, but very little better cultivated. On the line of the great roads from Amritsir and Lahore to Attock are several large towns, about which the land is well tilled, though not naturally fertile. A large part of the remainder is a mere arid barren plain. The Ravee, the Hydrates of the Greeks, rises in one of the lower ranges of the Himalaya mountains, and at Katuah enters the Punjab, through which it flows in a south-westerly direction till it joins the Chenab at Fazil Shah. The district between this river and the Gharra is called in its upper part the Doab of Baree, in its lower the Doab Shimaulee Kutchee. This is the most diversified and the most important of these districts: in parts it is rugged, in others a sandy plain or a jungle. The upper part is fertile, well cultivated, and very populous; and it contains the principal cities of the Punjab. Lahore, the capital, is a very ancient city,  $31^{\circ} 35' N.$  lat., near the Ravee. It was the residence of the first Mohammedan conquerors of Hindustan, who greatly enlarged it, and erected in it many superb edifices. Although greatly decayed, it is said to be still eight miles in circumference. The most interesting buildings are the tombs, several of which are very handsome. Those most remarkable are the tomb of Jehangire, that of Semat, and some others. There are also some handsome but dirty and half ruinous mosques. Most of the houses are mean in appearance, and all are dirty. The streets are unpaved and narrow; the houses lofty, and down the middle of the streets runs a kennel, which renders them

\* The term Do-ab, which often occurs in Indian geography, means a space between two waters, that is, two rivers.



almost impassable in rainy weather. Lahore is supposed to contain above 80,000 inhabitants. Attempts have been made at different times to strengthen the fortifications, but they seem to be by no means strong: it is walled, and has bastions and a broad moat. South of the city are extensive ruins, partly of the ancient city, and partly of a more recent one. They are said to be five miles long, and are extremely picturesque. Tall mosques and minarets, the remains of tombs, with recent buildings standing amidst the luxurious gardens, and shaded by the stately date-palms, are the objects which, as seen against the bright eastern sky, combine to produce pictures of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Lahore is about 50 miles N.N.W. from Ferozepoor. Amritsir, the sacred city of the Seikhs, is about 44 miles east of Lahore. Its name (Pool of Immortality) is derived from a holy tank constructed by the Gooroo Ramdas, who died in 1581. In the centre of the tank is a temple in high repute among the Seikhs for its sanctity; 500 priests are said to be employed in it. Amritsir is a mean and dirty place, with a population of 100,000. A considerable trade is carried on here, in Kashmeer shawls and silk goods. The coarser silks are manufactured in the city and neighbourhood, but the beautiful silks of the Punjab are chiefly wrought in the southern and western parts of the country. Near the Ravee and the Gharra the country is thickly peopled, corn-fields abound, and the rich fruits of the East grow luxuriantly. But at a little distance from the rivers there are immense tracts of jungle; and wastes, where only ruined mosques mark its former more thriving state. In the lower part of this doab is the former country of Moulтан, bounded by the Ravee, the Chenab, and the Gharra. The city of Moulтан,  $30^{\circ} 15' \text{ N. lat.}$ , contains 16,000 inhabitants, and has considerable manufactories of silk and cotton goods. Through the greater part of this district there extends the dry bed of a large river, the course of which is marked on the map.

The Beas rises in the Paralasa range of the Himalaya, enters the Punjab, after a very winding course, near Nadaun,  $31^{\circ} 48' \text{ N. lat.}$ , and joins the Sutlej at Hureeka,  $30^{\circ} 58' \text{ N. lat.}$  The Sutlej,

the longest of the rivers of the Punjab, has its source on the table-land of Tibet, near the sacred lake of Rhawan Rhad, with which it is supposed to be connected. The sources of the Indus and Sutlej are not far apart, though their course is very different. The course of the Sutlej on the table-land is more than 150 miles, and it is 1384 feet above the sea at Shipkee,  $31^{\circ} 50' \text{ N. lat.}$ , where it enters the territories of Bissahar. Its course through the Himalaya range is about 100 miles. It enters the Punjab at Ropur,  $30^{\circ} 57' \text{ N. lat.}$  After being joined by the Beas, it is called the Gharra or Garra, which name it retains to its confluence with the Chenab. Like the other waters of the Punjab, the Sutlej is crossed by means of skins, a contrivance employed when Alexander conveyed his troops across some of these rivers. The skins of Alexander were stuffed with dried grass, and sewed up tight so as to make a kind of raft (Arrian, 'Anabasis,' v. 9, 12). The mode in which skins are now used by the natives is this:—The skin of a bullock is stripped off in a peculiar way, so as to preserve it entire; it is then dressed, sewed together so as to be air-tight, a place being left into which a tube is inserted for the purpose of inflation. "When not inflated, the skin is slung over the back and carried about without any inconvenience. . . . When required for use the waterman blows into it through the tube, and then fills up the opening. A double thin cord is fastened round the inflated skin, across which the waterman places himself on his chest, holding the string with his left hand, while with his right he manages a short oar, assisting his passage with his hands and feet. . . . The passenger, with as much luggage as he can carry, sits *astride the ferryman's back*, with his knees bent and resting on the skin." (Moorcroft.) However graceful this mode of riding may be, one would think it not over agreeable to either boatman or fare. The district between the Beas and the Sutlej, the Julinder Doab, is the smallest, but one of the most populous of these districts. It differs little from the neighbouring part of the doab of Baree, being an open, ill-cultivated country. It is understood that the Julinder Doab is to be ceded to the British.



## GOOD MANNERS AMONG THE WORKING CLASSES.

It has been more than once insisted on in the progress of the Penny Magazine, that it was not right in authors when they address the working classes to alter their usual style of writing, as if they had to do with men of inferior intellects. We have had some experience of what the working Englishman really is : we know the cool and steady manner with which he sets his judgment to work when any new object is presented to it. We know that he is not more flighty and inattentive in a lecture-room than a man of higher degree ; and if he is not always so sensible to the rhetoric of a speaker as one whose taste has been more exclusively cultivated, he is tolerably ready to detect any flaw in his logic.

Whatever belongs to a sound and truly good style is sure to please him. He does not relish what is affected, and he soon detects the empty and frivolous. But genuine elegance always finds in him a warm advocate, and he feels a sort of good will to the writer who employs it in his works.

The opinion is at length beginning to prevail that the working classes ought to be addressed by writers as they address other classes. What is bad writing for the rich is bad writing for the poor.

But there is another principle akin to this, and quite as important, if not more so ; and that is, *the habit of good manners ought to be cultivated among them*. A very shrewd friend of ours once said in our hearing—" I would as soon give a man a bad sixpence as a bad word."

The object of this paper is to show the advantages of good manners among the labouring classes. Amongst these classes, who can have failed to observe many striking examples of good manners, which have their foundation in good sense and kindness ? Without making any allusion to the progress already made in the manners of the class, we beg to lay down the principle for the whole industrious community, that " Good manners ought to be cultivated by the working man."

Manner is to action what shape is to matter ; it is the property which pleases the mind, whilst the action, if shorn of the manner, could only satisfy it. Suppose, for instance, that a young joiner is in distress for a sum of two or three pounds to pay his landlord. He writes to his friend, Joseph Brown, who frequents the same lecture-room as he does, and attends the same place of worship on Sunday, to say, " My tools are seized upon for rent ; I am put to a stand-still by this remorseless man ; lend me the money, or I sink." Hereupon, if Joseph Brown, responsive to the call, does indeed lend him the money, he performs one of the best actions connected with our social life. And yet how much will depend on his manner of doing it ! If he sends the money by another person with a message, or enveloped in a short dry note, how different will be the impression made upon the sufferer from what it would be if Joseph Brown should wait personally on his friend, with a frank look and a cheering word or two, to cure that wound which the pride of all men will feel when they seek to charge themselves with such an obligation. The very beggar in the streets is as much comforted by the look of sympathy and the word of kindness as he is by the bounty which is to feed his poor wife and children.

It may be safely asserted, that wherever and whenever the manner which accompanies an action is good, a species of enjoyment attends that act, and some portion of happiness is conveyed into the heart of every witness. A man may be very poor



indeed, in spite of his industry, either through illness, through the number of his children, or through one or more of the many trials and chances of life; he may have but one room to live in, he and all the cherished family who bear his name; he may return home at night from his work, tired and jaded and dispirited: but yet if his wife is at the door to receive him, when she has heard his tread upon the stairs; if that little room has been made neat and comfortable against his return; if the merry kettle is singing on the fire, the chair drawn for him in his favourite nook, and all the countless amenities of home showered upon him without let or stint, how soon the hard usage of the world is forgotten, and how rapidly his sunken spirit is refreshed!

But some people may pause in this place to argue that these images and examples do not belong to good, but rather to kind manners. This is false reasoning. There is no genuine distinction between good manners and kind manners; for benevolence is the preponderating element in these little social forms. Addison has already said the same thing in one of his best 'Spectators.'

The manners which are supposed to prevail in high life, and to constitute what is called good breeding, decorum, etiquette,—the fine, fantastic moves and postures of the dancing-master,—are not what we mean to recommend. We say nothing either for them or against them—they are no part of our subject. What we understand by good manners is this, an affinity of social kindness between the action and the way of doing it, a form which makes us agreeable and not brilliant, a thing that we do to comfort another rather than to shine ourselves.

This distinction is far more important than it may seem, for the working man is rising in the social scale, and, as he rises, he copies the classes above him. The moment he lays aside his apron and his jacket, he must even put on a frock coat or a dress one, because gentlemen wear them. His cap is thrown off, and he has at hand a smart hat as well as his rich neighbour. These things may be trifling and not harmful, except carried to excess; so let them pass. But it is widely different with the manners of social life; and God forbid that the working class should ever so far forget themselves as to introduce the chilling rules of etiquette in the place of their own frank, warm, and hearty ways and habits.

There is not a moment in the life of any man or woman, when others are present, that cannot be made the vehicle of good manners. This fact should always be kept in view; and provided there be a wish to please others by kind looks and ways, the habit of combining good manners with every action will soon be formed. It is a constant struggle with unreasonable selfishness and sullenness; but the practice is so gainful, and the proofs, assurances, and convictions are so many and palpable, that a little week will sometimes make a convert of a man. Why is it gainful? Because if you practise these pleasing little ceremonies ten times where four persons are present, you will have to receive ten little kindnesses from each, and thus you get forty for ten. That is not all: you are yourself a participator in the pleasure you bestow by the practice. If you get up and offer your chair to a woman, or to an old man, your conscience rewards you even before the thanks you receive.

Many working people believe that good manners are not necessary among them—not suited to their class—that they properly and exclusively belong to the affluent; that they accompany fine clothes, and would look ridiculous coming from a poor man in his velveteen jacket. No error can be more extravagant.

The truth is, that every one who has a heart and the feelings which belong to it, desires and looks for good manners from the people he has dealings with, especially if they are his friends, relatives, or neighbours. Now the more a man's or woman's



intercourse with society increases, the more people they mix with, the greater of course must be the want they will feel of being kindly treated by this circle of acquaintance. The poor man, or rather the working man (who is never poor so long as he lives within his income), moves in a larger sphere than the rich, is more frequently brought into contact with his fellow creatures, and consequently his desire, nay his need, for kind looks, words, and actions, are more lively and imperative by far. Who can doubt it? If a rich man is surrounded by persons who neglect to please him by these domestic attentions, he can retire to his study, shroud himself from view, seek any one of fifty different diversions. But it is not so with the working man; he is wedged in as it were by the closeness of his dwelling. If he and his wife and children have but one or two rooms among them all, there is no possible retirement. They must either live kindly together, or they must see, suffer, and endure the almost intolerable misery of reciprocal unkindness, and the fearful aversion which it produces.

Certainly it does seem at first that there must be an effort, a struggle, on the parts of the working people to think of these attentions and practise them, amidst so many besetting hardships and privations as are common to their lot. Be it so. Let us agree that their circumstances are unfavourable to good manners, because they at first suggest partial feelings of anxiety, discontent, and weariness, and that reason has to overcome instinct before the working man, generally speaking, can rouse himself to these grateful practices. *His merit will be all the greater.*

But then let him watch the result. Let him take note of the instantaneous joy he feels himself the first moment he sets about doing something which shall be pleasant to another; how the delightful thrill runs through his heart, how it expands and pervades his whole being. Let him observe the equally rapid change he produces in those about him, not only in the person who is immediately concerned, but in every spectator and witness of his behaviour.

The effect of good manners is principally felt within doors, and there it will always be seen that they dispense comfort and happiness, and procure for those who practise them a comparative degree of good will and affection. They serve to fortify every moment the natural ties between parents and children. The benevolent smile of a mother is often remembered for half a century by her surviving children.

On leaving his own chimney corner and mixing with the world, the working man will find the effects of good manners equally salutary to his feelings and interests. His employer and fellow-workmen will like him better for them. There are so many opportunities of practising them; in doing one's own work cheerfully, in being ready to assist another, in explaining to another what one knows, and what he, if new to the employment or to the house, does not know; in helping to do the work of a sick comrade, in bearing patiently with cross tempers, and infinite other instances of the same kind.

Besides, the constant example of good manners is irresistible; every man who is a witness of them must copy them more or less. Thus one civil workman will reform the manners of a whole work-room, as the sobriety and diligence of Benjamin Franklin produced a change from habits of drunkenness to habits of temperance in one half of his comrades in the printing-office.

The working man who yields to this advice and resolves to practise good manners may at first be led to believe that there is no necessity to do so except now and then, on particular occasions. But this code of laws is very stringent. Good manners



should be practised every day and in every action ; they must not be reserved like Sunday clothes for high days and holidays.

Even to the stranger whom we meet casually in the street, and may never meet again, we are bound as civilized beings to behave civilly. And there happens to be a very frequent and very common transgression in respect to these casualties ; for everybody must remember almost every day of his life, when going through the crowded streets of London, how people push and push against each other, ever striving to get first and save time. If two people, coming different ways, meet in a narrow spot where there is hardly room for one, neither will stop to let the other pass, but each rushes furiously on, giving his neighbour a poke that almost upsets or crushes him, and takes all the air out of his body. We have seen a stout countryman, thus assaulted, stand against the wall for some minutes in great pain and alarm, and not at all looking as if he were convinced of our metropolitan civility. Now in any town, or even village, on the Continent, where two strangers happen to meet in that way, both will stop suddenly, and probably lift up their hats, whilst each will wait for the other to pass before him.

We knew an instance some years ago of a youth whose fate was irretrievably injured by a single breach of good manners. The father of the boy had got him a situation in Germany at the house of a cloth-manufacturer, and told him of it one day at dinner. The boy, who was devotedly attached to his father, did not at first consider the advantage of being provided for, and instead of thanking his father, answered rather surlily, as it seemed, "that he only wanted to get rid of him." It was the careless answer of a youth, but it decided his fate. The father, stung by this reply, declined the offer which had been made to him, though many a man would have given two hundred pounds for the same chance, and shortly after died himself, leaving no property behind him. The youth, whose superior talents only wanted the discipline of such a situation to make him a first-rate man of business, never raised his head after this lost opportunity.

We knew another instance. About thirty years ago a tradesman who had given his son an excellent education, wanted to bind him as apprentice to a shop-keeper in Bond Street. He was first sent for a month on trial. The poor boy was a remarkably clever, sharp lad, but high-spirited, and not yet tutored to obedience. Knowing nothing of life at that age, and unable to foresee its subsequent difficulties and trials, he felt most bitterly the change from an easy kind home to a hard master ; for thirty years ago the condition of an apprentice was very different from what it is in these days. He had to black his master's boots, to clean the knives, to take his meals in the kitchen. Now a smart boy, who could turn Horace into English, felt this treatment rather severely. He stood it for about a week, and then he once ventured to argue with his master. The next day he was discharged. The mother of another boy, who knew no Latin at all, but was very dutiful, knelt and prayed to this master to try her boy. Mr. C. did try him ; the boy suited him. What was the consequence ? Twenty years afterwards the boy who was civil and obedient had risen to keep his own carriage and mix with great merchants, whilst the poor fellow who could read the classic poets of ancient Rome was still a lonely wanderer on the earth.

Both these examples may appear at the first not to belong to the subject, but they do most intimately, for there is a very close affinity between morals and manners. It was bad manners in the son to tell his father "that he wanted to



get rid of him." It was bad manners in the apprentice to argue with the man to whom he was going to be bound. Indeed, in these cases, as in almost every one where we have not to deal with a man almost superhuman, the *manner* it is which does the mischief; for when that is settled, and you come to matter or argument, there is not so great a difference to be feared.

In conclusion, all of ye working men, especially ye young ones, turn your thoughts seriously to Good Manners. Your class is a rising one in England; it rises with the wealth in making which your diligence and skill have so large a share. The time is not distant,—with God's leave, many living ones amongst ye will see it come,—when the working man in this laborious and opulent nation will have as comfortable a position in the land as the tradesman had sixty years back. All the real and commendable enjoyments of life, which the progress of civilization and the increase of capital produce and diffuse among men, will be yours; with this great difference in your favour, which none have anticipated, and which few of the wisest can calculate, that your class is far more numerous than any other, that its friendly circles may one day be brought to act in the same union and harmony as those of other orders of men, and that the concentration of so many plain, simple, strong, and direct understandings upon subjects at once beneficial to themselves and to the community, must have a tendency to effect a state of happiness among this people, such as no tradition and no public record has ever yet made manifest.

J. T. S.

## SHAKSPERIANA.

(From a Correspondent of the Editor of the 'Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare'.)

IN the course of my reading in the beginning of this year, I met with a passage which suggested the *true* word used by Shakspeare, in a disputed passage in one of his plays. The passage I refer to is the beginning of King Henry IV., Part I.:

"No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil  
Shall daub *her* lips with her own children's blood."

I refer you to your own Note and to Mr. Collier's, and to the remarks of previous Editors on the word *entrance*. The word I propose to introduce in place of it is *crannies*, which I believe to be the word used by Shakspeare, because the thought and words are taken from a similar passage in the old King John, *i. e.*, the King John of 1591. The words I allude to in King John occur when Constance is informed of the intended marriage of Lewis and Blanche, and

when she tells Arthur that the King of France

"Black-spotted perjure as he is,  
He makes a truce with Ellinor's damned  
brat,  
And marries Lewis to her lovely niece."

And she ends her speech by asking—

"Is all the *blood* yspilt on either part,  
*Closing* the *crannies* of the *thirsty* earth,  
Grown to a love-game and a bridal feast?"

I think on reading this no one can doubt that Shakspeare had these lines in his thought or memory when he penned

"No more the *thirsty crannies* of this soil  
Shall daub *their* lips in her own children's  
*blood*."

The compositor, not being able to make out *crannies*, substituted *entrance*, a word of the same number of letters, and which gives a fair enough meaning, and consequently altered *their* to *her* in the next line.



## ENIGMA VIII.



ONE day my first young Cupid made  
 In Vulcan's Lemnian cell,  
 For alas! he has learn'd his father's  
 trade,  
 As many have found too well;  
 He work'd not the work with golden  
 twine,  
 He wreathed it not with flowers,  
 He left the metal to rust in the mine,  
 The roses to fade in the bowers:  
 He forg'd my first of looks and sighs,  
 Of painful doubts and fears,  
 Of passionate hopes and memories,  
 Of eloquent smiles and tears.



My second was a wayward thing,  
 Like others of his name,  
 With a fancy as light as the gossamer's  
 wing,  
 And a spirit as hot as flame;  
 And apt to trifle time away,  
 And rather fool than knave,  
 And either very gravely gay,  
 Or very gaily grave;  
 And far too weak, and far too wild,  
 And far too free of thought,  
 To rend what Venus' laughing child  
 On Vulcan's anvil wrought.

And alas! as he led, that festal night,  
 His mistress down the stair,  
 And felt, by the flambeau's flickering  
 light,  
 That she was very fair,  
 He did not guess,—as they paused to  
 hear,  
 How music's dying tone  
 Came mournfully to the distant ear,  
 With a magic all its own,—  
 That the archer god, to thrall his soul,  
 Was lingering in the porch,  
 Disguised that evening, like my whole,  
 With a sooty face and torch.





## Spanish Scenes :

1845.

### § 1.—THE LOPEZ FAMILY.

It was beneath the beams of a delicious Andalusian sun, tempered by the light foliage of a vine, that the brothers Brunelo and Francisco Lopez were enjoying the listless pleasure of the siesta, the indispensable afternoon nap of every true Spaniard. The head of the young Francisco reposed, as usual, upon the shaggy back of his inseparable friend and companion, the good dog Bravo, who was always found to be as ready as his master to avail himself of this national privilege.

It was early in May, and bright indeed was the sky, and most fragrant the multitudinous herbs and flowers in this highly favoured climate. The voices of





many tuneful birds rang from the adjacent olive-grove, cuckoo answered to cuckoo, and nightingale to nightingale. Brunelo raised himself upon his elbow, yawned, and stretched himself—"Francisco, here! Rouse thyself, dear Paco! Let us pass the sierra together this afternoon, and visit Simon; they tell me he is come home for the summer months to re-establish his health after his long winter confinement in those noxious quicksilver-mines at Almaden. We must bring him down from his Manchegan heights, and show him our fertile valleys here; and he shall visit Cordova and Seville: we must make the most of him, and have a merry time together."

In an instant Francisco and his huge companion were by the side of Brunelo, ready for action. "Aha! thou'rt always ready for the mountain passes, Paco!" said Brunelo, as he tenderly laid his hand upon his brother's head, and Francisco's glad look and bright eyes gleamed a joyful assent; but he spoke not, for he was dumb. The gloomy passes of the Sierra Morena were the scenes of his deepest joy, and almost the only occupation of which his wandering wits were capable was that of guiding travellers through them on their journeyings between Seville and Madrid. Bravo was ever at his side, and in cases of danger or emergency the sagacity of the dog would supply the deficiency of the boy.

The brothers passed on together towards the cortejo or farm of their father, which was romantically situated near the beautiful little town of Carolina, between Cordova and the mountains. It was a large low building, constructed, like most in the neighbourhood, of the granite and slate of the sierra. A broad trellis of vines formed a portico round three sides, under which the women frequently carried on their quiet vocations. On the north side, at the back of the house, stood two huge old cork-trees, doomed this year, for the fourth time, to part with their bark. On the east was an extensive huerta, or fruit-orchard, wherein luxuriated the orange, the lemon and citron, the almond, fig, nectarine and pomegranate, the juicy pear and the ruddy apricot. The steep slope in front was gay and fragrant with roses and all

the thousand flowers for which Andalusia is so famous. The bees plied busily about their cork-tree hives; a mountain stream, a tributary to the mighty Guadalquivir, brawled through the valley below; turtle-doves added their soothing voices to the shrill whistle of the bee-eater and the hollow drumming of the hoopoe; and the whole scene was one of beauty and fragrance and melody not to be surpassed. The circumjacent country was rich with vineyards and olive-groves, and all the variegated corn and vegetable crops of the season.

Teresa Lopez was seated with her two daughters, Inez and Mariana, beneath the vine-covered trellis as the youths approached. Her distaff was in her hand, and as she plied it she joined her low sweet voice to those of her girls in one of their many favourite national songs. Inez was seated on a bench almost concealed by her luxuriant tresses, which at length the gay young Mariana arranged to her satisfaction in two long dark shining braids, the trensa, so becoming a national ornament to the Spanish maiden.

"We are for the mountain pass, mother," said Brunelo; "I want to see Simon Pacheco, and if possible bring him home with us, if Juana can be induced to spare him so soon after his return." "But cannot you persuade her to come with him? Do try," said his mother. "Do try," said Inez, as she raised her smiling dark eyes to her brother's face, and "Do try," echoed Mariana, capering round in the graceful movements of the fandango, and enacting the music of the castanets with her fingers. "Right gladly will I try: but where is father?" "Manuel is gone to Carolina on one of the mules with a load of oranges; you may meet him if you go by the defile of Despeña Perros, and it will be late before you get there; better keep to the regular road; there is danger enough from the robbers at the best of times, and now those gipsies are returned again to the neighbourhood; dear Paco must not go without the charm; we must keep him from the evil eye." And she brought from the house a stag's horn tipped with silver, which she tied round his neck with a cord made from the tail



of a black mare; and then gave him her parting kiss and blessing. Poor Paco was the darling of the family. Nature seemed to make compensation for his deficiencies by an extra supply of parental and fraternal tenderness. Meanwhile Inez had taken the precaution to stick a piece of rosemary into Brunelo's high-peaked hat as a safeguard for him also against the gipsy's evil eye; whilst he, somewhat more to the purpose, had sheathed a long knife in his girdle. Thus protected, each brother took his staff and sallied forth. "Go with God, my sons;" "and with the Virgin," added the sisters in the same breath; and they wended their way through the grove of olives which skirted the mountains, and then on by the course of the stream, a wild and broken path ending in a tract of Xaral or cistus ground, now bright and glittering far and wide with the innumerable white blossoms, occasionally interspersed with a patch of the purple variety, till at length they emerged on to the track usually taken by travellers, called the pass of Despeña Perros. Francisco and Bravo as a matter of custom led the way, and Brunelo followed whistling and singing to himself, and anticipating the delights of his expected interview with his friends Simon and Juana Pacheco. Brunelo was a specimen of a character so frequent in Andalusia, as to be almost called its national character. He was a regular Andalusian *majo*, or dandy, in his dress and appearance; gay, indolent, *enjoué* in disposition: he had none of the Castilian gravity, nor the Gallician pride, nor the Manchegan negligence of dress. He was, in short, a "good fellow." He never liked to be hurried; never overheated himself either in mind or body; no one ever saw him angry, nor hasty, nor very busy, nor very anxious; but every one was familiar with his merry laugh and the blythe music of his guitar; and all liked and most loved him for his playful affectionate happy disposition. His countenance was the index of his mind; he looked like one at peace with himself and with all the world. When his fine features were at *rest*, they wore a smile, but when in *action*, the smile

amounted to a laugh. Next to his dog and his mountains, Paco loved him best.

The sun had disappeared behind a bold rocky projection which stood out in fine relief against the glowing sky. The awful beauty of the scene must have impressed the most insensible; and our brothers, though accustomed to the sublime scenery of this pass in all varieties of season, were always freshly alive to the exalted feelings it was so eminently calculated to awaken. As they passed one of the many rough crosses which are erected in these lonely places, to mark the spot where murder has been committed, Brunelo paused to kneel and cross himself, and to offer up a vesper prayer to the Virgin, when he was roused by a sharp bark from Bravo, who gave chase to a wolf which was quietly prowling and snuffing the breeze in a rocky recess by the way side. The dog was soon distanced, and returned panting to his master's side; but they had not proceeded far before they came upon a flock of black merinos browsing upon the scanty pasture which these heights afforded. Neither shepherds nor dogs were in sight, and at a signal from Francisco Bravo coursed round till he had collected the whole flock into a somewhat more compact troop; when a group of shepherds with their dogs emerged from behind a neighbouring rock. Their uncouth forms wrapped in the coarse blanket of the peasantry of La Mancha, their long crooks, the shaggy dogs of the Estremaduran breed which attended them, formed a group worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa, as they stood in a dark clearly defined mass in the red sunset light. "My masters," said Brunelo, "your sheep have had a narrow escape whilst ye have been taking your rest under the rock: had not our good dog here chased the wolf in yon defile, he would ere this have made prey of some of them; if ye undertake to watch your flocks by night, I advise ye either to be more wakeful or to lead them into some less exposed situation." The men thanked him for his courtesy, and, as if they had misgivings of their power of wakefulness, summoned their flocks around them, and led the way to the



vicinity of some rude huts which they trusted the wolves would not have the temerity to approach. Here, be it observed, as in the Eastern countries of old, the shepherd *leads* his flock, and they follow him at the sound of his voice. Would that in all countries, and with the human flock likewise, *leading* could be substituted for *driving*—the reign of *love*, for the reign of *terror*.

Our pedestrians had now been for some time descending, and were on the confines of the territory of La Mancha, not far from the residence of Simon and Juana Pacheco. The outline of a mule with two riders appeared against the sky in the increasing obscurity, and in a few moments Simon and Brunelo had exchanged the cordial embrace of early friendship. "But is this my little Juana?—she who only a year ago was a child,—a little tender child? Can a year have made this change?" said Brunelo, stepping back with a sort of reverential expression, which made the brother and sister laugh. "Still the same little Juana," said she, gently putting her hands into Brunelo's, and saluting Francisco with a sister's cordiality. The party proceeded together to Simon's dwelling. Paco mounting the mule, and guiding it skilfully over the rough and perilous way, was delighted with his position and the gay trappings of the animal.

Arrived at home, Juana busily bestirred herself in her household occupations. On hospitable thoughts intent, she first prepared the indispensable puchero or olla for her weary and hungry guests. The chicken was quickly torn limb from limb and placed in the pot, together with a proper proportion of beef, pork, garbanzos, and other vegetables, not forgetting garlic, saffron, and pepper. These stewed together, presently emitted a most savoury odour, and merrily did Francisco assist the gentle girl as she spread the cloth, and laid the snowy napkin and silver fork for each. At length the critical moment arrived when the puchero must be taken up. The prospect was a most satisfactory one; and as the pieces of meat tumbled over each other into the clean bowl, now a limb of fowl, now a

shower of garbanzos, or beans, now a savoury slice of bacon, the young men thought they had never before been so hungry, nor had so excellent a supper before them. Each fork plunged into the bowl, and returned with its prey to its gratified master. It was presently emptied, and Brunelo decided that it would be quite superfluous, with such a puchero as this, to envy the rich their more luxurious olla podrida, made of all flesh and fowl that breathe. A dessert of olives, figs, and almonds succeeded, and whilst the young men with half-shut eyes smoked their paper cigars in listless enjoyment, Juana went to make preparations for the accommodation of her guests. There was but one little chamber unoccupied by themselves. In this were two recesses for beds, now nicely prepared with clean coarse linen, which had been grown by her father and spun by her mother and herself in her early days. She sighed to think of those days, for her parents were both gone to the happy land, and she and Simon were left all in all to each other. "Dear Simon, I love to prepare for your friends," and she carefully spread the black merino fleece before each of the recesses, and arranged, in a bottle of water upon the table, a bunch of the splendid blue flor de la Piña which then grew luxuriantly in the shade of the neighbouring woods. Then looking round with a quiet satisfied air, she went to join the friends below. A pensive little girl was Juana. Her orphan state, her somewhat delicate constitution, and her time being so much spent in solitude, all contributed to make her a quiet thoughtful character; but though timid and gentle and humble, there was no want of self-possession, and plenty of practical moral courage. There was withal great dignity in her very gentleness, and as she wrapped her mantilla around her, and with her distaff in her hand took her seat by her brother, Brunelo felt that he must reverence as well as love her.

Simon was giving the history of his dreary winter months underground in the quicksilver-mines, and describing the delights of air, and light, and summer, and *home*, to him who had been long



deprived of them. Perhaps too the delights of a loving sister had formed a part of his discourse, for when she entered he was evidently cut short in some warm eulogium, and an affectionate smile glanced from her to Brunelo, as if to plead his apology. "No wonder you are looking pale and ill, Simon; I only wonder you keep up at all: how is it that you manage so much better than so many others?" "Thus—my friend: I preserve a strict temperance in diet; my drink is almost entirely milk—goat's milk the best, when I can get it—no wine. My comrades, many of them, can't resist the bosa, and that's the destruction of their constitutions. Every night on leaving my work I wash myself thoroughly and entirely, and never eat or sleep without at least washing my hands. Besides these regular habits, I never pass a summer, you know, without taking some months of my pure native air; and that, with the society and good care of my dear little girl here, makes a new man of me, and sets me up for my winter's work and my winter's earnings. Don Alonzo del Rio is a generous master and a true friend to his people. We can all earn enough in the winter in those mines to keep us comfortably through an idle summer, unless indeed we squander our means away in intemperate habits. As I said before, the wine-skin ruins the health of the miner; and if he be moreover of uncleanly habits, he is soon done for." But Simon did not pass an entirely idle summer, though certainly the Spanish and English ideas of "*work*" do not correspond. He had less of his national indolence than most of his neighbours, being a man of great mental and bodily energy. He had his crops of maize to attend to, and his patches of flax and hemp to cultivate; his flocks of merinos on the hills, and his swine in the neighbouring forests, revelling on the acorns of the oaks.—He was a brave hunter too; the wolf and the boar fell before his daring hand. He delighted to chase the mountain deer, and the family puchero was constantly supplied by the hares, rabbits, partridges, pigeons, &c. which he brought home. No wonder that he returned to his un-

derground labours, in the fall of the year, "a new man."

Before our happy party separated for the night, Brunelo had expounded to his hosts the object of his visit, and had exerted such irresistible eloquence, that after to-morrow Juana too was prepared to join the party in their descent into the fertile plains of Andalusia. The light-hearted brothers retired to their allotted dormitory, where Francisco cut capers of delight before the splendid bouquet placed there by the delicate taste of their hostess, and Brunelo thought, rather than uttered, "Bless thee, gentle Juana! I see thou knowest the Andalusian heart, with thy gay flowers!" Light were their slumbers, pleasant their dreams, and swiftly passed the morrow. Francisco and Bravo explored the neighbouring heights and the deep forests below, some wholly of lofty pine, others variegated by chesnut, elm, cork, and the dark shining foliage of the *Quercus quexigo*. The country beyond, the wide tract of New Castille, was basking in the sunshine, unbroken by hedgerows or scattered groups of trees. The Castillians consider trees so injurious to agriculture, that they do not suffer them to encumber the ground, which, in consequence, towards the close of summer, assumes the appearance of a scorched and arid plain.

On the morrow our party set out on their pilgrimage. Juana leapt lightly upon her mule, needing not Brunelo's proffered assistance; Simon threw his capa, or cloak, over his shoulder with the grace peculiar to the Spaniard, and they departed amid the blessings and adios of the attendants. Bravo clumsily bounded and barked, with joyful excitement, and with his master led the van, whilst the three in the rear indulged in pleasant anticipations of the future, at the same time not unmindful of present pleasures. Blythely they wended their way. The jagged peaks never had seemed so full of beauty and sublimity, nor the air and sunshine so sweet and balmy. Towards noon they halted beneath a bold projection of the granite rock, into whose cool shade the sunbeam seldom penetrated, and prepared to refresh themselves with



the contents of Juana's basket. All were intent upon the eggs and cakes, and dried grapes, when at one of Bravo's short barks they looked up, and met the shining eyes of a haggard old gipsy woman glaring intently upon them. "What wilt thou with us, good mother?" She replied not, but moved her thin lips, and gave a searching glance at each. Juana smiled, and held out her palm. The hag drew her aside, and muttered such words of love and beauty as always bring up the conscious blush and smile. At this moment some loose slate shivering down the precipice, caused the young men to look up, and there, upon a frightful projection, stood two of the wildest figures ever seen by the light of day. "Ne'er mind *them*," said the old woman, in broken Spanish; "only Gitanos—my husband and son;" and upon some expressive signals from her they disappeared; she following them as soon as she had received from Juana the accustomed fee. "If I did not think we had fallen in with Sabacho, or Pallillos, and their fierce band of marauders!" said Brunelo. "There were dreadful deeds here last winter;" and he pointed to two or three newly erected crosses by the way-side. "These gipsies, or gitanos, as they call themselves, generally play into their hands.—Let us proceed." A hoarse laugh from above sounded the retreat of the travellers. "There's no baggage, Carlos," said the old woman to her husband; "and it's not worth encountering strong men with long knives, and a fierce dog, without some temptation;" and in hopes that towards evening they might meet with some more valuable prey, she retreated to their fastnesses among the rocks, followed by Carlos and Gines.

## § 2.—SUMMER RECREATIONS.

Meanwhile, what is going on at our farm below? The note of preparation is sounded; the poultry-yard has rendered up its eggs, and fowls, and turkey, and pigeons; the garden its garlic and garbanzos, its asparagus and tomatos, and last, not least, its unparalleled roses, in welcome for the expected guests.

Manuel and Teresa sat hand in hand

before their door, recapitulating to each other for the hundredth time their various blessings: blessed in their children, in their health and their circumstances, in their trusting contented minds, and in each other's love. Their climate, too, and their country!—They had a true Spanish pride in their country; and it was a favourite proverb with the simple Manuel, "The water of my country is better than the wine of Rome."

The girls had been washing the household linen in the stream, always a jocund occupation; and when village maidens assemble together for this purpose by the running brook, their merry voices chime in pleasantly with the songs of the birds and clapping of the wooden paddles with which they beat the linen. The garrulous party was now dispersing slowly, and Inez and Mariana might be seen winding up the ascent to the house, each with her snowy burden upon her head. At the same time the brothers and their friends approached the house from the north, and joyful and affectionate was the greeting on all sides.

The travellers were too weary to commence festivities that evening. There was plenty of quiet occupation in talking of the past and planning for the future. Simon had always much to tell of his underground life at Almaden, as well as of his sporting life at home. The girls visited the garden and orchards; while Manuel accompanied the young men to his farm and adjacent crops. Suddenly they came upon a plot of ground that had only yesterday been rich in vernal luxuriance, and now it was a barren waste, looking as if it had been scorched by fire. "By jingo! here are the locusts," exclaimed Brunelo. "My poor, beautiful young crop," said Manuel. "Well, we must not lament too much what we cannot prevent. Reserve lamentation for our faults and negligences, and their results; but what Heaven sends, bear cheerily, say I. I take every known precaution against these creatures. The land is turned up every year to destroy their larvæ. You see I barely leave two inches to mark the boundary between one crop and another: they always deposit their eggs in the uncultivated ground; that



hedge of aloes must have harboured them, or, more probably, they have migrated from a distance. Poor Francisco there is our best preservative against them; he will wander by the hour together, catching and destroying them. If he had not been making holiday over the hills, he would have been too quick for them, and we should not have lost the young crop; but never mind that, Paeo, dear; thy pleasure is more precious to me than many a crop." "But how is it that this wheat has not suffered?" said Simon, "and those tall beans?" "Just because they are so tall; the locusts cannot reach them: they always here confine their ravages to the vineyards and low spring crops; and happy is it for our harvest when the wheat has sprung up so high before they arrive, otherwise they bring sore distress into the land. 'Tis sad for our beautiful Spain to depend so entirely upon her own resources, rich though they be—she might so easily be the queen of the world! We want a few things first, to be sure,—and rather important ones: we want a settled, liberal, and wise government, instead of these eternal dissensions and insurrections. We want roads, railroads, and canals; otherwise, what avail all these luxuriant vineyards, these olive-groves, these gardens of oranges and lemons: and then, when we have our roads, we want a free trade. Our existing system of revenue destroys, of itself, the prosperity of the country. We are behindhand in all patriotic societies for the encouragement of industrial arts; and poverty and distress ever follow the footsteps of war. What a trade in wine we might have! What country can produce a red wine comparable with our Valdepeñas? and our Muscat, and Xeres!\* To be sure, we have a tolerable trade in that, but it only shows what our trade might be, in every thing, if we had but facilities in ourselves and our government equal to the facilities which nature has given us. Look at our boundaries,—the Mediterranean on the east and south, opening a communication with all the interior of Europe, as well as with the northern coast of Africa. To the west the Atlan-

tic ocean gives us the markets of the rest of the world. Idle and foolish that we do not avail ourselves of these to the full. As it is, a plentiful vintage obliges us to throw away the old wine to make room for the new; the richest fruits of the earth lie rotting upon the ground; and, since we make no use of it ourselves, here is England contracting for the timber of our forests! Why should not *we* be queen of ocean, as well as of earth? 'Young Spain' would not then lie basking in the sun, wasting their moral and physical energies in indolence and gay pastimes. Farewell, then, to bull-fights, fandangoes, and guitars; and welcome industry, knowledge, independence, power, virtue! Bear with me, boys; 'tis my very love for my country that makes me contrast so painfully what she *might be* with what she *is*."

The next day was a feast-day, and our young people were prepared, in holiday attire, to attend mass at Carolina, and to summon the young bourgeoisie of their acquaintance to music and dancing at their cortijo in the evening. Brunelo on this occasion almost surpassed himself, and if so, he surely far surpassed all others, in the gaiety and bravery of his attire. He wore an open jacket of green velvet, highly embroidered, and tight leggings of the same, ornamented with a profusion of silver buttons; his linen was of the finest and whitest; his high round hat was decked with beads and carelessly turned aside, and on his left shoulder hung with studied negligence a second jacket, also richly embroidered. His dark curls were carefully arranged around a countenance rich in humour and in manly beauty. He was a study worthy of the pencil of Velasquez. Juana was his companion in the walk. Her beauty was of a kind much esteemed in Spain, from its rarity. Her hair was auburn, and her complexion fair, yet so dark were the lashes that shaded her deep blue eyes, that they might almost be mistaken for black ones. Her black silk mantilla was fastened upon her head by a single comb, and fell gracefully round her full oval face, whilst the arranging of its folds and the management of her fan afforded constant occupation for her pretty little hands.

\* Pronounced in England *sherry*.



Simon followed, with Inez and Mariana: he wore as usual the red Montero cap, with his capa over his shoulder, and loose linen bragas, or short trowsers. The black hair and clear rich brown of the cheek of Inez were becomingly relieved by a gay coloured silk handkerchief, which the French and Spaniards know so well how to arrange about their heads. Her short, full, black silk basquina, or petticoat, weighted at the bottom, displayed her elegant figure to great advantage. She had all her brother's beauty, softened by feminine grace and delicacy. Mariana was not a beauty, but her merry laugh showed such white teeth, and her black eyes had such a wicked roguish twinkle, that to many she was more attractive than her more composed and less piquant elder sister. The national black silk did not accord with her light fancy—and she was gay with many colours and embroidery,—and her white basquina was decked with rows of blue ribbon round the bottom, besides bows of the same down the front. Francisco and Bravo never frequented the haunts of men when they could avoid it; Manuel betook himself to his farming occupations, and Teresa was not sorry to be left to the undisturbed arrangement of her household affairs.

The beautiful little town of Carolina never looked to better advantage than on this feast-day. Gay groups of peasantry were pouring in from the country. The sun was shining as it does shine in the merry month of May in Andalusia, and brightly the many fountains sparkled in its beams, as they reared their silvery columns high into the deep blue sky. The balconies of the houses were brilliant with flowers, and many a cordial greeting was exchanged from them with our party, as they glanced upwards and recognised their friends and acquaintances between the pots of flowering shrubs. It was always a pleasure to visit the Lopez family at their pretty farm, and they were led to anticipate a numerous attendance at their little ball this evening.

Right festive were Teresa's preparations for the evening, and joyously and gratefully was she greeted by her returning children.

"Ah, mother! Do you know mother's

favourite proverb, Juana?" said Mariana laughingly—

"The wife that expects to have a good name  
Is always at home, as if she were lame:

"and only see, what beautiful results!" pointing to the wreaths of flowers and the ample preparations for the evening repast. "But finish my favourite proverb, Mariana, dear," retorted her mother—

"And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight  
Is still to be doing from morning till night."

Now the laugh was turned against Mariana, who was famed for being ready for any amusement within reach: but she only laughed too, and said, "The dog who walks finds a bone." The siesta was a brief one this day; and long before the sun had gone down behind the mountains, and left their jagged, saw-like peaks cut out in clear distinctness against the glowing sky, the dancers were assembled under the broad vine-trellis; and the waltz, the bolero, the olè, and fandango were played in measured time by the many who had brought their guitars with them. The harmony was perfect, for there are few Spaniards who are not skilful performers on their national instruments, and they are almost universally gifted with an excellent ear for music. The accompaniments of the tambourine, the triangle, and the castanets of the dancers, added greatly to the spirit of the scene. Juana was a beautiful dancer; a pure taste regulated her movements; she was never seen to be carried away by excitement; she never lost her gentle maiden dignity, either in the giddy maze of the waltz or in the graceful movements of the bolero: every eye followed her with delight as, with Brunelo for her partner, she bounded lightly along, scarcely seeming to touch the ground.

"Only look at that good, silly Jose," exclaimed Mariana; "what clumsy, plain partners he chooses. I never would dance with such girls as those, if I were a man!" "But those girls are as fond of dancing as you are, Mariana. For my part, if ever I fall in love, I think it would be with one of those good, kindly men, who dance to give pleasure to



others, forgetting their own: I look upon it as a type of character; and he who shows himself kind and disinterested in a trifle like that, would be in other things—just what I like.” And Juana blushed rosy red as she rather abruptly finished speaking, for she found that Brunelo had overheard her. It was remarkable during the rest of the evening, that when he was not dancing with her, his partners were invariably the least attractive of the party. But Inez was the main-spring of all. Without taking a conspicuous part herself, she took care that everybody was pleased and occupied. To one she gave a tambourine, that she might have a pleasanter plea than neglect for not joining in the dance; on the unadorned tresses of another she placed a chaplet of roses; anon she assisted her mother in preparing and dispensing chocolate and sherbet; then she took a guitar and made lively music for the dancers; then she was merrily waltzing with Paco, for he loved the dance; and at last she finally put a stop to her own dancing (though she did wish for one more turn with Simon, he waltzed so well and had such a strong supporting arm) by lending her shoes, the only shoes in which she could dance, to Mariana, who had fairly worn hers out in her ceaseless exertions. Yet no one was happier than Inez; no one enjoyed such sunshine of the heart; kindness ever beamed from her lips, sparkled from her dark eyes, and gave music to her voice. Teresa, wrapped in her mantilla, sat by, quietly enjoying the enjoyment of the young people; sometimes joining her voice or her guitar with the rest; sometimes praising her children to some matron of her own standing; or more frequently speculating with Manuel on the passing scene. “Brunelo is clearly falling in love, dear husband.” “He cannot do better, dear wife, and he might look far and wide ere he would find a sweeter bride.”

The stewed pigeons, and the game, and the cakes, and honey, and fruits had been duly appreciated; the wine-skins had been poured out generously, but not intemperately, for drunkenness is a vice almost unknown amongst the Spaniards; and the broad moon was shining down

upon the white blossoms of the orange and lemon trees, and the soft night-air extracted from them a double fragrance, and the nightingale was pouring forth its music in the olive-grove, when our happy party separated.

Next day three bravely caparisoned mules were in readiness, gay with long fringes and jingling with many little bells, to take our holiday-making young people to Cordova. Neither Simon nor Juana had ever been so far south. Manuel had some business to transact at the fair which was now being held there, and was easily persuaded to accompany them, not sorry to point out to Simon, as they caracolled along, the fertility and the capabilities of his country. He led the way, with Mariana on a sort of pillion behind him. Inez shared Simon's mule, and Brunelo and Juana followed. “See these mountain streams, friend Simon—what facilities for irrigation during the summer droughts! Those vast flocks of cattle, sheep, and goats mainly depend upon them for their fat pastures.—There they go! the riches of our fair land!” exclaimed the proud old man, as troops of peasants and dealers of all sorts were seen hurrying onwards to the scene of action, laden with every kind of produce. Now they passed a youth bending under his basket heavy with asparagus and artichokes; here was a vender of lemonade and fresh water, there a tempting pile of Murcian oranges; and oh! those flower-girls! what bunches of roses! and with what an irresistible smiling grace they press them upon the passengers. “Stay, let these wild young horses pass us—did you ever see such beautiful little creatures! what shining glossy black skins! what flowing silky tails and manes—what shape! what action! There is no place equal to Cordova for its breed of horses. We have them from the old Arabian settlers—and they retain the symmetry, and speed, and sagacity of the genuine Arabian breed.”

The mules were put up, and dinner bespoke at one of the best posadas; and whilst it was in preparation there was time for a stroll into the busy narrow streets of this peculiar and picturesque town. It stood, like a city of the East amid its palm-trees, on the banks of the



broad and rapid Guadalquivir, too shallow here for navigation in the summer months, though often swollen by the autumn and winter rains into a mighty torrent, inundating, with the aid of its tributaries, the adjacent plains to a great extent. The narrow streets were crowded with dealers from far and wide. Here were dark turbaned Moors trafficking in their perfumes, their dates, and their silks. Here were diamonds and precious stones, smuggled from Portugal, stealthily offered for sale in dark corners. Image-sellers from Malaga displayed their painted clay figures, their peasants, their majos on horseback, and their beggars; and heavy cars drawn by oxen, noisy with shouting, song and bells, rumbled slowly along laden with wine-skins from the neighbouring vineyards. The orange and lemon trees in the walled gardens stretched their branches into the streets, and showered their blossoms upon the passengers, and their crushed odours overpowered all the less ethereal scents.

But the dinner must be eaten; and the mosque, the far-famed Moorish cathedral, must be visited. We will not dwell long upon the dinner scene: a Spanish inn is at best an uninviting place; and our posada now was a scene of noise and tumult, that made the gentle timid Juana, unused as she was to town life, shrink into herself. Fingers and forks were promiscuously thrust into the common bowl as soon as its savoury steaming contents were poured into it. The heated atmosphere, redolent of garlic, and oil, and mules, and cigars, and the thousand nameless scents which a Spanish posada is heir to, was gladly exchanged for the open streets—and Manuel led the way to the cathedral. As they approached it under the shade of the broad area of orange-trees, interspersed with fountains, they had time to “leave all meaner cares behind.” Their spirits became calmed, and their minds and feelings attuned to the solemn and imposing spectacle.

Nothing strikes the traveller more, in visiting churches or cathedrals on the Continent, than the complete abandonment of the people, for the moment, to their devotions. The poor weather-beaten peasant, one of the “weary and heavy laden,” literally casts his burden

aside, and puts on the light and easy yoke of Christ. His attitude, his features, are those of rapt and absorbed devotion, and he rises and takes up his load, and goes forth, apparently a strengthened and comforted man. In this ancient building were all the accessories of devotion. A dim religious light, mellowed by the altar tapers; a deep-toned organ, and the voices of the choristers swelling into full harmony in the “Kyrie Eleison” of one of Haydn’s masses, and now dying away in solemn cadence, previous to the triumphant burst of the “Gloria in Excelsis.” The heavy arches of Moorish architecture were supported by hundreds of exquisitely rounded columns of granite, serpentine, porphyry, and jasper, and the many various marbles found in the mountains of Spain.

Evening found Teresa a pleased and entertained listener to the narration of the day’s adventures. “Father took great pains to show and explain everything as we went along to Simon;—but Simon, methought you were too busy chatting with Inez to heed him much?” said Brunelo rather slyly. “Ah!” said Mariana, shaking her fan at her brother, with a wicked glance from her merry eye, “He who has a roof of glass, let him not fling stones at his neighbour. I wonder how many of us have benefited from your society!” Upon which such merriment sprang up amongst the young friends as lasted till bed-time. And now we must leave them for a while in the enjoyment of their young loves, in the May-time of their lives, and turn our attention to a different party in a different place.

### § 3.—A TRAVELLING ADVENTURE.

“No bad news from Seville, I hope, dearest Bertha?” tenderly inquired Donna Melehora, as her young friend, with heightened colour and humid eye, laid the letter before her.

“Yes, dear lady, very sad news for me. My mother is ill, and I must leave you and Zara, and, and—everybody, to set off to her this very day.”

“The Countess de Segovia ill? But unless she is *very* ill, my child, must you leave us so abruptly, after spending so



many happy weeks together? You know she has your sister Isabella; and Count Pepe is there—already almost as a son to her.” “Ah! yes; but when the mother is ill, her child must not, *cannot* stay away,” replied Bertha, smiling through her rising tears, “and I fear she is very ill—for Isabella says she wishes Dr. Sertin would go to her—and she would not wish him to go from Madrid to Seville for a trifle, much as she prefers his half French, half English practice to that of our Seville doctors.” “Then I will not say another word to hinder you, and we will send and prepare Dr. Sertin to accompany you—the coupée of the diligence shall be taken for you;—but my children! how grieved they will be! how long they are detained at this bull funcion!”

At this moment the door opened, and Don Alonzo del Rio and his sister Zara entered—all gaiety and eagerness to detail the interesting events of the bull-fight. But the bull-fight was forgotten, and their gaiety quickly changed to sadness, when they heard that their young guest was leaving them, and on what a mournful errand.

“I have been wanting to go southward for some time,” said Don Alonzo, “to visit my mines, and I shall go to-night. We shall just fill the coupée, Bertha.” “Ah! that will make the journey safe and happy; and dear old Dr. Sertin—let us send to him quickly.” And quickly he was sent for, and quickly flew the busy moments till our party were seated in the coupée of the diligence, en route for Seville.

It was a brilliant summer evening as they noisily rumbled through the streets of Madrid. The doctor pulled on his travelling cap, and ensconced himself in a corner, preparing for a long night's rest. “Stop!” cried Don Alonzo to the zagal, or driver (“Arrêtez!” echoed the doctor)—“I am without any cigars! I pray you, when we arrive at the Puerta del Sol, stop a moment at the corner of the Calle de Carlos; Francisco Gomez must supply me.” A busy scene was the Puerta del Sol on such an evening as this. Troops of aguadores of Asturia, in coarse duffel and leather skull-cap, lazily plied their calling around the great fountain; and their innumerable water-

casks, piled up and tumbled about in all directions, greatly impeded the progress of the passengers in their various vehicles. Here a party of ladies in their dark mantillas paused before some mendicant monks whilst their fair-haired children kissed the image of the Virgin, which the poor fellows held out to them for a few cuartas, or farthings;—there were priests, in their shovel-hats and long cloaks—and arrieros, with their brown dresses, and slouched hats, and jingling mules—beggars of La Mancha and toreros from Andalusia, in buff jerkin, leather breeches, and jack-boots, with their white broad-brimmed hats half-a-yard in circumference. At every turn were sellers of lemonade, of Murcian oranges, and of fresh water. A busy and a stirring scene is the Puerta del Sol at Madrid on a mid-summer evening, with variety to suit all tastes, from the courtly equipage to the poor Gallician noble (every third man in Galicia is a noble) resting on his water-cask.

Slowly and wearily, with shout and jingle, rumbles on our diligence drawn by its seven mules over the arid plains of Castille; here and there they passed a vine-clad village, where brown old women sat spinning at their doors in the sunset light, and pretty young ones looked down upon our travellers from balconies bright with their scarlet jackets and blue petticoats. Arrived at Toledo, twelve leagues (or forty miles) from Madrid, there was a grand halt, with a repast of stewed meat and tomatos, and chocolate for those that liked it, at the Posada de los Caballeros. Don Alonzo wished to induce Bertha to visit the sword manufactory, or at least the great bell at the cathedral, but she was satisfied with a short stroll, looking down, from the steep rocky chalk-hill on which the city stands, upon the Tagus winding around its base. “Slow travelling this, my friends,” said the doctor on resuming his corner, “especially quand il s’agit d’une malade;—but as I cannot help it”—he finished his sentence with an expressive shrug, and settled himself to sleep.

And now they were approaching the mountainous regions, and the brown, savage Sierra Morena skirted their view, the haunts of gipsies and robbers, the histories of whose direful deeds were too



horrible to be willingly dwelt upon by travellers through the scenes of such cruel outrages. But their increasing silence showed that their minds were not unoccupied by traditions of robberies accompanied by savage murders and every variety of wanton barbarity. "Was that dreadful Sabacho ever taken up, Alonzo, or is he still at large amongst yon ridges, with his tribe of ruffians?" said Bertha, in a subdued voice. "He has yet to receive retribution for his crimes; but the time will come. Meanwhile think not of him: you see we shall have an escort through the redoubtable defile of La Rumblar; and we are a strong body. There is a priest in our diligence, and two students of Salamanca, and a couple of soldiers, besides two English travellers and ourselves; and we will wake up our good doctor before we come to the gloomy perilous places. But, ah! what a scene! how glorious!" and he pointed to where a vast fall of water from an adjacent rock dashed along in foam and fury, throwing up its white spray in the moonlight, and scattering its crystals over their dusty and heated mules. "Most glorious indeed! 'These are thy wondrous works, Parent of Good!' as their English poet sings. Oh! doctor, dear doctor, wake!—you must not lose all this, you who live always in cities. Look, look, and listen to its glorious voice!" And slowly and snoringly the good man roused himself: "Ah! very fine, my dear, very fine." But it seemed as if long disuse had deadened his power of perception of the sublime and beautiful, and he was in danger of relapsing into slumber, when the "glorious voice" took a louder and deeper strain, and reverberated from rock to rock a cracking thunder-peal. "Ha! this is coming on in earnest. The zagal and the escort must look to their mules: when this moon is overcast, the passes will be black enough." And soon they *were* black enough to startle the strongest nerves. A darkness that might be felt obscured the face of the heavens. Streams of water poured down, hissing and rattling over the overhanging rocks, which ever and anon glared fearfully in the bright lightning, and then resumed a deeper blackness. Bertha lay back with her

eyes closed; and, her thoughts resting on God, and her hand in that of Alonzo, felt safe and happy. The doctor was uneasy and restless, especially when a lurid glare revealed to him the state of wild rebellion in which the mules were indulging. The priest in the interior chanted the "Dies iræ;" whilst his companions crossed themselves, and tried to conceal the chattering of their teeth when the thunder crashed around them, and the blue lightning added to the lividness of each countenance.

The descent was now frightfully steep and rugged. The mules had become completely unmanageable, and scrambled along at a tremendous pace. This state of things could not go on long without mischief, and a violent shock threw our travellers forwards; and the diligence rested against an abrupt ledge of rock, whilst four or five of the mules were thrown down and huddled together in confusion. "Sacré!" vociferated the doctor; "mais allez! je suis pressé! C'est pour une malade!" At this moment a party not unknown to our readers emerged from the shelter of the cliff, to proffer to the travellers what aid they might.

Don Alonzo, who had alighted from the vehicle, cordially offered his hand to the foremost: "Ha! Simon, my faithful servant, well met!—a friend in need! But how came you here in this hour of darkness?" "Noble sir, wishing to avail ourselves of the evening cool, in returning to our home after visiting these good friends in the vale below, we have been surprised by this storm; and if we can be of service to you in this extremity, I am sure my friend and I shall account it a happy accident. Brunelo, Juana, this is Don Alonzo, the master of our mines, of whom you have heard so much." As Brunelo was about to reply, he was interrupted by poor Francisco, who ran up to him with wild gestures, accompanied by Bravo, growling fiercely; and by the light of the moon, which now again shone out from amid the nearly exhausted clouds, they saw themselves surrounded by a savage-looking troop of fellows, whose appearance proclaimed them at once to be the far-famed Sabacho and his bandits. The zagal and the half-dozen soldiers who formed the escort were im-



mediately made to dismount, and to lie down in the road prone and motionless, whilst a party of the ruffians stood over them with their pistols on the cock, threatening to shoot dead the first who stirred. As the chief approached the carriage for purposes of plunder, Don Alonzo, seconded by Simon and Brunelo, rushed to the defence, and fierce and bloody was the struggle that ensued. The zagal, hearing that the robbers were resisted, faithful to his charge, made an attempt to rise; but at the first movement a pistol was discharged close to his head, and he fell back in death. His companions, awe-struck, stirred not. Alonzo and the two friends, rendered furious by this murder, only redoubled their desperate efforts; but it was only for a few brief moments of horror that they could succeed in keeping back the assailants. Alonzo and Sabacho were engaged in fierce strife: but the cunning and strength of the practised ruffian prevailed. A savage blow felled Alonzo to the ground, and the long knife gleamed in the hand already raised with deadly intent, when Simon, with strength almost superhuman, seized it from him, and gave him a cut in the arm which disabled him. He then dragged his patron, bleeding and insensible, under the shelter of the rock, and flew to aid Brunelo, who was almost overpowered. Francisco suddenly darted into the midst of them, and clung to the leg of his assailant. "Ha! dumb hell-hound! this is not the first grudge I owe thee! Take that—and that—and that—and cumber our path no more!" And three times with his long knife did he inflict a stab so sure and deep, that any one of them would have sent the innocent spirit to its native skies.

But we will not dwell upon this fearful scene; it is, alas! neither exaggerated nor rare. The travellers were plundered; the robbers escaped.

#### § 4.—SORROWS.

But grief was rife in all hearts at the home of Manuel and Teresa Lopez. The mother bent distractedly over the fresh grave of her murdered boy. At Seville, too, from the mansion of the Countess de Segovia rose the voice

of lamentation. Bertha, kneeling by the bedside of her mother, fondly clasping the thin white hands in her own, recounted the tale of her lost happiness, her dawning attachment, her bright hopes, cemented at last into a perfect union of soul, a betrothment, awaiting only the sanction and blessing of a fond mother, the friendship with Zara, and the tender filial devotion to Donna Melchora; then the happy journey, and its fatal termination; and her gratitude to dear Dr. Sertin: and "henceforth," concluded the affectionate girl, "henceforth, dearest mother, nothing will divide my affections with you, nor separate me from you for a moment; you will be all in all to me; my sole object in life, as long as it may please Heaven to spare us to each other. May He, in his mercy, grant thee a speedy recovery, or take me also!" "Say not so, my child; the issues of life and death are in wiser hands than ours; our only course is entire submission; wish not, pray not, for anything beyond grateful, humble, patient, acquiescence; and where thou canst not *trace, trust*—hope and trust; blessed supporting words! I feel their power, as the supporting staff through the valley of the shadow of death: and thou, my child, wilt feel it also, whether a lonely life or an early grave be appointed thee!"

Poor Bertha could not speak, but she arose from her knees, and after imprinting kisses of inexpressible tenderness on the pale brow and hands of her best earthly treasure, retired to her own apartment. Deep and bitter were her lonely sobs, fervent her prayers to Him who seeth in secret. And presently she arose, calm and resolute. Her whole thoughts and affections separated from earth, and a temper prepared to do and to endure. During these few short days how many years seemed to be added to Bertha's tender age. She left Madrid an untried, inexperienced girl; happy, affectionate, betrothed to her first and only love! Now we see her as a mourning bride; a devoted daughter watching by a mother's dying bed; a woman chastened by affliction, strengthened by piety; weaned from the world by the removal of its dearest treasures; "resigned to die, or resolute to live."



And where all this while was her elder sister Isabella and Count Pepe, who was already by his betrothment to her in the position of a brother to Bertha? They had returned from an evening stroll in the delicious orange-gardens through the gate of Xeres, and were now reposing themselves in the cool marble-paved court, which was shaded from the burning rays of the sun by a toldo, or linen awning. The splashing of the fountain in its marble basin, the perfume of the flowering shrubs which were ranged around, the singing of the birds in the aviary beneath the piazza surrounding the court, composed a scene of beauty and luxury to which our English senses are but little accustomed. Donna Isabella reclined listlessly on a couch near the fountain; her attendant stood behind ministering to her wants, as she trifled with her embroidery-frame. Count Pepe, in a graceful attitude, reposed at her feet, touching occasionally a guitar, with which he accompanied a really fine voice in the lively seguidilla. When neither singing, nor smoking, nor sleeping, he would favour the lady with various details of his day's exploits: how he had been dining at the Café del Turco amid nearly a thousand companions; and then he passed a warm eulogium on the accommodations and splendid fittings-up, in the Moorish style, of that celebrated establishment; its spacious quadrangle open to the blue sky, its slender arabesque columns and intervening arcades, its atmosphere of cigar-smoke, its variety of society, the brusque majó, the rough carabinero, the refined officer of the Estado Mayor, the burly shopkeeper and the supercilious civil empleado, the free intercourse and exchange of snuff-boxes and smiles, cigars and blows, ay, even of pistol-shots, according to the passing humour. Whatever was the subject of his tale, himself was ever its hero. Poor Count Pepe was inveterately selfish; his horses, table, dress, and establishment, hitherto his sole anxieties; but now another was added—that the wedding appointments of his wife elect should be in consistent keeping with her beauty and with his elegant tastes. Science, patriotism, philanthropy, religion, found no place in his narrow soul; but his temper

was more amiable than is usually found in selfish characters, and notwithstanding his national pride of birth, he was not without the Andalusian gaiety of spirit.

In the intervals of his discourse, Isabel held converse high with her maidens on the subjects of millinery, confectionery, embroidery, &c. "Then your ladyship decidedly rejects the high comb in your ladyship's coiffure?" "Decidedly Maria, it is no longer worn at Madrid. I could not appear in it at court; if my mother and Bertha continue in their old-fashioned national prejudices, it is their affair. Give *me* l'air distingué." "But not, my love," drawled the Count, "at the expense of l'air noble. Nothing can compensate for the loss of that queen-like deportment which so peculiarly characterizes my graceful and dignified countrywomen; they are celebrated for it all over the world, and it is mainly owing to the wearing of the high comb and the mantilla. Girls of the present day who have never worn it are not to be compared with their mothers—quite plebeian in their gait, in comparison! Not that my Isabel can ever look plebeian—no! she has been brought up on the old Spanish régime, when Parisian modes were held in deserved disrepute." Then came inquiries and instructions as to the favourite dulces (bonbons) to be provided, for Isabel, like her royal namesake, had a weakness for sweetmeats, and vast were her stores of frosted almonds, tortas, turrónes of Alicante, panes pintados of Salamanca, pomegranate jelly, strawberries, avellanas, blando de huevos, or sweetened yolks of eggs, and sugared rice in every form and variety. A voice at the grated iron door, which opened upon the Moorish street, now arrested their attention. The speaker was a haggard old gipsy woman, whose shining eyes were glaring at them from between the bars of the door. "Will not the beautiful Señora hear her fair fortune?" she hoarsely muttered: "fine things in store, but the woe first!" Isabel had a strong superstitious faith in gipsy prophecy, but her wishes to hear the "fine things in store" for her were somewhat damped by fear of the forbidding countenance and voice of the hag.



However, the door was opened to her, and the fair palm submitted to her inspection. "Ay—woe first—woe last, but fine times between!" and she went on to recapitulate all that was flattering to the vain and foolish fancy to which she ministered. At this moment Bertha entered the court from the house, and addressed a few low serious words to her sister. The gipsy fixed her eyes upon her, and a more human expression came over them as she said, "Blessings on the young Señora! If she has woe first, the joy will follow, and will endure!" But Bertha stayed not, heeded not. Still the woman gazed after her, her thin lips moving as in soliloquy: "Aha! I have it! 'tis she who swooned when Gines struck down the beautiful youth! Aha! I could tell her more of her future than she knows, and somewhat of the past also." "Send the woman away, Pepe;" and Pepe obeyed the mandate. "That melancholy Bertha will have it that mamma is going to die; what think you?" "Heaven forbid! It might put off our marriage, and disarrange my plans to a degree: Bertha surely won't expect to live with us?" "Oh! no; she will take the veil, I dare say. She had better join the Sisters of Mercy, she is so fond of going into nauseous places after the sick and the poor, and all that sort of thing. I'm sure she can't expect to live with us!" Thus did the amiable pair dispose of poor Bertha's fate, and look down upon her abject tasks and pursuits.

Before the week was over, the Countess de Segovia died. Her children led the long procession of mourners who followed by torchlight the remains of this beloved lady to the place of interment in the cathedral; and bitter were the tears shed by her who was the cherished, and the cherishing—the faithful, loving child from first to last. Bertha was indeed a mourner—a lovely mourner amid the crowd which surrounded her; and long after they had dispersed her kneeling solitary figure might be seen in the dim moonlight, bowed in prayer before the altar. She was silently and solemnly devoting herself to the service of Him upon whose image her upturned eyes were fixed. In retiring, her eyes rested upon

Murillo's guardian angel and child; the countenance of the child, beaming with innocence and trust, imparted to her worn soul somewhat of its heavenly spirit—she trod the earth more lightly, feeling elevated and supported by the conviction that she too had an ever-present guardian spirit. At the same moment the choir (which had assembled at their usual hour for practice) chaunted a "Miserere," every note of which seemed to fall upon and penetrate her very soul. The music changed to the more hopeful and confident supplication "Dona nobis pacem," and as the voices, blending in their perfect harmony, mingled and re-echoed through the fretted roof and among the colossal pillars of this unrivalled cathedral, and the word "pacem" was repeated and re-repeated till the strain died away in solemn cadence, she felt that indeed peace, God's own peace, had descended upon her soul.

#### § 5.—CONSOLATION.

After the lapse of a few brief weeks the same altar witnessed the marriage of Count Pedro Geronimo Fernandez Pepe de Vasconcellos and Dona Francisca Florentina Maria Isabella de Segovia. In a state of mind as happy as the mere gratification of selfish and personal vanity could make them, they entered their travelling carriage, and departed on a tour through Italy, intending to winter at Naples or Rome.

The lonely Bertha about the same time left the home of her childhood, endeared to her heart by a thousand happy and tender recollections, and went to spend some months with an establishment of Sisters of Mercy at Cordova. The reverend mother had been attached by the friendship of a whole life to the late Countess de Segovia, and rejoiced in this opportunity of affording a temporary asylum to her child, not without hope that she might be induced to unite herself permanently to their society. Bertha's affectionate heart soon made to itself a home amongst these gentle strangers. Many were the mourners whom she comforted; the hard hearts which she softened, and the proud spirits which she



brought low : the bruised reed she crushed not ; the smoking flax she quenched not. She was followed by the blessings of those who were ready to perish, and the peace of an equal mind ever attended her.

But let us turn to our friends at the farm. The vintage and the harvest are gathered in, and the autumn is far advanced ; but still the Indian corn is to be seen drying before the doors, and some large purple grapes are left clustering over them. Manuel and Teresa are seated, according to their evening custom, beneath the vine-trellis, and Inez and Juana, distaff in hand, are beside them ; whilst Mariana fills up the pauses in conversation with gay snatches of music, accompanying her modinhas and boleros with her guitar, with a union of grace and force peculiar to her country.

Afar off, slowly winding up the path, two figures were seen approaching. All eyes were turned upon Inez, and the glad smile that lighted up her countenance, and the rich crimson that suddenly glowed through her clear brown complexion, told that one of them was indeed Simon, the long-absent friend of her bosom—her betrothed husband. But whose the feeble frame, the tottering steps, that he is so carefully guiding ? and why does Brunelo, who has bounded to meet them, salute him so cordially yet so reverentially ? It is indeed Don Alonzo, who was left for dead on the fatal night of robber encounter, and whom the faithful Simon has ever since cherished with the care and tenderness rather of a brother than a servant. At length his indefatigable nursing has had its reward, and his honoured patient is enabled to accompany him on his visit to the Lopez family.

It was a long, happy visit ; but happiness did not end with it. He was accompanied home by Inez, his devoted bride. The bounty of his grateful patron enabled him to live henceforth solely on his little mountain property, independently of his labour as a miner at Almaden. The gentle Juana was no longer necessary to his happiness at home, but she had become necessary to that of Brunelo and all at the farm ; and, as his wife, well supplied the absence of Inez, leaving

the light-hearted Mariana still at liberty to enjoy her jests and her laughter.

Bertha meanwhile went on her quiet way rejoicing ; for her temperament was too Spanish, and her soul was too Christian, for her to “mourn as they who are without hope.” Besides, her life was full of active interests for others, and such can never flag heavily. She was returning home one clear autumnal evening, from her labours of love, peace and charity warming her heart and shining from her eye, when she again encountered the dark gipsy woman. She stopped full before her, took both her hands, and said slowly and distinctly, “Lady, thy probation is ended ; thou art no longer alone in the world : woe first, but the joy follows and endures !”

Before the startled Bertha could reply the woman had disappeared, but the impression of her sudden address remained, and Bertha’s sleep was disturbed that night by visions, blissful visions, of the loved and lost—of hope, and joy, and domestic happiness, long excluded from her imaginings.

The next day was perhaps the happiest of a long succession of happy days. She was re-united to the friend whom she had mourned as lost to her by a cruel and horrible death ;—tears and smiles, recapitulations of the past, anticipations of the future—explanations, confessions, hope, love, alternated in happy succession—and the reverend mother announced the evening repast of bread and fruit, while the absorbed friends thought it was yet early in the day. Yet were not the charms of the fragrant peach, the juicy nectarine, the dark tintilla, and the amber muscadel lost upon them. Happiness seemed to have opened all their senses to a peculiarly grateful enjoyment of all God’s bounties—and as they walked together in the twilight, deepened into shade by the overspreading branches of the lemon and orange trees, their hearts united in a fervent hymn of praise.

The following May found Bertha again in Madrid, the happy wife of Don Alonzo, loving and loved, blessing and blest ; still pursuing the course of active benevolence which she had followed at Cordova in the days of her mourning and loneliness.



## HISTORICAL SCENES.

## IV.—CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY THE CRUSADERS; AS DESCRIBED BY GEOFFROY DE VILLE-HARDOIN, MARSHAL OF CHAMPAGNE AND OF ROMANIA.—Part I.

THERE is no old chronicler, either French or English, that relates a better story than Ville-Hardoin, or that treats an interesting subject in a more natural and lively manner. His work is, throughout, as authentic as it is interesting. He was not only an ear-and-eye witness to the sieges, battles, councils, and the other events he describes with admirable clearness, modesty, and simplicity, but he was also a principal actor in them all, and a chief contriver and manager of many of them. His chronicle possesses this additional interest—it is one of the very earliest and best specimens we possess of French prose. At the first glance this French of the beginning of the thirteenth century may appear to many rather more difficult than the low Latin in which the chroniclers of all countries wrote at that period; but the difficulty is overcome by a very little study and attention; and then the reader is made sensible of the charm of naïveté in the style and language, and of the advantages the narrator derives from writing in a living, spoken idiom—in his own mother tongue.

Were it not for the useless pedantry of printing these old books with the old and perfectly obsolete orthography, the first difficulty of reading them would be greatly diminished. In French, as in English and other languages, there was, for several centuries, no fixed orthography, the very same writer often spelling the same word in two, three, or more different ways, and the writers of the same period varying widely from one another in their general system of orthography—if we can use the word *system* when *none*, properly speaking, existed. Nothing whatever is gained by preserving the bad and changeable spelling of these

old chroniclers, but much is lost by the mere antiquarian prejudice, for by it people are deterred from making themselves acquainted with some of the choicest treasures of the old times. With *words*, or with the construction of sentences, no liberty ought to be taken, but surely it is advisable to *spell* the words with the proper or the now-received and intelligible orthography. If M. J. A. C. Buchon, the industrious, the intelligent, and the *last* editor of Ville-Hardoin's chronicle, had only spelt the pronoun *who*, as it is now spelt—*qui*, instead of giving it in the old form as *hi*, one great puzzle and awkwardness would have been avoided. In the same way, *cuve*, for *cau* (water), is unintelligible to the common reader; and so is *Paeskes*, for *Pâque* (Easter); and so, in short, are one half of the words in M. Buchon's otherwise excellent edition. But only spell these words as they are now spelt, and this charming piece of narrative, after a very little practice, will be read as currently and smoothly as a page of Montesquieu or Guizot. If they at all aim at general usefulness, our Camden Society, and our other societies engaged in the publication of old and rare works, will take this simple hint.

Geoffroy or Jeffry of Ville-Hardoin, was born about the year 1164. He descended from one of the most illustrious families of Champagne, that country of the liveliest and most sparkling wine. The château, or baronial castle from which they took their name, stood at the distance of half a league from the river Aube, between the towns of Bar and Arcis. In the year 1198 when Fouques, or Fulk, the curate of Neuilly, preached the Fourth Crusade, with as much enthusiasm as Peter the Hermit had preached the First, Geoffroy was chief of his ancient family, a baron by hereditary right, and, by the favour and election of his prince, Marshal of Champagne. Though young in years, he enjoyed a high reputation for experience,



prudence, and wisdom, as well as for valour. He was one of the first to take the cross with his prince, the young and brilliant Count Thibaut or Theobald of Champagne, the selected commander-in-chief of this Fourth Crusade. The gallant Thibaut died before the expedition could be got ready to take its departure; and it seems to be doubtful whether the Fourth Crusade would have been attended with any success, or even whether the Greeks in Constantinople would have been attacked at all, if it had not been for the eloquence, activity, and wise policy of Thibaut's marshal, Geoffroy de Ville-Hardoin; for the Crusaders, drawn from nearly every country of Christian Europe, were involved in quarrels and animosities, and their several chiefs could not agree among themselves as to any specific plan of operations in the East. But Ville-Hardoin repaired to Venice, on whose maritime resources, and command of other means, and of money, the fate of the expedition mainly depended, and there won the esteem and confidence of the wise and venerable Doge, the "blind, old Dandolo," who had taken the cross not with the hope of recovering Jérusalem and the Holy Sepulchre, but with the confident assurance that he should conquer and annex to his own spirited republic a large portion of the territories occupied and misgoverned by the degenerate and spiritless Greeks. Old Dandolo took Ville-Hardoin to his heart as his dearest and best of friends. Every obstruction was soon removed, and a powerful Venetian fleet prepared. This being done, Geoffroy found it easy to reconcile the quarrels of the Crusaders, and induce their chiefs to adopt, with one accord, the one great plan of operations which he had agreed upon with the Doge of Venice. Soon the Champions of the Cross embarked, and sailed for the Hellespont, the Propontis, and the Golden Horn on the Bosphorus.

During the whole of this most adventurous expedition Ville-Hardoin gave proof of his wisdom and sound policy. Whenever difficulties occurred—and, at times, they were almost overwhelming—he raised his voice in council, and gave the best advice. His own accounts of these frequent deliberations and councils-

of-war are truly delightful; they are full of wise, prudent, original suggestions, applicable to all times, and to very different modes of warfare and courses of policy and negotiation. Of his own capital part in them he speaks with a straightforwardness and modesty scarcely to be surpassed. In his eyes the great cause is paramount: the Princes, the Doge of Venice, the Barons of Christendom assembled, are personages to be treated with respect, deference, veneration; but he, Geoffroy of Ville-Hardoin, is nothing, or if anything, only a sincere and earnest soldier, who cannot, in duty, withhold his opinion when it is called for. After the conquest of Constantinople our noble Marshal and Chronicler exerted himself to the utmost, in calming the irritations of rival vanities, in moderating rival claims, and in securing that splendid Eastern throne to the new Emperor Baldwin of Flanders. After the premature death of Baldwin, he had his full share in the measures of war and policy which repaired the disasters sustained by the army of the Crusaders. "And finally," says M. Buchon, "the same man who had brought about the enterprise, who had facilitated its success, and assured the conquest of Constantinople, charged himself with the task of recording the glory of the expedition, in the most noble and, at the same time, the most modest recital; and this narrative, naïve, grave, touching, as it is, is also one of the first monuments of our French prose."\*

The brave, old chronicler did not live to be an old man. He closed his active career in 1213, when he had only numbered about forty-nine years.

Ville-Hardoin's narrative opens with a quaint account of the preaching of Fulk of Neuilly, "that saintly man in France," "in that year of the Incarnation when Innocent III. was Apostle of Rome, and Philip Augustus King of France; and

\* *Notice sur Geoffroy de Ville-Hardoin, &c., in Recherches et Matériaux pour servir à une Histoire de la Domination Française aux XIII<sup>e</sup>., XIV<sup>e</sup>. et XV<sup>e</sup>. Siècles dans les Provinces démembrées de l'Empire Grec à la suite de la Quatrième Croisade, &c. &c. Paris, 1840.*



Richard I. King of England." It then describes the success of this preaching, and the godly speed with which great Lords and Barons, and still greater Princes, ran to take the cross. It relates all the obstructions to the departure of the Crusade, the negotiations at Venice and elsewhere, which led to the sailing of the expedition, the adventures encountered on the voyage, and the sieges which were undertaken and the battles which were fought when the troops landed in various parts of Greece. For the present, we take up honest Geoffroy when he arrives in sight of the splendid capital of Eastern Europe.

"And so much did the Crusaders run by sea, that they came, on the Eve of my Lord Saint John the Baptist, in the month of June, unto St. Stephen's, a Greek abbey, about three leagues from Constantinople. And they took port there and cast anchor, and thence they plainly saw Constantinople.

"And now let me relate the astonishment of those who had never seen so grand a city: when they saw those lofty walls and rich towers which surrounded it, and those high palaces, and those high churches, of which there were so many that no man could believe it unless he saw them with his own eyes, and the length and the breadth of the city, which, over all others, was the sovereign, they could not imagine that there should be so rich a place in all the world!

"And, be it known, that there were none so bold but quaked at the sight of its amazing strength. And no wonder was it, for never since the world was created, had so great a place been taken by so few people as we were. Then landed the Barons, the Counts, and the Doge of Venice; and they held a parliament in the monastery of St. Stephen. There was much counsel taken and given. All the words that were there spoken cannot be written in books, but the substance was this: the Doge of Venice stood up and said—

"My Lords, I know more about the strength of this country than you do, for I have been here before now. You have undertaken the greatest affair and the most perilous that ever people undertook, and therefore will it become us to

act sagely. Know ye, that if we march hence by land, the land is long and broad, and our people are few and badly provided with victual. If they spread themselves over the country to seek for food, they will have to encounter a great plenty of armed folk in the country. Let us take what care we will, we must lose some of our own people, and we can ill bear such loss, seeing how few we now are to do that which we have to do. But near unto this place are certain isles, inhabited by quiet farmers, and producing corn and other commodities.\* Let us then go thither and anchor, and collect the corn, wine, and viands of the isles. And when we have collected these good things, and restored ourselves with food, let us go unto the strong City, and there do that which the Lord has provided shall be done by us; for, certes, the man that has meat makes war better than the man that has none.'

"In these opinions the Counts and the Barons all, fully agreed; and so they all went back from the Monastery of St. Stephen to their barks and ships. And there they reposed themselves for that night.

"On the morrow morning, it being the festival of my Lord Saint John, our banners were all spread to the breeze, the glorious gonfalon was hoisted at the mast-head, and the shields of our knights were all suspended over the ships' sides, larboard and starboard, and from stem to stern. Every man looked to his arms and examined them well; and, by my faith, it was fitting that he should do so, seeing what need he would soon have of them! Then our mariners weighed anchor and unfurled all our sails. And, this being done, God gave us the very wind we wanted in order to get to the isles. Thus did we pass by Constantinople; and we passed so near to the

\* This is the beautiful little group now called by Europeans "Les Iles des Princes," or Princes' Islands, and situated at the head of the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, between Constantinople in Europe, and Chalcedonia (now Khalki) in Asia. When Admiral Duckworth went with an English fleet to bombard Constantinople, he anchored for several days among these isles.



walls and towers, that the Greek archers shot into some of our ships: and so vast was the multitude of men upon those walls and towers, that it seemed as if there could be no people in the world except there.

"But anon we altered our course, turning towards those fair isles of which my Lord the Doge of Venice had spoken the evening before."

The fleet was soon at anchor between the Princes' Islands and the ancient city of Chalcedonia, which are separated only by a narrow strait. Some of the Franks landed on the islands, others on the mainland in Asia, near Chalcedonia.

"Here," continues Ville-Hardoin, "close on the port of Chalcedonia, was a palace of the reigning Greek Emperor Alexis; and this palace was one of the most beautiful and most delectable in the world, and full of all the delights which charm the heart of man, and which the house of a great prince ought to possess. The great Counts and Barons landed here, and lodged themselves in the palace, and occupied the whole town. Up went many tents and banners. Then were the horses hoisted overboard; and the knights and their men-at-arms landed with their arms, and the mariners remained in the ships.

"The country was beautiful and rich, and plenteous in all good things; and the great heaps of good wheat were stored in the barns; and our people went and helped themselves as they pleased, having, in sooth, much need of bread. Thus sojourned we for two days at Chalcedonia; and on the third day we had a good wind. And so the sailors drew up anchors and loosened sails, and away we went to Scutari, which faces Constantinople, and is not a short league from it. Here, where the Emperor Alexis had another fair palace, all our ships, tenders, and galleys cast anchor. But some of our chivalry who had been lodging in the palace at Chalcedonia, had marched thence unto Scutari by land, keeping nigh to the coast and within sight of our fleet. And when the Emperor Alexis saw us lodged at Scutari, he came forth from the walls of Constantinople, and encamped with a great force on the opposite bank of the Channel of St.

George,\* to prevent our landing on that side, where the great city is.

"And the host of the Franks sojourned nine days at Scutari, furnishing themselves abundantly with wine and victual. And during this sojourn a company of the army went out to forage and ransack the country; and with it went Oude of Champagne, William his brother, Ogiers of Saint-Chinon, Manassier de Lisle, the Count of Blandras, a Count of Lombardy, and Boniface, Marquess of Montferrat. And all that they had with them was some four score of cavaliers. And when they were good three leagues from the main body of our army, they saw Greek flags flying at the foot of a mountain. And who should be there but the Grand Duke Striphinos, brother-in-law to the Emperor Alexis; and he had with him five hundred Greek cavaliers at the least. When our people saw them all, they resolved, of one accord, to go and fight them. And when the Greeks saw our people they drew up in order of battle, closing their ranks in front of their tents, and waiting for the onslaught. And ours went fearlessly on, intending to strike vigorously with the aid of God. But short was the conflict, for those Greeks turned their backs and were discomfited at the first charge. Our people gave them chase for a long league. And there did our men-at-arms capture good plenty of horses, and pack-horses and palfreys, and mules, and tents and banners; and all that they captured they kept for themselves. In this way they came back to the army at Scutari, where they were gladly seen and heard; and they generously shared their booty with the other soldiers so long as it lasted."

A day or two after this brilliant adventure the Emperor sent over to Scutari a certain Lombard, named Nicholas Rossi, to open a negociation with the great leaders of the Franks. But Doge Dandolo, and the Count of Bethune, "a good knight, and wise, and right eloquent," told the Lombard envoy that Alexis was a usurper, and that his young nephew, who was with the Crusaders, was the rightful master of Constantinople

\* The Bosphorus.



and Emperor of the East; that if the usurper would come across the strait and resign the crown to his nephew, he should have lands and riches, but that if he persisted in his usurpation, or attempted any longer to resist the Franks, ruin and death would inevitably befall him. The Lombard returned to Alexis, the Counts and Barons to their council-chamber, where they agreed that the nephew of Alexis ought to be shown to the people of Constantinople as their only lawful Sovereign.

“Therefore, on the morrow morning, they armed all our galleys. The Doge of Venice and the Marquess of Montferrat embarked in one of them with the son of the late Emperor, and the Barons and Knights with all that would, embarked in the other galleys. And they stood over to the great city, and sailed along the seaward walls of Constantinople, which they almost touched with their oars; and they showed the little varlet to the Greek people, saying unto them, ‘Behold your natural Lord! And know ye that we be come to do ye no

manner of harm, but, contrariwise, to guard and defend ye, provided only ye do that which ye ought; for he whom you obey as your Lord holds ye by sin and crime, and against the will of God and against reason. Disloyally has he acted towards this his Emperor, and towards his late brother, betraying them, and guiltily seizing the empire. If, now, you will declare for your lawful prince you will do that which is wise and just. If you will not, we will do unto ye all the evil that we shall be able to do!’ Certes, it was well said: yet was there not one Greek in Constantinople that ventured to declare for the young prince; so great was the terror they had of the Emperor Alexis. So the Doge of Venice, the Marquess of Montferrat, the Greek Prince, and the Frank chivalry returned in the galleys to Scutari, where each of them went to his own quarters to sleep through the night.”

During that night the wise and valiant old Dandolo resolved that the Bosphorus should be crossed, and Constantinople stormed, without more delay.

#### DESTRUCTION BY MICE.

A plague peculiar to the dry districts along the Rhine is found in the mice, which in a fine season swarm in such myriads, that whole fields are devastated where no energetic means are adopted for destroying them. It is true that the winter frosts and spring floods cleanse the fields to all appearance thoroughly of this nuisance; yet, if the month of May be fine, they appear in August with undiminished force. In various villages the remedies attempted are different. Sometimes a reward in money is offered per one hundred skins, and the youthful population is encouraged to exert its skill and passion for the chase of the modern hydra. All such efforts prove, however, ineffectual to keep down the numbers of the general foe, whose paths across a corn-field are nearly as broad as those trodden by single foot-passengers, while the hoard abstracted from his crop is estimated by the farmer from the number of straws nibbled off at a short distance from the ground, the ears from which have disappeared within the subterranean labyrinths, that often repay the labour of

digging up. In the neighbourhood of Jülich a mode of smoking out the mice has been introduced from Belgium. An iron pan, two feet high, has at bottom a grating supported by a pin. On the grating some charcoal is laid, and the pan, when filled with rags, leather, and sulphur, is fastened with an air-tight cover which has a small tube, into which a small hose connected with a bellows is inserted. The pan is held by an upper and a side handle. The night before it is used the field is surveyed, and all open mouse-holes are trodden close. In the morning such as are re-opened indicate those which are tenanted, and one being selected, the lower part of the pan is pressed against it, and the bellows being set at work, the smoke issues from the orifice near the grating, and penetrates into the runs or galleries that connect the holes. A number of assistants are required to tread the crevices close through which the smoke is seen to escape; and if all due precautions be taken, great numbers of these diminutive enemies may be slaughtered, and at the same time buried in their subterranean holds.—(*Agriculture on the Rhine.*)



## EDUCATION FOR THE ARMY.—II.

MR. MARSHALL shows most satisfactorily that wherever any pains have been taken to improve the minds of the common soldiers, there has been a rapid improvement, not only in morals and manners, but also in military discipline; and that the best educated part of our army is the most orderly, obedient, and punctual in performance of all its duties, whether in garrison or in the field. Of one of our best corps he says:—

“The corps of Royal Sappers and Miners, consisting of thirteen companies, each of sixty-eight men, are, in addition to the elementary branches of knowledge, taught fortification, the manner of drawing plans and sections of buildings, and, to a certain extent, the art of land surveying; and it is highly honourable to the men of this corps, that they have invariably, in whatever part of the world they have been employed, conducted themselves as intelligent men and steady soldiers. The superiority of cultivated men is soon apparent: they have been accustomed to think and to discriminate. Misconduct may be the concomitant of intellectual attainments, but it is the accident, not the consequence of information; and as it is the more conspicuous so it is the less excused, when accompanied with mental superiority.”

The corps of Artillery, requiring in nearly all their branches a superior degree of intelligence, are usually filled with men who have received some education before entering the service, and who are encouraged—at least by the example of their comrades and non-commissioned officers—to attend to their own improvement afterwards. The most casual or careless observer can scarcely have failed to remark how superior are the manners, moral conduct, cleanliness, and general behaviour of our artillerymen, to those of the soldiers of the line, or even of the Guards. This marked and honourable superiority is not owing to their few halfpence a-day more pay, but to their superior education, to the fact that their officers are generally men of considerable science and literature, and to the nature of their own daily duties, which nearly always require some exercise of the intellect even in the common men. Without their superior education their superior pay might prove a curse to them, by affording more means for inebriation and dissoluteness. In whatsoever British possession we have visited abroad, we have found the soldiers of our artillery *the best conducted* because *the best educated* part of our forces. We have known, among their non-commissioned officers, men who had made themselves good mathematicians, excellent draftsmen, fair linguists, and good general scholars—men who amused their leisure hours with history and belles-lettres, and who took occasional flights into the regions of poetry without losing any of their aptitude for the business of the work-a-day world, any of their alacrity in their duty, or any of their subordination and respect for their superiors. Compare the black-roll and punishment-lists of the Artillery with those of any other part of the army, and see the difference between the men who have education and the men who have none—or next to none! Turn over the lists of mutinies and of flagrant and perilous breaches of discipline, and see whether the ringleaders and more frequent offenders were the scholars or the *dunces* of the army!

If the best educated man be the best soldier, let efforts be made to impart the benefit of education to all the men. These efforts, as we have already said, are making by several of the great European nations. Mr. Marshall begins his interesting account of these systems with France.



“*France.*—Great attention has been paid to the diffusion of useful scholarship in the French army, and several of the means adopted for that purpose highly deserve our imitation. Two special schools are attached to each regiment. The instruction to be given in the first-class schools (primary schools) comprises reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the studies are limited to two hours at a time, namely, one hour for reading, fifteen minutes for arithmetic on the slate and as many for oral examination and tuition, and half an hour for writing. In the second or higher class schools, the instruction given embraces French grammar, arithmetic, book-keeping, geography, military history of France, the elements of geometry and fortification, and taking plans. The studies are similarly limited to two hours at a time, namely, half an hour in answering questions bearing upon the preceding day’s instruction, the same time in explanations connected with the routine of study for the day, and an hour in writing exercises and correcting them. The management of a primary or first-class school is entrusted to a lieutenant as director, a non-commissioned officer as monitor-general, one sergeant, and five corporals or privates, as ordinary monitors. The second-class schools are conducted by the director and monitor-general of the first class, and the requisite number of pupils of the second class, who are called monitors.

“Various regulations have been laid down for the purpose of exciting emulation among those who attend the schools. Soldiers who eminently distinguish themselves are entitled to have their names inserted in Regimental Orders, and thereby acquire a claim for promotion. *Sous-officiers* (sergeants), recommended for promotion as officers, are previously to pass an examination in such branches of knowledge as are taught in the regimental schools. Monthly gratuities are given to the monitors, and half-yearly furloughs are preferably granted to soldiers who can read and write, and have punctually discharged their several duties—circumstances which are no small guarantee that their conduct has been regular and orderly. \* \* \* \* \*

The numbers attending the second or higher class schools are usually about one-third of those attending the primary schools. *Much care is taken by the officers of the French army to induce soldiers to attend school.* They are informed that talents and information confer a right to command. *Since a soldier has duties to perform, it is requisite that he should know what they are.* It is also necessary that he should be aware of the penalties to which he is liable, more especially as he may, from ignorance, incur punishment for a breach of military regulation, which may not be a moral offence. To avoid committing an offence it is necessary that a soldier should be made acquainted with the nature of military delinquencies, and unless he can read and write, or has attained some degree of information, he may, from ignorance, misapprehend the orders issued for his guidance.

“The *Moniteur* published an official document, drawn up by the War Department, from which it appears, that on the 1st of January, 1843, the number of soldiers serving in the army who could neither read nor write, was 227,800. In the course of that year, 68,289 attended the regimental schools, namely, 50,245 those in which reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught, and 18,044 who followed lectures on grammar, arithmetic, geography, geometry, fortification, &c. Of the 50,245 who attended the course of primary instruction, 11,202, totally illiterate, learned to read, 12,571 to read and write, 5,223 to read and calculate, and 13,899 to read, write, and calculate—in all 42,895.”

Mr. Marshall next proceeds to that other great military power, Prussia.

“*Prussia.*—There is a school in every battalion of the Prussian army, which a captain superintends, and three lieutenants, who receive additional pay for alternately taking a share in the instruction of the soldiers. At the expiration of his three years’ service a soldier is able to read, generally to write, and has acquired some knowledge of the history and geography of his country. As the value of the places given as pensions on retiring from the service must correspond in a great degree with the capability of the individuals to whom they are given, a powerful stimulus is thereby excited to intellectual improvements. Non-commissioned officers who wish to become officers, first undergo an examination in geography, history, simple mathematics, and



the German and French languages. At the end of another year they are again examined in the same branches of knowledge, and also in algebra, military drawing, and fortification. If they pass this second examination they become officers. This attention to the mental as well as physical strength of an armed man, forms a new era in military and political science."

In relation to the efforts made for the education of the army in the Low Countries, Mr. Marshall quotes a short passage in French from M. Kirckhoff, an eminent authority in military matters.

"As the soldier," says Kirckhoff, "is ordinarily but little instructed in morality, and is consequently very liable to go wrong; and as nothing is more contrary to the cultivation of morality than ignorance, we ought in an army never to lose sight of the utility of education. It therefore would be most recommendable to have in every regiment a school of mutual instruction, wherein the soldier might be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography; and some encouraging prizes ought to be allotted to such of the men as distinguish themselves in the school. *The usefulness of regimental schools has not escaped the wise attention of the King of the Netherlands, who has established them in his army.* And another fact worthy of lasting praise to that enlightened prince, and one which I delight to quote and to recommend to the imitation of others, is this,—he has formed in every corps of his army a LIBRARY, consisting of the best military works, in order that his officers may have the means of augmenting their knowledge."

But even in a country which Englishmen are accustomed to consider as slavish and semi-barbarous, great attention has been, and still is, paid to the education of the common soldiery. Can England, boasting of her civilization, and dazzling Europe with her wealth and luxury, consent to remain, on this vital point, at a lower level than Russia? Is the impressed Muscovite serf to have a school open to him, and the British free man and voluntary soldier not? Can our government and parliament, or any fraction of either, dread the effects of education in the army, when the Emperor Nicholas has no such fear? Mr. Marshall says—

"*Russia.*—The regimental schools in the Russian army are said to be admirable schools for adults, and they are particularly valuable in a country where, according to the regulations, soldiers are entitled to their discharge after a certain time of service. Before the schools were established, the disbandment of soldiers was a fearful scourge to the country, for it turned loose on society a multitude of men *trained to immorality*, and unfitted for any useful or peaceful occupation; now, they are instructed in the means of becoming valuable members of society, and the army has thus been changed into a training-school for civil life. It has been long remarked, that the first two or three years of peace, after a continuance of war, show a great increase in the number of criminals. 'War makes thieves,' says Machiavel, 'and peace brings them to the gallows.' How important is it, therefore, that soldiers should be instructed in the first principles of morality, and encouraged to cultivate their minds."

Mr. Marshall, though placing much reliance on the good natural disposition and intelligence of our soldiery, and though hoping that the men will do nearly all by themselves, if they be but provided with the means—*with schools and books*—yet calls upon the officers of our army to be aiding and active in the good work, and offers them encouraging examples as well as sound precepts. Several of his illustrative anecdotes, which are scattered rather plentifully through every chapter of his Miscellany, and which, as we believe, have been chiefly collected by himself among the troops during the long period of his own active service, are told with dry quiet humour and admirable point.

We cannot conclude without quoting one more passage, which we earnestly recommend to the consideration of Government, Parliament, and the country at large :



“ The armies on the Continent being chiefly recruited by conscription, a large portion of the respectable class of society become soldiers ; the sum usually paid for a substitute, in time of peace, in France, being twelve hundred francs (or fifty pounds) for the infantry, and from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred francs in the special arms of the service, namely, cavalry, artillery, &c. The intermixture of high and low, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, which a conscription usually effects in the ranks of a regiment, has a beneficial influence in regulating the manners, and forming the character, of soldiery. But in this country, where enlistment is voluntary, the recruits chiefly come from the labouring classes, comprehending *the dissipated, the disorderly, the idle, the thoughtless, and the wretched*. Hence, in my opinion, arises a powerful argument for our devoting much attention to the education of soldiers. Men who have made a voluntary surrender of their liberty and independence for life, the most valuable privilege of our species, have a powerful claim upon the liberality and the kindness of the State ; *they ought to be treated as the children of the community, in as far as their education should be systematically, not merely casually, attended to*. But it is our *interest*, as well as our *duty*, to give them a suitable education, and thereby to endeavour to elevate them in the scale of society. While it is admitted that recruits are generally ignorant, and that *ignorance is the mother of crime*, ought we not to consider ourselves bound to instruct them, and to *make* them, in short, so far as circumstances will admit, what we would wish them to be ?

“ The continental governments, as has already been observed, pay much attention to the education of their armies ; but men who enlist for life have a much stronger claim on the fostering care of a State than conscripts or substitutes, whose period of service lasts only a few years. *Soldiers being deprived of most of, indeed I may say all, the popular sources of information, Government should be the more attentive to supply the funds, and to direct the measures which are required to promote education in the army*. There are other means of preventing vice than punishment, which has been too long considered the principal moral specific. Coercion, or corporal punishment, will not give a man a clearer perception of right or wrong, nor will it imbue his mind with a love of rectitude ; the utmost beneficial effect which it will produce is a fear of offending. He who is well acquainted with the nature of right and wrong, and whose desires are brought under such proper regulation that he is on all occasions anxious to do what he thinks ought to be done, is the person from whom we are to expect the faithful discharge of military, as well as every other species of duty.”

#### GERMAN SCHOOLMASTERS.

What is most pleasing in the German village is that *the* school is an indispensable requisite, and often a conspicuous ornament of the place. The village school is not intrusted to any bed-ridden dame or superannuated person of the male sex who volunteers his services. The schoolmaster has been regularly educated to fill his post at seminaries destined to train teachers. He must have obtained his certificates of qualification and good conduct before any patronage can help him to his post ; and usually he spends some years as assistant or usher in some school of larger resort before he is intrusted with the management of even the smallest village institution.

Amongst the injunctions he receives upon assuming office, the duty of encouraging improved processes of agriculture is enforced, in which, however, his influence goes no further than making trials of what is recommended by authors, or occasionally by the government. Thus the schoolmasters in many parts have made trials in the breeding of silk-worms, which the German governments have very much recommended, and which has been sufficiently shown to be practicable. It will be long before a country struggling with the difficulty of raising food will show a general disposition to produce an article of luxury, like silk, on an extensive scale. In this, as in many other points, experience is a more influential teacher than the schoolmaster : yet the time may come



when his task may be extended to the inculcation of simple and convincing views of industry, and of sounder and more sociable doctrines than our narrow-minded age has hitherto professed. Then will it be evident how much a nation gains by having a ready sower to distribute the good seed, and by the previous pains taken to prepare the ground that is to receive it.

The schoolmaster in Germany is a public officer in the little centre to which he devotes his labour. His importance is in no way dependent upon the power of courting parents or of tyrannising over children. His acts are all public, and he is under the constant control of public opinion. But with these restraints against misconduct, he has a powerful motive to exert himself. The expectation of promotion is ever before him. All the higher scholastic charges are filled by men who rise, as it were, from the ranks. In the grammar-schools young men from college enter as ushers and rise to be headmasters. In the village schools skilful masters are promoted from places with small salary to larger schools where the remuneration is better. A meritorious teacher is sure to obtain an increase of salary where no opportunity of promotion presents itself.

By this excellent system not only is a vast

amount of talent secured for the important office of public teacher, but the hope of advancing to the higher posts in the scholastic career induces a number of clever young men to devote their time to the tasks of ushers or under-teachers at low salaries. Thus a great number of teachers can always be found, and the schools are better supplied with those who, not being fatigued with incessant labour, carry a freshness and cheerfulness to their classes that is highly beneficial. It is in this manner that with a very small expenditure a highly valuable course of education is now at the command of every German. The system of instruction at the village schools is admirable, and at the grammar and polytechnic schools in the larger towns it must be pronounced first-rate.

The common principle in Germany is to recognise no distinction of rank. The school is open to all, and the small fee (in villages, not amounting to many shillings; and in towns, but to one or two pounds annually) are paid by all alike. In the Duchy of Nassau a change has been attempted at Wisbaden, which, by giving a select education to those who are willing to pay the small sum of two pounds annually, allows a poorer class of scholars to be educated almost without fees.—(*Agriculture on the Rhine.*)

## PROGRESS OF A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

[*From Wittich's Curiosities of Physical Geography.*]

VOLCANIC eruptions are commonly preceded by certain phenomena. The most striking of them are the earthquakes, which are usually felt in the countries contiguous to the base of the volcano, when a great eruption is in course of preparation. They are sometimes very severe, at other times but slight; and eruptions also occur which are not attended by earthquakes. In some cases it has been observed that the earthquakes occur many months, or even years, before the eruption takes place. The most striking instances of this kind are the earthquakes which preceded the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 of our æra. For many centuries previous the volcano had been considered as extinct, as no eruption had been recorded, though during that period the country near it was inhabited by persons who paid considerable attention to the passing

events, and recorded them with some degree of exactness. It appears that the subterraneous force, long before the eruption took place, made some efforts to reopen the vent which had been shut up for so long a time. Fifteen years previous very destructive earthquakes had been experienced in the country surrounding the base of the volcano. The towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum were levelled to the ground, and Naples and Nocera, which lie at a greater distance from the volcano, suffered considerably; more distant places less. Thus it was evident that the centre of the earthquake was within or under Mount Vesuvius. Considering this earthquake as being connected with the eruption which took place at a much later period, it would appear that the subterraneous forces, when they began to assume a greater degree of ac-



tivity in the mountain, had first to remove an immense obstacle before they could open the channel by which they were enabled to give vent to the elastic vapours penned up in the interior, and to eject the accumulated matter. But at the time of the earthquake the inhabitants of these regions had not the least suspicion that this phenomenon was in any way connected with the mountain. Therefore the inhabitants of Pompeii busied themselves with the rebuilding of their destroyed palaces and houses, and they had not completed their work when the town was buried under the volcanic matter thrown out by the first eruption of the volcano; for many of the disinterred buildings of Pompeii are still found in such a state as to make it evident that they were in the course of being built or repaired when they were covered with the ashes and scoria of the mountain. The great earthquake of 63 was followed by several others of less force; but they became more severe as the eruption drew nearer. Some days before the eruption several severe shocks occurred, and the very night preceding the 23rd of August such a powerful shock was experienced, that even at Misenum, a place which is more than thirty miles distant from the volcano, every building was shaken to its very foundation. Shortly after it had passed off, the summit of Mount Vesuvius was seen enveloped in that cloud of ashes which deposited its contents on the towns of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and their vicinity, and buried them under so thick a layer, that no traces of the most elevated buildings were perceptible.

A less constant attendant of the eruptions is the retiring of the sea. This has only been observed to precede some of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, and not those of other volcanoes. At the first recorded eruption (79) it must have been very remarkable, to judge from the expressions in which it is mentioned by Pliny the Younger. In modern times it has been noticed twice. Sir William Hamilton observed it in 1775. The sea, according to his statement, rose as if it was agitated by a violent gale, and then retired from the shores with great rapidity. The last-mentioned circum-

stance appeared so striking, that many persons were inclined to suppose that the water of the sea had suddenly fallen into some rents in the base of the volcano, which carried it immediately to immensely large cavities in the interior of the mountain. In these two cases the retiring of the sea occurred nearly simultaneously with the eruptions. In 1813 the sea retired many months before the mountain opened. The eruption took place late in December, and in the months of May and June it was noticed that the sea retired several times, suddenly and with great swiftness, to a distance of from fifteen to twenty paces from the beach.

The approach of an eruption is also indicated by a diminution of the water in the wells and springs at places which lie on or near the base of the volcano. In some instances the wells are stated to have dried up entirely. It has not yet been ascertained whether or not this phenomenon precedes the eruption of all volcanoes; but the inhabitants of the places near Mount Vesuvius consider it as the most infallible of all prognostics, and on that account pay great attention to it. In our times some philosophers have also adopted this belief, and have collected several facts by which the vulgar opinion is confirmed. Twelve days before the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1804, the water in all the wells near its base sank considerably below their common level. More attention was paid to the wells in 1830; the decrease of their water was very regular. In the month of May they sank more than ten feet, though very heavy rains had fallen. The decrease of the waters continued during the summer months, but less rapidly, until the month of October, when a slight rise was perceptible; they then preserved their level to the month of December, when an eruption took place. The explanations which have been offered of this phenomenon are far from being satisfactory, and may on that account be omitted.

During the time which passes between two eruptions, and when the volcano is said to be in repose, its crater undergoes several changes. Immediately after an eruption it forms a deep funnel, more or less regular; but shortly before such an



occurrence it is found to be filled up with volcanic matter. According to the facts collected and recorded by modern observers, it would appear that the filling up of the crater is not always effected in the same way, but by two different processes.

When the crater of a volcano is examined immediately after an eruption, it is found that its bottom is deeply depressed below its rim. In some cases, the declivities leading to it are so steep that it is almost impossible to get down to the bottom. This might have been expected. The immense force with which the elastic vapours act, when they escape from the bowels of the earth, has removed all the masses of lava and other volcanic materials which had previously accumulated in the crater. The last lava which was raised by them in the volcanic chimney, but for the ejection of which the decreased force of the vapour was insufficient, remained in the crater; but as it was in a liquid state it sank down to the lowest depths of the opening, to the narrow orifice of the chimney, and there it hardened as it became cold. After this state of the crater has continued for some time, its bottom begins to be covered with volcanic substances and rubbish, which, in different modes, are detached from the sides of the crater and roll down; thus the narrow rents at the bottom are gradually covered with layers of scoria and of cinders. When in this state, which sometimes lasts for many years, the crater of the intermittent volcano greatly resembles, as we mentioned before, that of a semi-extinct one; but after some time it begins to undergo a change. It is found that the bottom is gradually raised higher and higher. This appears to be effected by the elastic vapours confined within the bowels of the volcano. When either by accumulation, or by the increase of their elasticity, their force has been considerably augmented, they press on all sides on the surrounding objects, and, consequently, also against the bottom of the volcano. The effects of such a pressure manifest themselves by the splitting of the bottom at numerous places, and by the rising of its whole mass. In this manner the subterraneous forces continue to raise the

bottom of the volcano, until it has risen to the level of the rim of the crater, which event is commonly soon followed by an eruption, which, in this case, takes place without being preceded by any discharge of melted matter. By the process just described, the crater of Mount Vesuvius was filled up with volcanic matter between the eruptions which took place in 1804 and 1813.

But frequently, probably in the majority of cases, the crater is filled up by a different process. It appears that the bottom of the crater is sometimes not entirely shut up by the lava which, after the eruption has terminated, falls back upon it, and there becomes a solid mass. A small opening remains, by which a free and uninterrupted communication between the interior and exterior of the globe is established. This opening emits, for some time after the eruption has ceased, only white vapours; but after a time these vapours begin to assume a deeper colour, and at length, when their colour has grown darker, they bring up small pieces of lava, known by the name of scoriæ, which have been apparently torn off from the melted matter below the crater. These scoriæ are raised to a considerable elevation by the elastic vapours escaping through the opening. Whenever they get beyond the reach of the elastic vapours they fall to the ground. A portion falls back into the opening, but another portion is lodged round it, where this matter soon accumulates to such an extent as to form in time a small hill round the opening. Such hills formed within the precincts of the crater are called *cones of eruption*. They are entirely composed of scoriæ and ashes, like the cone of the volcano, but they do not move when pressed upon. This is probably owing to the thinness of their walls and to the heat existing in the opening. By this heat the accumulated matter is partially melted, and the whole mass becomes so cemented as to acquire a considerable degree of consistency. These cones of eruption may be ascended without the least danger, and thus the opening in the midst of them may be approached nearer than can be done under other circumstances. When a cone of eruption has increased for some time and



has attained some height by the continual accession of fresh matter, the subterraneous powers raise the melted matter higher, and push it into the pipe. By this operation the sides of the cone are burst open at one or more places, and from the lowest part of the rents, which are always near the base of the cone, a greater or smaller quantity of melted matter is discharged, which overflows the lower tracts surrounding the cone, where it soon hardens. Meanwhile the ejection of scoriæ continues increasing the cone of eruption, and is from time to time attended by an effusion of lava from the base or from the top of the cone. In this manner the crater is gradually filled up by successive layers of lava, which have issued from the cone of eruption. At last this cone attains such an elevation that it projects above the rim of the crater, and becomes visible to the country surrounding the volcano. When this has taken place, the effusion of lava from the cone of eruption soon fills up the lower space which lies between it and the rim of the crater, and thus at last the bottom of the crater is raised to a level with its rim. Sometimes it is found that a part of it is even higher than the rim. When this has taken place, the lava issuing from the cone of eruption begins to run over the rim of the crater and to descend on the declivities of the cone of the volcano and over its base. This process continues until an eruption puts a stop to it by clearing the chimney, and by removing in a few hours or days the immense quantity of volcanic matter which in the course of many years has accumulated in the crater. After the eruption has passed away, the process just described begins its course anew.

In this manner the crater of Mount Vesuvius was filled up in the interval which elapsed between the eruptions of 1813 and 1822, as also in that which occurred between the last-mentioned year and the eruption in 1834. By the violent eruption of 1822 the crater of the volcano had been so completely cleared of all the matter which had accumulated during the nine preceding years, that it presented a deep and immense cavity. It was then measured by Mr. Babbage, who ascertained that its bottom was 938

feet below the highest part of its rim, and 459 feet below the lowest part. In this state it appears to have remained up to 1827, when it was observed that a change was going on in the bottom of the crater. An opening was soon effected, from which showers of scoria were thrown up. In a short time they accumulated round the orifice so as to form a cone of eruption. In 1828 the first effusion of lava from a rent in the cone was noticed, and it was followed by a number of others during the two following years. The quantity of lava which in this manner was brought up must have been very considerable, as appears from a measurement taken in August, 1830, when the bottom was found to be only 640 feet below the highest, and 160 feet below the lowest, part of the rim of the crater. The depth of the crater had consequently decreased nearly 300 feet in two years. We may form an idea of the quantity of lava which was required to fill up the crater, when we consider that, according to a trustworthy statement, the diameter of the crater at its upper opening exceeded 1900 feet. A little more than a year later, in September, 1831, the cone of eruption in the middle of the crater had been so elevated by the continual accession of scoria and other volcanic materials, that its summit became visible in the town of Naples, and a few months later the whole crater was completely filled up. In the beginning of 1832 the lava began to flow over its rim, and to descend in streams on the declivity of the cone which encloses the crater. Sometimes these floods of lava ceased for weeks or even months, and then began again. In this state the volcano remained for more than two years. At last an eruption took place in 1843, after which the crater was found to have entirely changed its aspect. The cone of eruption which had originated on its bottom in 1828, had disappeared with a most terrible crash, and on the newly formed bottom were only two abysses, which descended so deep that it was impossible to see their termination, and which were divided from each other by a narrow ridge.

The facts respecting the filling up of the crater between two eruptions have



only been lately ascertained, and they support the assertion of the geologist Von Buch, who maintains that the approach of an eruption may be known by an examination of the state of its crater; that when the lowest part of it is but little depressed below its rim, an eruption is not distant, but that, on the other hand, such a phenomenon is not to be apprehended when the distance between the rim and the bottom of the crater is very considerable.

It is very probable that the different modes in which the crater is filled up modify the phenomenon with which an eruption commences, and also the degree of energy with which it manifests itself. When the crater is filled up in the manner previously described, there is an opening which evidently passes through the whole crust of the earth, and terminates near the spot where the matter to be ejected is heated, and reduced to or kept in a fluid state. When the subterranean powers do not assume a great degree of intensity, the matter is brought up by them in such quantities only as can easily be discharged by the existing chimney, as happened in Mount Vesuvius for two years before the eruption of 1834. In such a case the eruption begins with a discharge of melted matter from the top of the volcano. When in the progress of the eruption and by the increase of the subterranean forces a larger quantity of melted matter is driven into the existing volcanic chimney than it is able to contain, it must be broken to pieces by the pressure of the matter. This, however, is commonly effected with such ease, that the event is brought about without violently convulsing the mountain and the adjacent country. Such eruptions, therefore, are not usually preceded by earthquakes, or they are not of such a description as to cause great damage. When by the last-mentioned process the crater has been freed of the volcanic matter which encumbered it for many years, the lava in many cases finds a free exit by its mouth. But when the volume of the lava is too great to be discharged, even by the much-widened mouth of the crater, it presses against its sides, which are forced open at such places as are least able to afford resist-

ance to the immense pressure to which they are exposed. It is therefore found that in such circumstances the eruption begins at the top of the mountain, and the lateral eruptions somewhat later.

All these circumstances vary considerably when the crater has been filled up in the manner noticed above. There is occasionally no opening which can be widened by the subterraneous vapours without great effort. A much greater pressure is required to break open the contiguous and solid mass by which the crater has been filled in a manner which is still a mystery to us. The efforts which the subterraneous vapours must make to produce such a pressure are probably the cause why the eruptions happening in such circumstances are preceded by such violent earthquakes as were experienced in 1779 and in 1794. It is usually the case that the melted matter accumulates in the interior of the volcano before the upper part of the crater has been opened, and the lower parts of the crater, being unable to resist the pressure of the matter, burst open at the weakest spots. Consequently we find that in such circumstances the lateral eruptions precede the great eruption from the top of the mountain, as happened in the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 1794.

With a violent crash, if not with an earthquake, the crater is broken open by the subterraneous vapours, and the eruption begins. Whilst it is going on a loud noise is heard from the interior of the volcano. It is a continual hollow rumbling sound, similar to the roaring of the sea during a heavy gale, but interrupted by violent detonations, which resemble the explosions of inflammable gases. The white smoke which, previous to the eruption, issued from the cone, assumes by degrees a much darker tint as the period of the eruption approaches, and after its commencement turns quite black. It also increases rapidly in intensity, and forms a column which gradually rises higher and higher above the summit of the volcano. Within this column of smoke pieces of solid matter are seen moving upwards, evidently supported and impelled by the invisible vapours issuing from the crater. They are of different dimensions. Some



are pieces of rock of considerable size and weight. They are thrown up at intervals of a few minutes and with a crashing noise. In ascending above the summit of the volcano they diverge gradually, assuming the shape of a sheaf. Part of them fall back into the crater, but many descend on the declivities of the mountain, where they roll down with a tumultuous noise, or, bursting asunder, cover the immediate vicinity with a shower of splendidly shining sparks. But the greatest portion of solid matter contained in the column of smoke consists of small pieces of solid matter, called scoria, of sand, and ashes. By contemplating this column of smoke in the day-time the mind of the beholder is oppressed by feelings of sinister foreboding, and its emotions are kept in suspense: but in the night it is filled with a sensation in which awe and admiration are mingled; for the reflection of the light issuing from the lake of burning lava in the crater, illuminates the column and imparts to it the tint of the clouds of a thunder-storm when illuminated by the setting sun. The masses of glowing rocks rising and sinking within this stream of light greatly increase the grandeur of this awful though magnificent sight.

When this spectacle has continued for some time without any perceptible variation, a change is observed gradually to take place. The larger pieces of rock decrease in number and size, and at the time the minute solid matter, especially the ashes, are astonishingly increased. In consequence of this change the column of smoke rises higher and higher, and when

it has attained a great elevation, its upper extremity begins to expand on all sides, until it forms a very extensive cloud of a circular form, which appears in its middle to be supported by a comparatively slender columnar shaft. The whole bears some resemblance to a Chinese umbrella or a large mushroom. The Italians compare it with that kind of pine-tree which bears edible fruit, frequently met with in Italy. This tree is distinguished by its elegant shape, a slender and straight trunk, surrounded at its upper extremity by a circular crown, formed by numerous branches, diverging in nearly horizontal lines from the stem. On that account the Italians name it *the pine*. This beautiful phenomenon, which hardly ever fails making its appearance towards the close of the eruption, is an object of admiration even in the day-time, but in the dark night it presents one of the most impressive scenes of beauty which nature can afford. The column of smoke is converted into a magnificent column of fire by the reflection of the light from the crater, and its interior is literally dotted by numberless shining points of great splendour, which are the many millions of glowing grains of sand and ashes rising up and down in the column. In the column, but still more frequently in the cloud above it, flashes of forked lightning are seen every moment in all directions, and are accompanied by thunder. After this phenomenon has lasted for some hours, the cloud imperceptibly vanishes, and the column of ashes gradually disappears. The eruption is at an end.

#### PRAYING AND FLOGGING.

"A low degree of discipline not unfrequently exists with a high degree of flogging—a circumstance which shows that the discipline which depends upon the fear of the lash is precarious, little to be trusted, and will not stand the test of temptation—even the temptation to render the commanding officer ridiculous. Major ——, while he commanded the African corps—a corps which was always notorious for corporal punishment,—was one Sunday reading the morning service of the Church to the men, who were formed into a square. The Major, who was from north of the Tweed, spoke and read the English language with the broad accent of the natives of one of the

counties in the north of Scotland. Upon reading the Creed, and pronouncing, in his own queer way, the words, 'Suffered under Pontius Pilate,' a wag in the ranks, well known for his uncontrollable propensity to joking and fun, exclaimed, 'Wha's Ponshews Peelate, I wonder?' The Major paused, and laying aside the Prayer Book, said, 'Ah, John, is that you at your jokes again? Just come out here, my man.' The soldier stepped forward; a drum-head court-martial was held, the triangles rigged out, and John received one hundred lashes without saying a word. The flogging having been completed, the Major resumed the Prayer Book, and finished the service of the day."—*Marshall's Military Miscellany*.





## ENIGMA IX.

When Ralph by holy hands was tied  
 For life to blooming Cis,  
 Sir Thrifty too drove home his bride,  
 A fashionable Miss.  
 That day, my first, with jovial sound  
 Proclaim'd the happy tale,  
 And drunk was all the country round  
 With pleasure,—or with ale.

Oh, why should Hymen ever blight  
 The roses Cupid wore?—  
 Or why should it be ever night  
 Where it was day before?—  
 Or why should women have a tongue,  
 Or why should it be curs'd,  
 In being, like my second, long,  
 And louder than my first?

“You blackguard!” cries the rural wench,  
 My lady screams, “Ah, bête!”  
 And Lady Thrift scolds in French,  
 And Cis in Billingsgate;  
 'Till both their Lords my second try,  
 To end connubial strife,—  
 Sir Thrifty hath the means to die,  
 And Ralph,—to beat his wife!



## HISTORICAL SCENES.

IV.—CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE,  
&c.—Part II.

“On the following morning,” continues Geoffroy of Ville-Hardoin, “after mass had been heard, the crusaders assembled in parliament. And the parliament was held on horseback, in the midst of the fields behind Sentari. There might you have seen many a fine war-horse, and many a brave knight in the saddle. And, all being thus mounted, they consulted together as to the properest way of disposing their army for battle; and the end of their counsels was this:—That Count Baldwin of Flanders should have the van-guard, because he had a very great plenty of arbalisters and archers, and, in sooth, many more men than any other chief in the host; That the second battalia should be formed and led by Count Henry, his brother, and Mathieu of Waulencourt, with other bold knights from their lands, and Count Baldwin of Beauvoir; That the third battalia should be led by the Count of Saint-Pol, Peter of Amiens, Eustace of Canteloup, and Anselm of Caen, together with many a good knight from their lands and from their several countries; That the fourth battalia should be formed by Count Louis of Blois, who was very great, rich, and redoubtable, for he had great plenty of people and of knights; That the fifth battalia should be that of Mathieu de Montmoreney, (and Geoffroy of Ville-Hardoin, Marshal of Champagne, was in this battalia,) and Ogiers of Saint-Chinon, and Manessier de l’Ile, and Milo the Brabanter, and Macaire of Saint-Mainchoix, and John Foisons, Guy de Chapes, Clarembault his nephew, and Robert of Rosoi, were also among those who formed this fifth battalia; That the sixth battalia should be made by the people of Burgundy; and in this battalia were Oude of Chan-lit, William his brother, Otho de La Roche, Richard de Dampierre, Oude his brother, Guy of Covlans, and the people from their lands and countries; That the seventh battalia should be that of the Marquis Boniface

of Montferrat, for he was very great, and with him were the Lombards, the Tuscans, and the Allemands; And that all the people from the Alps, or that came from the country between Mont-Cenis and the city of Lyons on the Rhone, should form the eighth battalia, and be the rear-guard to the whole.

“On the same day it was also resolved that the army should embark to conquer or die. And, be it known to ye, this was as doubtful an enterprise as ever was undertaken. And then spoke the bishops and the clergy to the people of the army, showing them how much was entrusted to them, and how they were bound to do their duty in this great emprise, and bidding each make his last will and testament, as none could tell how soon God might call him hence: and this was done all through the host right piously.

“And then came the time to embark, and the cavaliers all went on board with their horses; and they were all in complete armour; and the vessels were loosened from their moorings. The war-horses were all covered with mail, and were saddled. And the rest of the people were on board the great ships, and the galleys were armed and surrounded by shields. The weather was beautiful. The Emperor Alexis, on the opposite shore, awaited the coming of the Franks, with his great army drawn up in goodly array. Then sounded trumpets, and every galley was taken in tow by her tender, that she might go the faster. No body ever asked which was to go first, but those went fastest that fastest could. And as the galleys drew nigh unto the opposite shore the knights rushed out of them, and counts, barons, dukes, and princes leaped into the sea, with all their armour on, and, having the salt water up to their girdles, they waved their swords over their heads; and the serjeants, and men-at-arms, and the good archers, followed their several chiefs and formed in order of battle, company by company. And the Greeks on the shore, frightened out of their senses at sight hereof, turned their backs and ran away, leaving all



that shore to the Franks. And, be it known to ye, never was ground more proudly gained. Then began the good mariners to land the war-horses, and so soon as the horses were a-shore our knights vaulted into the saddle, and were away after the enemy. And Count Baldwin rode at the head of the vanguard, and each battalia rode after him, all in their proper order. And they went up to the spot where the Emperor Alexis had been quartered; but they found he had struck his tents, and had fled across the port of the Golden Horn into the city of Constantinople.

“For the present our barons took up quarters near the mouth of the port, close under the great Tower of Galata, where was a strong iron chain, which was drawn from that suburb right across the mouth of the port of the Golden Horn unto Constantinople; and ye must know that there was no getting into the port without breaking that chain. Well did our counts and barons see that if they did not soon take the great Tower of Galata, and break the strong chain, they would be in very bad case. So they sat down before the Tower, among the Jews, who dwelt in that suburb, and were very wealthy. That night a vigilant watch was kept. On the morrow, at the hour of Tierce, the people in the Tower of Galata made a sally, and those of Constantinople came across the port, in barges and in ships, to help them. Our people ran to their arms. The first that got his men in order was Jacques d’Avesnes; and Messer Jacques was vigorously charged by the Greeks, and was wounded in the body by a sword, and was in mortal peril, when one of his cavaliers, who was mounted already, and who had for name Nicholas de Joulain, rode to the rescue of his Lord, saved him from the foe, and comported himself so valorously that he gained great praise. The sound of alarm had been raised throughout our host; and now our people came running in upon the Greeks from every side; and they soon killed and captured a decent number of them. So that those who had come over from the city to aid those in the suburb ran back towards their barges and ships: of these some were drowned in the port,

and some escaped. And those of the Greeks that returned to the Tower of Galata were followed so closely by the Franks that they could not shut their gates; so the people of the Emperor and our people entered together, fighting hand to hand. There fell a round number in killed and wounded; but soon the Tower was ours, together with all that was in it.

“Thus was the castle of Galata taken, and entrance gained into the port of Constantinople by force. Much were comforted those of our host, who rendered the praise and glory to our Lady the Virgin, and much were those in the strong city discomfited. On the morrow, the chain being broken, our ships, and galleys, and tenders were brought into the harbour. And then council was held by our chiefs to determine whether we should assault the city by land or by sea. Heartily did the Venetians recommend the attack by sea in their ships; but the French said that they were not expert in sea affairs, and that they could fight best on dry land and on horseback.”

Eventually it was resolved that the assault should be made both by sea and land. And, on the fifth day after the capture of the tower of Galata, the army was put in motion for the landward walls of Constantinople. On reaching the river Barbyzes, which flows into the Golden Horn, between the suburbs of Galata and Pera and the city, they found that the Greeks had destroyed the stone bridge. But, in the course of that day and the following night, the Franks restored the bridge; and the next morning, crossing the Barbyzes, they were soon under the treble, lofty walls of the city, on the side where those walls are loftiest and incomparably strongest.

“None,” continues honest Geoffroy, “sallied out of the city as we came up, which surely was marvellous, seeing that for every four men in our host there were four hundred men within the walls. Then, up went our tents and banners! And it was a proud sight to see; for the walls of Constantinople on the land side are three leagues in length, and the whole of our host when drawn out in line could only reach to the first of the seven gates: and never were so many



people besieged in so strong a city by so few as we were . . . . .

“In the meanwhile the Venetians were in the port with their ships, threatening that side of the city, and preparing scaling-ladders, manginals, and slings, and making all things ready for their seaward assault.”

But in a day or two the besieged plucked up a little spirit, and began to make frequent sorties from the gates on the land side, which were too many and too far apart to be guarded or even watched by the besiegers. Several French knights of fame were taken by surprise and killed. These successes so emboldened the Greeks that they sallied more and more frequently, allowing the Franks no rest by day or by night. Geoffroy also tells us that he and his friends were sorely stinted in their provender; that the soldiers could not venture into the country to forage and collect good victual; that fresh meat was not to be had in the camp, and that they had no beans to eat with their salt bacon.\*

“In these pains and perils,” continues our Marshal of Champagne, “did we pass ten days; but at length, on one fine Thursday morning, our scaling-ladders and all things else were ready for the assault, as well on the side of the Venetians as on the land side. And thus was the assault planned:—Three battalies out of the seven were to remain on guard in the camp, and the other four battalies were to storm the walls. The Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and Mathieu de Montmorency, with the men of Burgundy and Champagne, were to remain on guard; and Count Baldwin of Flanders was to lead the main assault. Count Henry, Louis Count of Blois, Hugo Count of Saint-Pol, and the knights under their orders, were to carry a barbican which stood near the sea.”

The Greeks, on the whole, had behaved like effeminate cowards; but when the Franks began the assault, they found in their front a body of men as hardy and valiant as themselves. Ever since the year 1070 the Greek emperors had

retained in their service a strong body-guard of foreigners drawn from the north of Europe. These men were called collectively the Varanges, or the Northmanni, a name about equally terrible to the unwarlike citizens of Constantinople and to the enemies of the emperor. They came from more than one of those northern countries which have been at all times the cradle of hardy and brave men; some were Danes (and the ponderous Danish battle-axe was the chief weapon of the corps), some were Jutlanders, some Norwegians, some Swedes, some Holsteiners, and some *English*. Their ranks were swelled at their first formation by the Norman conquest of England; for many of our Anglo-Saxon warriors, after withstanding William the Conqueror for the space of ten years, fled from their native land rather than submit to him, and repaired to Greece in quest of foreign service and bread. Geoffroy of Ville-Hardoin, who pays the tribute fairly due to their valour, calls them all English and Danes (“Englois et Danois”). After describing how the Franks went to the assault, he continues:—

“And the walls of the barbican were strongly garnished with English and Danes. And the assault was hard and strong. And by dint of strength our knights and serjeants elomb up the walls, by the scaling-ladders, seeking to establish themselves on the rampart. And, when many had fallen, sixteen of our people got to the wall top, and there fought hand to hand with battle-axes and with swords. And those within the city reinforced those terrible English and Danes, who then drove the Franks from the walls, making two of them prisoners. And those of our people who were captured were carried before the Emperor Alexis; yea, and they were bound with chains. And then the Franks renewed the assault; and a vast number of them were killed, or wounded, or sorely bruised. Whereat the barons of the host were very irate.

“But the Doge of Venice was making good progress on his side of the city, with his galleys and great ships drawn out in line; and that line was three crossbow-shots long. And the Venetians, all together, approached the shore of the

\* Ville-Hardoin uses the word *bacon* in the sense that we still use it. So does glorious old Rabelais.



port, and soon ran close under the walls and towers, working their manginals with vigour, and using their bows, crossbows, and javelins very deliberately and with a sure aim. And when their platforms and ladders were laid from the ships to the walls,\* those within the walls stood forth and fought desperately, in such sort that in many places they and the Venetians were mixed; and so fearful was the noise they raised as they struggled with sword and spear, that you would have thought heaven, earth, and sea were coming together. And ye must know that those who were in the galleys did not dare set foot on shore.

“But now must ye hear of an extraordinary courage, and an extraordinary miracle; for the Doge of Venice, who was now a very aged man, and quite blind,† stood, armed cap-à-pied, on the deck of his galley, with the gonfalon of Saint Mark before him, and he cried out to his people in the galleys that they must land or he would hang them all. And the blind old doge drove his own galley right ashore. And then all the people were shamed, and began to land as fast as might be. And when the Venetians saw the gonfalon of Saint Mark a-shore, and the galley of their lord the doge fast on the shore, every man of them took shame to himself and made for land. Nay, even the people in the little tenders and transport ships jump out and gain the shore. And those in the great ships, which could not near the edge of the port, get into their barges and row to land as fast as they can. And now are seen grand and marvellous assaults! And Geoffroy, Marshal of Champagne, who writes this book, and who saw every thing with his own eyes, can bear this testimony:—suddenly the great banner [gonfalon] of Saint Mark was seen on the top of one of the towers of the city, and no man ever knew who carried it thither: and more than forty barons witnessed this miracle.‡

\* Then, as now, the walls on the side of the port, and on the whole seaward face of Constantinople, were low and weak.

† “O! for one hour of blind old Dandolo, The octogenarian chief, Byzantium’s conquering foe!”

BYRON: *Childe Harold*.

‡ The banner, no doubt, had been planted

“Now hear a miracle of war! The Greeks within fled from the walls, and the Venetians climbed over the walls, and entered the city as fast as they could, and best as they could; and they spread themselves, hither and thither, and they presently seized twenty-five of the towers of Constantinople, and garrisoned them with their own people. And the Doge of Venice dispatched a messenger to Count Baldwin and the barons who were combating on the land side of the city, to let them know that he had taken twenty-five towers, and that, for a certainty, the Greeks should never retake them. The barons were right joyous; yet, upon consideration, they could not believe all they heard. So the Venetians began to send them horses and palfreys, and other fine things they had captured in the city.

“And when the Emperor Alexis saw that the Venetians were within the city, he began to send such multitudes of people against them, that they saw they could not withstand them; so the Venetians kindled a great fire, and set fire to the houses which were between them and the Greeks; the winds fanned the fire, the flames crackled, and the smoke which arose was so thick that the Greeks could not see our brave people; and in this guise the Venetians retreated into the strong towers which they had seized and conquered. Then the Emperor of Constantinople, with all his host, made a sally on the land side, going out by a gate which was a good league from the host of the Franks. And so many went out with him that it seemed as though all the people of the world were there. He put his army in order of battle in the open plain a little to the east of our camp. When our people saw this they ran to their arms, and, trumpets sounding, they formed their battalies.

This day Henry, brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders, kept guard by the great gate of Plakerne, and with him were Mathieu de Vaulaincourt, Baldwin of Beauvoir, and their vassals. But out of

on the town by some adventurous and successful mariner; but the Venetians preferred believing that it had been carried up and unfolded by St. Mark himself; and honest Geoffroy evidently leans to the same belief.



three other gates that could not be guarded there came forth many more Greeks, who fell upon our flank. Now our seven battalies formed in front of our camp, the knights and men-at-arms on horseback, the bowmen and crossbow-men on foot, and in front of the horse. But a great company of our cavaliers did battle on foot, having no horses to ride. We kept close to our own quarters, and wise it was to do so; for there were in the open plain so many people, that we should have been buried in the midst of them had we gone forth. That whole country seemed covered with the battalies of the Greeks. And, after a while, they marched towards us in good order, but with slow steps.

“Assuredly our condition seemed very perilous; seeing that we had but *six* battalies for action, while the Greeks had more than *forty*, and not one of their battalies but was far stronger than any one of ours. But we had so stationed ourselves that they could attack us only in our front. And the Emperor Alexis rode up, until the two hosts were not a bowshot from each other. And so soon as the Doge of Venice heard these things, he recalled his people from the towers they had conquered, saying that he would go where danger was, and live or die with the barons and pilgrims. And so he came up the port, and landed nigh unto us, and brought with him as many of his brave people as he could bring.

“Then stood the two hosts facing each other for a long time, the Greeks not daring to attack the pilgrims in their position, and the pilgrims not willing to quit their lines.

“At last the Emperor Alexis, seeing that we would not move, commenced a retreat. And thereupon those of our host began to ride after them. The battalies of the Greeks withdrew in confusion to the rear of an imperial palace called the Philopatrum, which stands outside the town. And, know ye, that never did God bring men out of a peril greater than that in which we were that day! And I can tell you truly that there was not among us a man so bold but was glad to be out of it. The Emperor Alexis rode back into the city; we, back to our camp. There we took off our armour, and need was, for we were hard travailed and

tired. And then did we eat and then drink; and we had flesh meat that night.

“Now listen and hear how great are the miracles of our Lord, when it pleases him to perform them. In the course of that same night the Emperor Alexis, being a-feared, took with him all the money in the treasury that he could carry, and all the people that would go with him, and got him gone out of the city. And the people in the city remained all astonished and terrified. And, after a while, they went to the prison where was the dethroned emperor, the brother of Alexis, and by him cruelly blinded; and they drew him out of his prison, and dressed him in imperial robes. And thus they carried him to the imperial palace of Plackierne, and placed him on the high seat, and did reverence to him as their lord. And then they sent messengers to the barons of our host, and to the son of the rightful emperor, to tell them that the usurper Alexis had fled, and that they had restored to his empire the true Emperor Isaac.

“These messengers having been heard, the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat called together all the Barons of the Host. And when they were all assembled in a great tent, the son of the Emperor related all that had happened. I may not attempt to describe the joy of our barons: for never was there greater joy in this world! And much and most piously did we praise and thank our Lord God, for that he had exalted the humble, and humbled the exalted: and we said, whom God protects none can injure.

“The meeting broke up, and our host began to put on their armour: for we had no confidence in the good faith of the Greeks. But more messengers arrived at our camp, coming by twos and by threes at a time, and they all confirmed the news we had heard. Hereupon the opinions of our barons and the wise Doge of Venice were these:—That envoys from the camp should go into the town, the gates of which were now thrown open to us, as to friends, and see with their own eyes how affairs stood, and whether the Greek messengers had told us truth; and the envoys were also to



tell the restored emperor that he must enter into a convention and send hostages to the camp, without which the barons and pilgrims, and none of the host would ever enter the city. Then were selected the envoys. Mathieu de Montmoreney was one, Geoffroy of Ville-Hardoin, Marshal of Champagne, the other; and the Doge of Venice sent two Venetians with them. And these envoys were conducted by the Greeks to an open gate. There they dismounted, to go the rest of the way on foot. And the Greeks had drawn up their English and Danes, with their battle-axes, in double line, all the way from the gate to the palace of Plackierne. And through these lines were the envoys conducted to the palace. And there they found the emperor, who was most richly dressed, and the empress his wife, who was a very handsome lady, and sister to the King of Hungary. And of other men and dames there were so many, that there was scanty room enough in the great hall to turn oneself; and they were all as richly attired as it was possible to be. And every man of them who before had been against the blind emperor, was now for him.

“The four envoys stood before the emperor. The emperor and his nobles paid them much honour. And the envoys said they would speak in private with the emperor, on the part of his son and the barons of the host. And the emperor rose and retired to another chamber. And he took none with him except the empress, his drogoman, his chancellor, and the four envoys. By selection of the other envoys, Geoffroy, Marshal of Champagne, was orator; and he said to the emperor:—

“Sire, thou seest the service we have done thy son, and how fairly we have dealt by him. Thy son cannot be restored to thee until thou hast consented to ratify, and perform all the compacts and agreements he hath made with us. And he begs thee, as thy son, to give us assurance that thou wilt keep the treaty he hath made.” And what is that treaty? quoth the emperor. Quoth the envoy, “Thou shalt hear it.—Thy son hath engaged to put the whole Greeian empire in obedience to the church of Rome, even as it was in former times; to give

two hundred thousand silver marks to those of our host, and provisions for a year, to great and small; to send ten thousand men, horse and foot, to aid the crusaders in making war upon the Sultan of Babylon, and to keep at his own expense these ten thousand men for one year; and, afterwards, to keep at his own expense, during his whole life-time, five hundred horsemen in Palestine, to help defend the Holy Land against the Infidel. This is the treaty thy son hath made with us, and which he hath signed, sealed, and solemnly sworn to.” “Certes,” saith the emperor, “’tis a weighty treaty, nor can I well see how it is to be executed. Nevertheless ye have done so much for me and my son, that were I to give you the whole of the empire, ye have deserved it.”—And, in many manners did the emperor repeat this assurance. But the end of all was this:—the father ratified the treaty as the son had ratified it, by oath and by charter, and put his golden bull to the charter. This scroll was delivered to the envoys. They then took leave of the emperor; and, being returned with hostages to the army and the barons, they said that they had done the business.

“Then mounted our barons their war-horses joyously to conduct the son to the father. The Greeks met them at the gate with much joy and very grand ceremony. The joy of the father and son was very great, for they had been long separated. Certes, there were grand rejoicings, as well among all the people in Constantinople, as among the soldiers and pilgrims outside the walls, for the honour and the victory which God had given. And on the morrow the Emperor Isaac begged our princes and barons, for the love of God, to go and quarter themselves and their host on the other side of the port, towards Stanor and Galata; seeing that if they all lodged themselves in Constantinople, there might be quarrels and melées between them and the Greeks, which might end in the burning and ruining of the city. And he told the barons at the same time there was nothing else they could ask that he would refuse. So we went quietly, and lodged ourselves on the other side of the port, and lived there in great plenty.



"Now, you must know, many of our army went frequently over to see Constantinople, and its rich palaces and lofty churches, which were more beautiful and far more numerous than in any other city upon earth. As for the holy sanctuaries which then were in Constantinople, I must not speak of them; for there were more than in all the rest of the world.

And now the Greeks and Franks traded together in all sorts of merchandizes and commodities."

This good understanding lasted a very short time. But we are come to the end of the first siege of Constantinople by these Franks, and must for the present take leave of the quaint, unboasting, truth-telling Marshal of Champagne.

## THE PROVINCIAL WORD 'BOR.'

A CORRESPONDENT has addressed to us the following letter:—

"In a recent article in your Penny Magazine, entitled 'Maunday at Cais-ter,' you have a note upon the Norfolk provincialism 'bor,' in which you allude to its being used indiscriminately, and applied to both sexes. Permit me, as a Norfolk man, to inform you that it seldom is so used, and if so, incorrectly, for there is for the female sex a corresponding word, 'mor,' an abbreviation of 'morthier,' which again is a corruption of mother, a word having formerly a much more extended use than at present with regard to the age at which it was applicable. 'Bor' is undoubtedly a corruption of 'boy;' but both 'bor' and 'mor' are of the most vulgar and lowest class of provincialism at the present day."

We repeat the short note to which our correspondent refers:—

"*Bor* is a word in familiar use to this day in Norfolk. Whether addressed to man or woman, boy or girl, we constantly may hear, 'Come hither, *bor*;'—'How are ye, *bor*?' The Norfolk folk say it means *boy*; but they cannot explain how a young maiden, or an ancient grandmother, is properly a *boy*. The word is derived in all likelihood from the Saxon *bohr*, a pledge, and at the same time a *pledge-giver*. Every Saxon was bail, or *bohr*, for some other Saxon; and thus the mutual renderers of service came to be commonly addressed as *bohrrs*, or bound-friends."

The writer of that note is not a Norfolk man; but he did not leap at a matter which he did not understand.

No doubt the use of provincialisms is decreasing all over the kingdom; but *bor* was a common word in Norwich and Yarmouth, even amongst the middle classes, within the memory of several of the writer's personal friends. That it is "*undoubtedly* a corruption of boy" is one of those strong assertions which those who speak upon antiquarian and etymological points are too frequently in the habit of making; and which we try to answer by an extract from one of the most valuable of our provincial glossaries, 'The Vocabulary of East Anglia,' by the Rev. Robert Forby:—

"*BORN, BOR, s.* a term of very familiar address, generally understood to be a coarse pronunciation of the word *boy*. A different account of it is proposed with some confidence. If boy is actually sometimes pronounced as if it were spelt *baw*, it is the sole instance of our so perverting the power of the diphthong *oy*; we either pronounce it as others do, or we narrow it to long *i*; we never call joy *jaw*, nor a toy a *taw*; we do not talk of *emplawing* or *destrawing*, but of *emplying* or *destrying*. This one seeming instance of such perversion is therefore likely to have arisen from our not understanding the term we use; besides, it may be remarked, that this word is applied indiscriminately to persons of both sexes and of all ages, and though it may be common for elderly people to address as *boys* those who are much their juniors, or if they have been long intimate, to call each other in jocular familiarity old boys; or if old men affecting juvenile airs be so called, yet it would surely be too absurd for old women to give to each other



the appellation of *boy*. Now, among so many traces as we have of Saxon antiquity, so many instances of Saxon words traditionally retained in their original form and use, it cannot be extravagant to conjecture that the word is, in fact, *bor*, and directly refers to the well-known frame of Saxon society, in which those who constituted every little community, or township (*borg*), were mutually and formally bound by law to and for each other, under a petty local magistrate, or conservator of the peace, called the *bors-holder*, *i. e.* the *bor's older*, or *elder*. This official title still exists in some dis-

tricts. The word under our consideration would thus signify townsman, neighbour, sworn friend, &c., much in the same way as our seamen call each other messmate, and our soldiers comrade. It is to be observed that it is actually a part of the word neighbour (A. S. *neah*, prope, and *borh*); and why may it not exist in the simple as well as in a compound form. If this explanation be admitted, one old woman may, without absurdity, say to another (as often happens), 'Co' *bor*, let's go a sticking in the 'squire's plantations.' And the other may answer, 'Aye, *bor*, so we will.' "

#### GERMAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

In passing Bonn we noticed shortly the agricultural college of Popplesdorf, that has recently been established there. Near Wiesbaden the traveller will find another, which has, perhaps, had a more direct influence on the country surrounding it. The manager, M. Albrecht, is a gentleman highly respected for his scientific acquirements, and indefatigable in discharging the duties he has undertaken. A walk up to the Geisberg will well repay the visitor to that fashionable watering-place, especially in the summer and autumn, when he will find in the experimental farm the most interesting varieties of cultivation collected together from numerous districts. The origin of the farm is no less interesting than the results obtained by the comparatively small means at its command. The chief fund consists in the subscriptions of the members of the Agricultural Society of the Duchy of Nassau, the contributions to which are rated so low as not to debar almost the poorest from joining. Five shillings per annum, collected from about 1500 members, with some other sources of revenue, suffice to pay the interest on the purchase-money of the farm, to keep it at work, and to publish a weekly journal containing useful agricultural intelligence. The other sources of revenue consist in the sale of the produce of the farm, which is not of much moment, as the experiments are of course not all suited to the wants of the neighbourhood. Attached to the farm is a seminary in which lectures are held that have a bearing on agriculture. Natural history, mineralogy, botany, zoo-

logy, the theory of agriculture, and technology; besides veterinary surgery and agricultural book-keeping; form a course that is completed by students easily in three winter half-years. The summer they are recommended to spend on some farms where they can learn the practice of husbandry. Natives of the Duchy have free instruction at this college, in consideration of a yearly addition to its revenues, granted by the state. Strangers pay 44 florins (about 4*l.*) for the half-year's instruction, which is conducted by highly qualified professors. The grounds are divided into portions on which the agricultural systems of England and Flanders, Mecklenberg, Holstein, and the improved ordinary village course are followed, and the results thus made intelligible to the scholars. Irrigated meadows form one part, and a garden and nursery another part, of the grounds. A third, adjoining a public walk, is devoted to experiments on various seeds and plants, hops, vines, &c. The buildings join a spacious farm-yard, although only milch cows are kept, the labour being all done by contract.

The slender fund of the agricultural society still suffices to afford a distribution of prizes to agricultural servants for good conduct, and to keep up a small collection of models and a library. A veterinary hospital is kept in one part of the buildings, to which the farmers of the neighbourhood and the people of the town resort. The influence of the establishment has been great; chiefly because the government has made it the direct organ for encouraging improvements. —(*Agriculture on the Rhine.*)





Well in Venice, from a Picture by Leopold Robert.

## PUBLIC WELLS OF VENICE.

WERE it not that she has so many other titles and claims to distinction, Rome might be called "The City of the Fountains." Nowhere else in Italy, and in no other city that we have visited, do fountains appear in such number and magnitude, or form so essential a part or marking characteristic. It is otherwise with Venice, which contains nothing that can properly be called a fountain. It is as fountainless as London was before the formation of Trafalgar Square, wherein a fountain has of late been made, which (to say nothing more severe upon it or about it) would excite the derision of the Roman citizens, accustomed to the copious flow of their *Fontane*. Venice might be styled "*La Città de' Pozzi*," or "The City of the Wells." These wells were uninteresting, unpicturesque objects, compared with the Roman fountains; yet they are very interesting in themselves, and still more so in their associations, or in the memories they recall, and the comparisons they lead to. They resemble the ancient wells of the Holy Land, and the wells which are to this day commonly found in Palestine, Syria, and most parts of Turkey. Their mouths are encircled with a stone parapet; and the water is drawn from them by lowering a bucket. The ropes to which the buckets are attached have,

by their perpetual friction, worn grooves in the marble coping of the masonry. In the East we have seen these grooves so deeply indented in the heads of wells that it might almost be fancied the patriarch Abraham had there brought up water for the use of his tents and flocks. Several of the *Pozzi* of Venice are very old, dating from the origin of the city, thirteen hundred years ago. The shafts of these old wells are exceedingly deep; the fresh water being brought from far beneath the salt waters of the Adriatic Sea. In one or two cases the water is rather brackish. The site of these Venetian wells is almost invariably in the midst of some piazza or open square; and each of the many islets, which, connected for the most part by bridges, constitute the platform of this magnificent old city, has its piazza or piazze—its square or squares, some spacious, some narrow enough. At early morning and at eventide, but more in the evening, the piazze, and the *pozzi* in them, are thronged. Truth was said to reside at the *bottom* of the well; but the truth of nature is there to be found on the stone steps, and round the stonework which stands at the *top* of the well. The well-head is a fine place to study the character, idiom, and manners of the Venetian people—the *populus Venetus*, or *Plebs Veneta*, dis-



inct from the ruined and utterly debased aristocracy and the conventional gentilities of the place. There gossip meets gossip, and neighbour neighbour, and each discusses in his own way the occurrences of the season, or tries his hand at some witticism or joke; and for the liveliest jokers in the world a man may well be commended to the Venetian populace. The wit, the liveliness, the brio, which have deserted the once wit-famed nobles and gentry of Venice (albeit there be many exceptions), seem all to have taken refuge among the happier plebeians. Love, good honest love, is made at well-head. The swain draws the water for the nymph; and the nymph cannot but loiter to thank him for taking the toil off her hands. In the hot summer evenings the well in the midst of the square is about the coolest place whereat to congregate. When the Venetian gondoliers, in the past times—which were good times *for that*—sang stanzas and cantos of Tasso, they are said to have sung as frequently at the Pozzi as in their gondole.

In still older times, when Venice was at war with Genoa, and with nearer neighbours, when invasions were threatened, or when intestine discords and plots shook the republic, there was always a cry that the wells were about to be poisoned, or that they had actually been poisoned by the external or internal foe. Mr. Thornton Hunt—the son of a father who has in him more of the Italian feeling than any living English writer—has not forgotten this popular and state alarm, in composing his lively and interesting Venetian romance.\* The wells never were poisoned, but, at every great popular alarm, the cry has been raised in Venice almost to our own day.

The principal pozzi or wells are—one in the great square, called Campo di San Stefano; one in the Piazza, or Campo di San Paolo; one in the Campo de' Gesuiti, near

the church which once belonged to the Jesuits; and one in the Campo of San Moise. There is another, which is noticeable from its rudeness and antiquity; it stands near the church of San Fantin, and is simple, rough, and blockish, like the common well-heads in the East, which seem to have served as models to the old Venetians. The Pozzo di San Fantin is one of the very oldest things in the city. The finest of the Pozzi is that of the Campo di San Paolo. In the evening that square is always thronged with people, going to fetch water, or returning home with it, or lingering to gossip at the well-head, or resting themselves on the cool stone steps. This Pozzo, or the one which is in Campo di San Stefano, appears to have been in the eye of the French artist who painted the picture from which our etching is taken. This artist was the now well-known Monsieur Robert, whose mind was filled with Venetian subjects, and who died, unhappily, too young for Art and his country. Most of our readers will remember his beautiful composition of the Venetian fishermen about to take their departure for the deep sea. In everything he did, there is a deep Italian feeling, accompanied with much grace, character, and truthfulness. The old man in the etching, that looks so Oriental in his attire, is a Dalmatian or Sclavonian, from the opposite side of the Adriatic Sea. Venice has at all times abounded with these people, and they have still a quarter of their own in the city. When she was an independent and most warlike republic, she kept under arms numerous corps of Dalmati and Schiavoni; nor had Venice ever better and braver troops. Now they are traffickers, boatmen, fishermen, water-carriers, street-cleaners—anything for a living. They are a fine race of men, picturesque in their appearance, and somewhat turbulent in their disposition.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE.

In the course of a recent excursion into Suffolk and Norfolk, a friend and I were led to the fine old town of Lynn, or Lynn Regis, on the Wash—a town abounding in relics and remembrances of the Middle Ages. The silver cup which the recreant King John gave to the Corporation, we saw not; but we saw many other objects far

more interesting, and having more honourable associations.

As we were standing in the much misused but still glorious old chapel of St. Nicholas—standing among tombs, and upon flat gravestones—we chanced to cast our eye down upon the slab at our feet. There was a long inscription upon it; but the

\* 'The Foster Brother; a Tale of the War of Chiozza:' edited by Leigh Hunt. London, 1845.



words which were in larger letters, and first caught our eye, were these—

HERE LIES

\* \* \* \*

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

We started, and looked at each other; for neither I nor my companion could ever think of De Foe's immortal creation but as a life-reality, or forget one incident in the history of the friend of our boyhood—the friend of boyhood in every country of Europe, and every remoter land colonized by Europeans. A lady of the place, who was conducting a visitor over the chapel, saw our surprise, and very good-naturedly told us that there were many Crusoes buried there, and that that family name was still far from being uncommon among the inhabitants of Lynn and the neighbourhood.

Upon looking more closely to the inscription at our feet, we discovered in the space between the *Hic jacet* and the name of *Robinson Crusoe*, the words *Elizabeth, wife of*; and upon examining the adjacent slabs, we found the name of *Crusoe* on nearly every one of them; in fact, the western end of that fine Gothic chapel was almost entirely paved with the flat, dark-grey gravestones of the Crusoes of Lynn. Those slabs would not have been there, nor would the epitaphs have been so circumstantial, if these Crusoes had not been people well to do in the world at the time they were upon it. That time, according to the earliest and latest date we noticed on the gravestones, extended from the latter part of the seventeenth to about the middle of the eighteenth century.

In a subsequent excursion to the same side of our island we were fully satisfied of the correctness of the kind lady's information, that the name of *Crusoe* was not uncommon among the living generation. We saw it and heard of it in the town of Lynn, beyond the Wash, in the Lincolnshire fens, and far along the north-eastern coast, in the direction of the Humber, and city of Hull. Everybody knows the particular prevalence or frequency of certain family names in particular counties or districts. There are parts of England where a traveller who had been asleep or blindfolded upon his journey, and kept ignorant of its direction, might tell with tolerable certainty whereabout he was, by merely reading the names of the inhabitants on door-plates, signs, and shop-fronts.

No doubt Daniel Defoe, who dwelt much in Essex, and who, during his various traf-

fies and travels, made himself familiar with our eastern and north-eastern coasts, saw, often, the curious and euphonous name of *Crusoe*, and was struck by its local character, or by the circumstance that the name was peculiar to that coast. He remembered the local name when he sat down to write his imperishable book, and he made use of it in a manner which contributed to that wonderful air and aspect of downright reality, individuality, and truthfulness, which prevails in every part of the work. No one can need being told how the tale of the adventurous mariner opens. The father of young Robinson is a reputable merchant living in York; but the grandfather had been a foreigner, a trader from Bremen, who had settled at *Hull*, and had there greatly improved the condition of the family. The name had been originally *Krentznaer*, but, according to the usual practice of the English, it had been altered and softened, and had finally become *Crusoe*.

The *irai-semblance* is perfect. From geographical position, and other favouring circumstances, the towns and ports on our eastern coast, from Hull to Lynn, and from Lynn to Ipswich, obtained, at an early period, the chief trade with the opposite coasts of the German Ocean, with the Baltic, with Holland, and Belgium. Commerce brought over settlers from those foreign parts; and wars, revolutions, and religious persecutions, increased the number of immigrants. These people brought with them much more than their odd-sounding family names; they brought their arts and industry, their manufactures, their styles of building, their domestic economy, their manners and customs; and well nigh the whole of our eastern and north-eastern coast still retains, in an especial manner, signs of things and of usages that were, originally, of exotic growth—indications of an old imported civilization. In the older parts of the town of Lynn, one might fancy oneself in some Dutch or German burgh, and feel a surprise at hearing the mariners and in-dwellers speaking plain Norfolk English.

The gravestones of the Crusoes of Lynn Regis—long may their ashes lie undisturbed beneath them, and long the groined roof of St. Nicholas chapel cover and protect those dark-grey slabs!—have led me to the staining of more white paper than I intended; but Daniel Defoe and the immortal Robinson will plead my excuse. Hardly anything which relates to the most popular book in the world will be considered as altogether uninteresting.

C. M.F.



## PROPERTY IN LAND.

[THERE is a notion which some persons, partly from ignorance and partly for mischief, are assiduously cultivating amongst the operative classes of large towns, that all the evils of life are to be removed by a working-man getting hold of two or three acres of land. These acres are to furnish him abundance, ease, comforts, even luxuries. The fallacy has been admirably exposed in an excellent new paper, 'The Sheffield Times.' In that town there is a Co-operative Land Society that proposes to work a social millennium by buying land and apportioning it by lottery. The following remarks, which we copy from 'The Sheffield Times,' have a general application, and may be advantageously read by all.]

The object of the Co-operative Land Society is to settle working-men on land, and thus to remove the surplus labour out of the market. It is asserted that wages have been constantly on the decline for the last ten or fifteen years, and that the scheme of the Land Society will be effectual towards removing the evils which arise from competition among labourers, the result of which competition is the lowering of wages.

There are several questions involved in the proposed system of small farms. At present we will consider it in the point of view most favourable to the system. We will suppose that a mechanic, or any other labourer, has saved enough to buy a small farm, and that he buys one of four or two acres, and pays for it. If he is a good agriculturist he will know how to cultivate it, but if the agricultural practice of the country is in a low condition, as on the whole it certainly is, what probability is there that the mechanic will be a good cultivator? The art of cultivating the ground well requires knowledge and practice, and the habit of manual labour applied to the soil. It is said that a mechanic or tradesman may be as good a cultivator as any body else, for what matter does it make whether a plant is inserted in the earth by means of a hole made by the bodkin of a tailor, or by the implement of an agriculturist? The bodkin of a tailor is but a sorry instrument for making a hole in the ground; and if a tailor is going to turn farmer or gardener, he must use stronger and heavier tools than his bodkin. It is a strange kind of fallacy to suppose that a man whose hand is accustomed to use one instrument can for that reason handle another. Let the man who has been accustomed to use an instrument, especially those of the finer kind, such as are used in many of our ingenious mechanical arts, take a spade in his hand and dig for an hour; he will find the new posture of the body, and the degree and kind of labour, much more wearisome than that to which he has been accustomed. If he is a strong healthy man, and young in years, he may get accustomed to this new kind of work; if he is feeble, or of a delicate organization, and approaching the middle period of life, he will find that his new labour will be insupportable. But making a hole in the ground is not all. We may answer one question by asking another: What matters it whether a stitch is inserted in a piece of cloth by a hole made by a tailor or a ditcher? Why, if the stitch is properly inserted, it makes no matter who inserted it. But the hedger or ditcher would make a horribly bad coat. He would be no judge of the quality of the cloth, if he had to buy it; he would get the wrong trimmings, and buy more than was necessary; he would spoil the cloth in the cutting; he would sew it together badly, and would turn out a piece of work



that a beggar would not put on his back. Each man should follow the trade that he is brought up to, unless he is quite sure that he can turn his hand to something else to more advantage. The error is in assuming that any man can become a farmer or a gardener when he chooses. There are some men who can do anything. There may be instances of mechanics becoming excellent farmers and gardeners; but let every man well consider his own powers before he tries them on a new and strange thing. Farming and horticulture require both a peculiar habit of working, and their own peculiar knowledge, not only as to raising produce, but as to buying and selling; and this is a kind of knowledge which, like all other knowledge, is only got by hard experience.

A mechanic may manage a small plot of ground. He may amuse himself with occasionally working in it; and it is a wholesome and pleasant occupation. He may grow flowers; he may raise a few vegetables; he may get health, pleasure, and perhaps even profit from his little plot. Whenever circumstances allow a mechanic such a recreation, it is a good and pleasant mode of occasionally employing himself. But surely no working-man who can obtain employment and moderate wages would give up his occupation to farm two acres, which will require the whole of his time and labour, and even more labour than he can give if he works more hours than he did before. It is true there are seasons when his land will not require labour; but he must consider what he will do during such seasons. Part of the year he will have more to do than he can do, and part of the year he will be idle. The large farmer is not under this disadvantage to so great a degree. The extent of his farm, and the greater amount and variety of his produce, require a certain amount of labour all through the year; but everybody knows that one disadvantage of agricultural labour is, that during part of the year work is slack.

It is assumed by those who write on the small farm system, that the land, taken acre for acre, is or may be made more productive than large farms are. This is true. Many farmers in England have more land than they can or do cultivate well. They do not cultivate enough; in other words, they do not expend labour enough on the land; and the cause of this is ignorance to some extent, and the nature of their leases combined with the protective system of the corn laws; but the main cause is the want of sufficient capital. They have not the means of employing as much labour as they ought to have. If they had, they would increase their produce, though it might not be in the same degree that any man does who labours on his two acres. But if the man who cultivates two acres gets more from them than a large farmer does from two of his acres, it can only be by bestowing more labour upon them. Whether the additional labour consists in applying more manure or turning up the soil better, or keeping it more clear of weeds, or of all these things combined, it is still labour that he bestows. He cannot make his manure except by labour; and he cannot buy it without giving the produce of his labour for it.

It is sometimes also assumed that a man's labour is worth more to himself than it is to another person. This is a gross blunder, which any who will take the trouble of thinking may see through. A man who cultivates his own two acres with his own hands, can do no more than if he is working for another, if he works honestly for his employer. What difference does it make as to the value of his labour, whether he puts his spade in the ground and turns the earth over in his own land or in his neighbour's? What is the value of a man's labour? If he labours for hire, the value of his labour is what he can get for it; and this depends upon the demand for that kind of labour, and the number of those who have it to offer; with this additional



condition, that he who is a good workman, and has a good character for sobriety and honesty, will always be preferred. What is the value of a man's labour, if he works for himself? The value is in the thing which he produces; and that thing, whether it is a pair of shoes or a sack of potatoes, will not cost less time and bodily exertion because he produces it for himself. He who by his own labour produces something for his own use, does not get it with less labour because he produces it for himself. There is a market-price for all things; and it is a possible case, and most frequently it is the common case, that a man can buy a thing for less money than the thing costs him if he produces it himself; for when he produces it himself, he must spend as much time and bodily exertion on the production, as any other man does who is producing the same thing; and we cannot suppose that he will value his time and labour lower than another man's time and labour.

He who cultivates two acres must have the proper amount of capital to begin with; and if he intends to make his two acres more productive than two acres of the larger farmer, he will require more capital for his two acres than the large farmer requires for any two acres of his larger farm. Farming and horticulture are also subject to great losses from bad seasons, death of cattle, and various other causes; and whether a man farms two acres or two hundred, he ought to have spare capital enough to bear a whole year's loss; for in some years he will make little profit. We believe that abundant years and low prices are best for a farmer; high prices are generally the result of deficient crops, and the higher prices do not make up for the less quantity that he can bring to market. Besides, in bad years, the deficient crops are not equally deficient over all the country. Some crops fail nearly altogether or in certain parts; other crops are good, or they are good in certain parts. It may happen, therefore, that some farmers may, in a given year, make no profit, and others may make large profits. But all of them have their turn; in one year one crop fails—hay, for instance; in another year, potatoes, and so on.

Now as to the profits of him who cultivates on a small scale. He must either buy his land or pay rent for it; he must also have implements, cattle, seed, buildings, and every thing that a large farmer requires. And in all these things he will be under a disadvantage, compared with the larger farmer who farms well. No man can say how large a farm can be managed profitably, no more than he can say how large a manufactory can be managed profitably. But every man knows, or ought to know, that a farm of one hundred acres does not require fifty times the implements, fifty times the space in farm buildings, fifty times the fencing and ditching that a farm of two acres does. Everybody also knows, or ought to know, that if a man buys two acres, he will pay more for them than for any two acres of equal quality among a hundred that he may buy altogether; and if he pays rent for two acres, he will pay a higher rent than a man who farms two hundred acres pays for any two acres of equal quality. If the buying of two-acre farms, or the taking of two-acre farms on rent, became common, there would be exactly the same kind of competition that there is in the labour-market. The landowner who would split up his lands into lots of two acres for the purpose of selling it, would get an exorbitant price; and if he divided it into lots to let, he would get a very high rent. The rents in Ireland, owing to the competition for small plots of land, exceed anything that is got in England.

If the system of small farms should become common, it is certain that competition for land would raise the price very high. Mr. Banfield says, in his 'Industry of the Rhine' (Knight's Weekly Volume), "The pride of the German peasant is to be a



small landowner. The sacrifices made to gratify this longing are incredible, as is the tenacity with which he clings to his land in all changes of fortune. The price paid for lots of land in the valley of the Wupper and the adjoining districts would frighten an English farmer. From 117*l.* to 150*l.* per acre is no unusual price for arable and meadow land. What interest he can get for his investment seems never to cross the peasant's mind. The rent of small patches adjoining their houses is not proportionally high, although dear enough; 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.* per annum is constantly paid in situations remote from the influence of towns."

The farmer of two acres must consider that part of his returns represents the interest of the money with which he has purchased the land; or if he pays rent, he must deduct the rent from his returns. He must also make a proper deduction for repairs, interest of money invested in implements, wear and tear of implements, and so on. If he is a good farmer, he will keep a strict account of all his expenditure, and of all his produce. He cannot estimate the value of any produce that he may consume at a higher price than he could buy it in the market; and the produce which he sells, will bring him the market-price, and no more. Out of the money thus received he must buy his clothing, and every thing in fact which he does not produce. We have said that he must keep a strict account of his expenditure. He must therefore put down all the days that he has laboured, and there is no reason why he should estimate the money value of each day's labour at either more or less than the rate of agricultural wages in the same district. If he has made his two acres more productive than two acres of the larger farmer, he will find that he has bestowed more labour upon them; that if he has got more produce, it has cost him more. After taking an account of all his expenditure, including his own labour, and an account of all his proceeds, that which remains over is profit, which profit will be less than the profit of the farmer of 200 acres on the hundredth part of 200 acres, or on two acres, because the small farmer cultivates, as already explained, at a disadvantage. Yet the small cultivator can get no more for his produce than the large cultivator: it will cost him more in proportion to carry it to market; and he must sell, and cannot keep his produce, as the large farmer can who has sufficient capital.

It is certain that profits, properly so called, are less on very small farms, even when well managed, than on moderate-sized farms which are tolerably well managed. Where, then, is the advantage to the small cultivator who has to enter into competition with the large cultivator? The advantage, it is said, is in his own labour, which is more productive to him than if he gave it for hire to another. How is it more productive? To produce more stuff per acre, he must work more days or more hours in a day, and that is no advantage. The land will not produce better because it is his own; a bushel of potatoes which he produces will require the same labour that has been bestowed on any other bushel of potatoes raised on like soil and in like manner. If he will compare the amount of labour in his own mechanical occupation which produces the sum of money which will buy a bushel of potatoes, with the cost of a bushel of potatoes of his own producing, when he has turned farmer, he will see which occupation is the more profitable. If he finds that he has gained by turning farmer, we shall be glad; but as a general rule, we believe he will be a loser.

Farmers are not noted for keeping good accounts. A mechanic can easily keep a reckoning of his earnings and his expenditure. If he intends to turn farmer, he must keep a most exact reckoning, and every day's labour must be recorded. If he does this, he will find that, if he is successful, his labour will have been increased. It is a fallacy to talk of removing competition and taking the surplus labour out of the



market by any system of arrangement. Labour is the foundation of all that has value. The small farmer labours with his hands, and his produce, which is his labour, comes into competition in the market with the produce of the large farmer, who can get the manual labour as cheap as the small farmer can give it to his farm; and it also comes into competition with the produce raised by other small farmers.

A hope is held out to the small landholder that he and his heirs for ever shall keep the land. One might smile at this promise, but it is too serious a delusion to smile at. The German keeps his bit of land at incredible sacrifices. The large landholder in England often keeps his land with difficulty—sometimes he must sell or the mortgagee will take it. It should be known that in England a very large part of the land is pledged or mortgaged as it is termed, in order to supply the necessities of the owner. Small estates are constantly sold for the purpose of dividing the money among children on the death of a parent; or if one son takes the estate, he takes it subject to money-charges to be paid to his brothers and sisters, which often encumber him. The entail system leaves a man only a limited interest in his estate: he is hampered and fettered and often kept very poor by various charges to which his life interest is subjected. The great landowners do not keep their property together without making great sacrifices. Land, from its nature, is a cumbrous kind of property. All men like to have it, and all who have it must make some sacrifices to keep it. We leave our readers to suggest to themselves what is to be done with two acres when the owner dies and leaves a family behind him; and we ask those who are going to become farmers of two acres, and enter into competition with the large farmer, whether such competition is likely to be more profitable to them than if a mechanic or operative should enter into competition with a large manufacturer. There are many mechanical trades in which a clever workman with a little money could more safely enter into competition with his former master, than he could with the large farmer, even if he had the skill of the farmer. The result is this: that if land is bought in the lump for the purpose of division into allotments, it will be bought subject to competition with those who make large purchases of land. If it is bought in small lots, there will be active competition for it among the class of small purchasers; and if land is let in small allotments, competition will raise the rents. This will happen if the system of small farms becomes general. Further, the small farmer can only purchase that which he does not produce, by selling his surplus produce; and if his surplus produce is of that kind which is raised by the large farmer, he will have to sell it at the market-price, though it will have certainly cost him more than the large farmer. In disposing of any produce, he must enter into competition either with the large farmer, or the small farmer like himself, or with both. Competition means that he must take the market-price for his produce, whatever it has cost him; produce is produced by labour, and by nothing else; and he therefore enters the market with his labour embodied in a commodity, and by thus offering his labour for sale, he adds to the supply, and brings down the price. Every step in his operations is a competition in the labour-market; and of all competitions the small farm system would in this country be the most disadvantageous to him who followed it.

Cultivation on a small scale does suit some countries, some situations, and some nations; but it cannot exist where it must enter into competition with the skilful application of large capital. Mr. Banfield's work on the "Rhine," already referred to, contains some instructive remarks on the small villages and small landholders on the Rhine.



## THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN EGYPT.

It is nearly two years ago that a book under the title of 'The Englishwoman in Egypt' was published in the series of the 'Weekly Volume.' The authoress of that work was Mrs. Poole, the sister of Mr. Lane, the celebrated author of 'The Modern Egyptians.' This lady has continued to reside with her brother at Cairo, and has had more favourable opportunities of witnessing the domestic habits of the East than perhaps any European ever before possessed. Mrs. Poole has prepared a third volume of her work for publication. Its descriptions of the interior of the Hareems of persons of the highest rank are of great interest. We have the gratification of being permitted to anticipate the publication of the new Volume, by presenting our readers with some of the most amusing of Mrs. Poole's chapters. We commence with three consecutive letters (for the book is in the epistolary form), written in 1845:—

*January, 1845.*

AFTER a residence of nearly three years in an Eastern country, in the habit of frequent and familiar intercourse with the ladies of the higher and middle classes of its population, you will probably think me able to convey some general ideas of their moral and social state. To do this, I find to be a task of extreme difficulty; though my opportunities of observation have been such as I believe few Englishwomen have enjoyed. In examining the effects of the peculiar position in which females are here placed, I have endeavoured to divest myself of prejudice; but altogether to lose sight of our English standards of propriety has been impossible; and as every state of society in the world has its defects, to avoid comparisons would be unnatural.

One thing that puzzles me among many others is this: that the main principle of the constitution of society prevailing now among all the Muslim nations, and even among the Eastern Christians, seems almost to receive a sanction from the practice of most of those persons whom from our childhood we have learned to regard with the greatest reverence.

In the mention of the veil, we trace the Hareem system to the time of Abraham; but to what period its origin is to be referred is, I believe, doubtful. In Abraham's time it seems to have been similar to the system which has hitherto prevailed among the Arabs of the Desert, and to have been much less strict than that which commonly obtains among the Arabs and other Muslims established in fixed abodes, in cities, houses, and villages. Rebekah covered not her face in the presence of Abraham's servant, the "eldest servant of his house;" but when she came before the man who was to be her husband, "she took a veil, and covered herself." In like manner, the women of the Bedawees in general are often careless of veiling the face before servants and persons with whom they are familiar; and many of them have no scruple in appearing unveiled before strangers. When Abraham, or rather Abram, before the case above mentioned, went into Egypt with his wife, "the Egyptians beheld the woman, that she was very fair: the princes also of Pharaoh saw her, and commended her before Pharaoh, and the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house." After this, Abimelech also saw her, and took her.

It seems probable that the Hareem system at this period prevailed only, and in a lax manner, among the Semitic nations. We find no indications of it in the sculptures or paintings representing scenes of domestic life upon the ancient Egyptian



monuments ; some of which are anterior to the age of Abraham ; on the contrary, in these representations of private life, we see evidences of a state of society as free, with respect to the intercourse of the sexes, as that which prevails in modern Europe. Were the ancient Egyptians a more moral people, with this freedom of the women, than the contemporary nations among whom the females were more or less secluded ? I am told that the reverse appears to have been the case : that proofs of the most shocking licentiousness, or, at least, of an utter want of feeling in each sex with respect to the other, are conspicuous upon the walls of the temples and tombs throughout the valley of the Nile. But I would not refer the licentiousness, or want of delicacy, of the ancient Egyptians to the freedom allowed to their women ; as I am fully satisfied that virtuous women are far more common in Christian Europe than in the Eastern Hareems. Indeed, where there is in a woman a tendency to indelicacy in words or actions, it is certainly checked by social intercourse with men ; and it is as certainly promoted by seclusion from them. Eastern women, essentially virtuous, are so accustomed among themselves to language which to us is grossly indelicate, that they often use it with the utmost simplicity, even in the presence of men. This, in my opinion, is one of the worst effects of the system of the Harem.

Do not imagine that this is the beginning of an attempt to generalize, and to unravel the perplexing difficulties presented by this strange system. It is true that I have sometimes felt inclined to try my hand at a general picture of Eastern domestic life. The persons who would figure in it would, of course, be almost all females. But I must resist the temptation ; for I am sure that I should not succeed in the undertaking. You will perhaps say that this is a modest avowal. By no means is this the case, in my opinion : for I do not believe that any one who would impose upon himself such a task could satisfy himself or others. I shall therefore content myself with offering to you detached sketches ; and you may amuse yourself by trying if you can put them together so as to make a consistent whole. You will, I fancy, find them to resemble a dissected map, which some naughty child has played with, in such a careless manner as to lose many of the pieces ; so that some of the pieces will fit together very well ; others will fit only on one side ; and others will not fit at all, or can only be made to suit imperfectly by turning them upside-down. To make it the more amusing to you, I shall present to you the pieces in some degree of disorder.

One important circumstance must be ever borne in mind in taking into consideration the state of Eastern society with reference to marriage ; I mean the great similarity which exists in the minds of the people, both males and females. In Europe, preference depends on many causes—a woman prefers her husband for the peculiar tone of his mind, his religious opinions, and his moral code ; and even his political views often form the groundwork of harmony or dissension ; while his love for learning and scientific pursuits, or his talent for the fine arts, or his genius developing itself in any way, render him attractive to her, or the contrary. All these reasons for preference, or (in the absence of them) motives for dislike, exist in Europe, but have no place in the East. It is true there are a few educated Eastern men among those who have studied in Europe ; but they have no idea of communicating their information to their families, nor do they, with very few exceptions, desire the education of their ladies : therefore the notions they have acquired abroad are perhaps never discussed. It is my idea, that if an Eastern husband be found by his bride young, good-looking, and good-natured, she is perfectly satisfied, for she knows that her parents or protectors could not offer her a companion whose religious opinions and general views did not entirely coincide with her own.



It is pleasant to feel sure that there are instances, and that those instances are not uncommon, where an Eastern wife, when suitably married, gives her affection to her husband with a devotion which can hardly be surpassed, and receives from him every proof of tender and honourable love. I could give several examples of families thus happily circumstanced among our acquaintance, but they would too much resemble each other.

Among the females with whom I am acquainted, natives of this city, is one who has been for more than thirty years the wife of one husband, her first and only one; and whose home offers me much to approve and admire. Her husband seems to be possessed of much generosity, and of many other good qualities. His house, though he is a person of small income, is a kind of refuge for the destitute; not only for swarms of poor relations, but also for destitute dogs and cats; which he feeds, not with the relics or refuse of his table, but with piles of bread bought expressly for them. One of the most amiable of the traits in his wife's character is her devotion to his relations. While his mother lived, she was regarded and treated by her as her own parent; and according to the usual custom of the East (a custom which I cannot too much applaud, and which is sufficient to make me overlook many faults in Eastern females) was always respected by her as the mistress of the house.

As another instance, I may mention a Turkish lady of rank, who married many years ago one of her own countrymen, holding a distinguished position. He had about ten white slaves, who became the immediate attendants of his wife, and numerous black slaves, as inferior servants. The chief lady, an only wife, became the mother of several children, *therefore* she retained her priority, both in his harem and in her husband's affection. Several of the white slaves became the concubines of their master; but he took no second *wife*; and I do not understand that the peace of his lady was ever disturbed by jealous misgivings. Indeed, as an eastern wife, she had no right to admit such feelings, being especially favoured. When, as in this case, an amiable woman responds to the affection of a worthy husband, their harem is, in her estimation, a paradise, for she has no wish beyond the society of her own family, her husband, and her children, and no desire for amusement beyond occasional fairy-like fêtes, of which her own home is the scene. Do not mistake me when I style a man a *worthy husband* who possesses concubines; I mean worthy by comparison: and when I find some whose manners and general bearing show them to be, in a moral sense, superior to their fellows, I am induced to pity those failings which arise from education, and to lament those sins against which they have no law. Until enlightened by the truths of the Gospel, no important reformation can be effected in the harem system, nor in the general morals of the East; and I am inclined to think that centuries may elapse before any material change can be produced: so strong are the people's prejudices, and so firmly rooted are their habits of seclusion.

You may probably ask me how I can know the happiness of these and other families. I should therefore tell you that, in this country, people do not conceal their domestic unhappiness, but invariably weary their friends and acquaintance with their complaints on this subject, whenever they have any to make.

This leads me to remark what is most extraordinary. When an eastern husband believes himself to be dishonoured by his wife, he publishes his misfortune and disgrace to all his neighbours, and often to strangers, and the relations of each party do the same; even when such conduct may occasion a divorce, or the loss of the life of the accused. The wife, too, seems to endeavour to make the suspicion or charge to which she has become obnoxious, as extensively known as she can.



A few days ago, in a house adjacent to ours, a woman was screaming from a window, "O my neighbours! O Muslims! hear what this wicked man, my husband, with whom I have lived for years, and to whom I have borne children, says of me!" Then, in none of the most delicate terms, she proceeded to explain the charge brought against her by him; while he contented himself by interrupting her with the information that the *kádee* should soon set her at liberty.

In the middle and lower classes it is not unusual for a man to be betrothed to a *little child*; and it often happens that the child, on seeing him, refuses to accept him as her husband. In such a case, the man is compelled by law either to divorce the girl, or to maintain her for a certain time, limited or extended, according to circumstances. Sometimes such a state of things continues for several years; but the period depends much upon the disposition of the suitor, or the humour of the girl. It is a sort of probation, during which the proposed husband is permitted to visit her in the presence of her parents, or guardian. Her pleasure is entirely consulted; and sometimes, being won by jewels, or sweetmeats, according to her lover's resources, she will profess a growing affection for him.

How strange would you think the lives of the Arab women, especially of the lower orders! The story of one, whose early history is much the same as that of many girls in her sphere of life, will serve as an illustration. She lost her parents when a child, and was consigned to the care of a half-sister, a sort of relation with which the East abounds. At the age of thirteen she was married to a man considerably her senior, with whom she lived two years, but she was so thoroughly discontented, that at the end of that period the man divorced her by her own desire. Thus at fifteen years of age she was seeking a second husband; and being rather pretty, and gracefully formed, she early attracted the notice of several men, but received most favourably the attentions of a remarkably plain boy, who had been brought up by the half-sister I have mentioned. He possessed a proud spirit, and an unconquerably bad temper; and under all these disadvantageous circumstances the elder sister naturally objected to his proposal. When, however, the *divorcée's* term of single life according to the Muslim law had expired, the elder girl was called from home for a few days; the devoted lovers took advantage of her absence, and she found them one on her return. Although, as many have shown before, marriage is far from being here an indissoluble tie, yet it is a very serious step; and this miserable child had linked herself to wretchedness little understood in England. For a short time, things wore a decent aspect: the husband hired a coffee-shop, and took her home two piastres per day; but by degrees he neglected her; giving her no means of support; and at the end of two years, and just after the death of their only child, he deserted her. She was then about seventeen years of age, a year ago.

A young man who had for some months regarded her with admiration, and to whom she had given many opportunities of seeing her unveiled, came boldly forward and proposed to her; asserting that he could induce her husband (if he could find him) to divorce her, by paying him a sum of money. She did not receive his proposal with indifference; but did not absolutely consent to the plan of bribing her husband. Her lover endeavoured to secure her affection by making her presents from time to time; all of which she condescendingly received; and matters went on thus for a month, at the end of which, most unexpectedly, the husband returned. Scarcely had he passed a night in his house, when some kind friend informed him that he was not the happiest of men; and directed his attention to his wife's admirer. Fickle as you must acknowledge her character, or rather her conduct, to have been,



there was a pulse in her heart which beat yet true to her husband ; and never, but under circumstances of heartless desertion, would she for a moment have entertained a preference for his good-looking rival. Now he had returned, and although I never heard that he gave any explanation of his conduct, he was with her, and that was enough : she loved him better than all the world beside. For some weeks he persecuted her most unmercifully, and in vain she protested that she preferred him before all others ; he and his family reviled her almost incessantly, until, one day, she ventured to reply with some warmth to his invectives ; he beat her so cruelly that she rushed from her house, and sought refuge with us.

I thought then the ruffian had gone too far for forgiveness : not at all : on the following day she returned to him, only requiring from him a promise that he would not repeat his violence. This devotion on her part met with no response, and he continued a course of torturing ill-treatment until in the hurry of passion he exclaimed, “ You are divorced.” It was the *third* time he had done so, and the law of triple divorce is one of the strictest in the Muslim code. The girl by law was free. Had it been the first or the second time, no one could have obliged her to return ; but now to become again his wife would be to renounce her religion, and to bring upon her head the deepest disgrace. That was a time of penitence for her cruel persecutor, and he severely regretted that he had placed it in the power of his young wife to marry his hated rival. The latter naturally came forward, believing that all circumstances now at least favoured his hopes ; but her constancy triumphed. She saw her husband, and saw his sorrow, and renouncing every consideration but his happiness, she braved the torrent of abuse which poured forth upon her from every quarter ; the anathemas of her sister, the reproaches of her acquaintance, and, as on her bridal day, gave her whole heart to her husband. *He* was softened : she had proved to him that he had no rival in her affections, and proved it by sacrifices even he could not gainsay ; and he has become a better husband, and it is hoped a better man. He takes her home, as at first, two piastres per day ; he attends to his business, and evinces something like kindness and consideration.

How strange (to our English ideas) would have been her condition had she married her admirer ! Her jealous persecutor would undoubtedly have haunted her footsteps, and perhaps have threatened her life ; for he sets a selfish value on the poor girl, which, in itself, has forged her fetters. And how much more strange is it to know that it is a common thing for a woman to marry a third—a fourth—I do not like to say how many husbands, while she might meet every day men to whom she had been attached by the same tie ! There is one thing alone which can revise such a state of things—one holy influence—it is, and must be, Christianity.

*March, 1845.*

SOME of my countrymen seem to be inclined to regard with approbation, in several respects, the laws and customs relating to marriage, and the separation of the sexes, as prevailing in this and other Muslim countries. I think that my brother (who is not one of the persons above alluded to) has pointed out the chief advantages resulting from this state of things. After remarking that “ the respect in which trade is held by the Muslim greatly tends to enlarge the circle of his acquaintance with persons of different ranks,” he adds, “ freedom of intercourse with his fellow-men is further and very greatly promoted by the law of the separation of the sexes, as it enables him to associate with others, regardless of difference of wealth or station, without the risk of occasioning unequal matrimonial connections. The women, like the



men, enjoy extensive intercourse with persons of their own sex.”\* Hence they enjoy a domestic quiet unknown to us, in general, in the west; and much more might doubtless be said in the way of apology for these laws and customs: but all the good that can possibly result from them is greatly outweighed by evil. Besides that greatest of all the abominations sanctioned by Muslim law and usage, the custom of polygamy, and the facility of divorce, which is its necessary consequence, there are innumerable minor kindred evils to be deplored. One of the worst of these, in my opinion, is the early marriage of boys.

It is a common thing to see a sweet intelligent youth, from whose manners and conversation the fairest promise may be deduced, growing up to the age of fourteen years, or perhaps fifteen, with his mind little tainted by example. When, however, he has attained those years, he is attacked by the Hareem of his father on the subject of marriage; and his mother especially urges upon her child the necessity of an early contract. The boy of course consents: there is something so manly in having his own Hareem, that he is far from being averse to the arrangement. He is married, and at once degenerates into a selfish, sensual character. No art is left untried, no means of fascination are neglected, no attainable luxury is unemployed to secure to his Hareem his exclusive attention. In some instances, after a lapse of years, the victim sobers down into a worthy husband; but more frequently he continues through life the slave of self-indulgence. The change in the powers of the mind immediately consequent upon this, can hardly be imagined. The sharp intelligent boy is quickly transformed into a dull, heavy blockhead. It is very generally observed that the promise given by the youth of mental excellence is rarely fulfilled by the man. It is curious that, though the Arabs are surprisingly quick in learning, at least four-fifths of their literature consist of little more than compilations. Talent generally lasts with them, but very seldom genius.

Boys, however, are never united to those who are older than themselves (I know but one instance of a young man being the husband of an elderly woman); while poor little girls are often given in marriage to men old enough to be their grandfathers. Most of these children accept their offered husbands from a feeling of duty towards the parents who have selected them. I need scarcely say how wretched in almost every case are the consequences of such unions. The case to which I have referred above (of an elderly woman married to a young man) was that of the sister of a grandee. She requested her brother to select for her a husband: he expressed some disgust at this proposal; but she became importunate, and he consented; and informed her that that if she were determined on marrying, she should accept a certain person whom he named. She objected to his selection, perhaps because the man he mentioned was very young; but he replied that he was determined she should accept him, or no one. The proposed husband, on receiving the communication, could only say, that he was grateful for the honour intended him; though this, you may be sure, was far from being true. Shortly they were married, and the young Bey, on being introduced to his wife, found an elderly lady, who received him with much kindness, but who assured him that she had merely married him as a matter of form; that she had done so by compulsion, and that, considering the disparity in their years, she had provided for him a young and handsome Abyssinian slave, whom she desired he would consider as his future wife. He believed her to be in earnest, and it is not surprising that he did so; for though it is very unusual for a wife to act in this manner, she

\* Modern Egyptians, part i., chap. 8.



appeared to apologize by noticing her own years, and his youth. He accepted the Abyssinian, and discovered sadly too late that the whole had been a scheme to try his allegiance. His wife has ever since requited him by taunts and revilings; and let no one suppose that the hareem of — Bey can, during his tormentor's lifetime, be considered as his home.

A very prevalent cause of misery in the hareems of the great is the custom, so common among the grandees, of marrying their female relations and their emancipated female slaves to persons much beneath them in rank; for the men who are honoured by having such wives bestowed upon them, seldom fail to find themselves victims of abominable tyranny; as Sir John Malcolm, in his delightful '*Sketches of Persia*,' has very pleasantly shown to be the case in that country.

Another cause is the want of unanimity among the children of a hareem in which there is a plurality of mothers. The plan of allotting a distinct suite of apartments to each wife does not separate the children of different mothers. They meet in the general saloons, in the gardens, and in the courts; and the quarrels of children grow with them into the grave disputes of youth; while envy and jealousy with regard to their mother's privileges and their own, often increase to deadly hatred. Being but *half* brothers and sisters, they have not parents in common to whom to refer their differences; and they nurse them in their own breasts until they find some means of revenging their real or supposed wrongs. I know a great hareem where the children of the wives and slaves are of all ages; some of the sons are nearly forty years of age, some have grown to man's estate, and some are boys. The younger ones alone are perfectly at liberty in the hareem of their father. The elder ones have their own establishments, and seldom meet; but they are examples of envy and discord when circumstances throw them together; and their feuds will, I doubt not, ere long give rise to very deplorable consequences.

I have not hitherto touched on one most important point, the gravest of all objections to the hareem system—that the dignity of a great hareem cannot be supported, nor indeed can such an establishment subsist, without slaves. In such a hareem there must be male guardians, and these the law requires to be eunuchs; there must also be female attendants; and experience has often shown that when these are free servants, the whole family is broken up, and some members of it perhaps lose their lives in consequence of intrigues conducted by such servants. There can be no doubt but that many of the thousands of little strangers, of every shade of complexion, who are annually brought into Egypt, forget their parents and their fatherland, and, experiencing much of indulgence and consideration, contract for their possessors nearly that affection which, under happier circumstances, would have been bestowed where heaven first directed it. That such may be the case was lately shown to me by a remarkable instance:—

A Turkish woman, residing at this time in Cairo, was left a widow some years since with one son. Her establishment consisted of several slaves and servants, and among the former was a boy who had been tenderly brought up by his mistress from a very early age, and had been emancipated. He had been carefully educated with her own son, who holds a place under the present government, and could speak and write several languages. Ascertaining that his mistress had become straitened in her circumstances since the death of her husband, and observing that her son relaxed in his duty towards her, and neglected also to perform those offices which his situation under government required, consequently that her means of comfort were reduced, and her spirit broken, bethought himself that, by his own exertions, these evils might



be mitigated. He accordingly applied for and obtained a situation as interpreter with a man of importance, who was enabled to present him to a place under government of considerable emolument after he had served him creditably during rather more than two years. In the mean time, his mistress's circumstances had become increasingly distressing; her son had forsaken her, and her heart was well nigh broken, when, on a happy day, her slave rushed into her house, threw himself at her feet, and earnestly begged that she would honour him by sharing his good fortune. Never was consent more cheerfully given. The happy slave purchased a handsome house, into which his mistress immediately removed; and in doing so he made but one condition, that the designation of mistress should be exchanged for that of mother. He has since married, but his adopted mother has lost nothing by this circumstance. She is, and she will be as long as she lives, the chief lady of his household.

Such cases are not uncommon, but no argument deduced from instances of this kind can more than mitigate the horrors of a traffic which tears asunder the dearest, closest ties, and which gives a power over our fellow-creatures so often abused even to the death. Among all the many evils attending humanity in the present day, few exceed this making merchandise of our kind. It is true that England has raised her powerful voice and stretched forth her successful arm to preserve inviolate the home of the Western African; but much, aye, *very* much, remains for her to do ere liberty will be held sacred, and the Eastern mother press her own child to her bosom, with the conviction that the tyranny of man cannot deprive her of that sweet and precious gift of God.

It often occurs to me that the blessings which we enjoy in England are very insufficiently prized until we travel in other and distant lands. What I chiefly allude to among the blessings of England are those which affect the people rather than the country. As far as nature is concerned, I ought not to complain of Egypt; for, with the exception of the great heat of summer, the hot winds of spring, and the occasional visits of the plague in the latter season, the climate of this country is considered by almost all who know it to be one of the finest and most salubrious in the world. The regularity of its seasons is most remarkable, and it is seldom disturbed by any frightful natural phenomena, such as hurricanes and the like. We were, however, much alarmed early in the morning of the 21st of last month by a severe shock of an earthquake. It was perfectly dark, when we were all awoke by tremendous shaking, accompanied by a loud rumbling noise. Our house cracked fearfully, and seemed as though set upon wheels, and rapidly shaken to and fro. Some persons thought that the shock lasted three minutes: we thought that it lasted less than one minute; of course I mean from the time that it awoke us; but I can never forget the feeling of awe which possessed me then and after the shock. The motion leaving us no room for speculation, we all lay awake, longing for the morning, and fearing that we should hear of many evil results, while we considered the miserable state of the houses in general in Cairo. The morning, however, came, and brought with it no bad news. Providentially, no person was injured further than by experiencing extreme alarm. A man and his wife living in a neighbouring street jumped from a first-floor window into the street, believing that, if they remained in the house, they should be buried in the ruins; and there, wrapped in one blanket, they remained until it became light. Whole families assembled in the courts of their houses; and an acquaintance of ours, an Englishman, so completely lost his presence of mind, that he could not for a long time remember whether he was in Egypt or not. No wonder: had I been, as he was, with only servants in the house, I might have been as much bewildered; but as



such occurrences promote sociability, I and my boys made ourselves as comfortable as we could by joining company under one mosquito-net, 'feeling unspeakably the benefit of companionship. There is not on record any account of disastrous consequences from earthquakes in Egypt; and although this is not a proof that such will never be the case, it is an argument in favour of feeling something like security. The prophecy of our blessed Lord, that "there shall be earthquakes in divers places," was instantly in my mind when awoke by that awful shock; nor did I dare to hope that the cause for alarm would so soon and so mercifully subside.

You can hardly imagine what various scenes present themselves to one looking from the windows of a house in one of the great thoroughfare-streets, such as that in which we are now living, in this most strange city of Cairo; which, by the way, should no longer be called "Grand Cairo;" for it is now a city of miserable ruins, interspersed with mosques, once magnificent, but now, in general, falling or fallen to decay; and with comparatively few modern houses, *of which* the paltry nature of the architecture contrasts very singularly with that of the picturesque, but tottering, older dwellings among which they rise. Bridal, and funeral processions, very often disturb our tranquillity: the former on Mondays and Thursdays, the most propitious days for such ceremonies; the latter, almost every day.

I have read accounts of refractory Muslim saints, who have, after death, resisted being carried to any place of burial excepting one on which, it is supposed by many, they had fixed their choice. A few days since I saw a procession attending the bier of one of that most singular fraternity. Instead of the usual wailing, men were shouting, and women screaming for joy and uttering the Zaghareet; while the beating of drums rendered the confusion of sounds complete. Scarcely had the hundreds following the bier passed our house, when the tide of human beings seemed checked, and in another minute rushed back with impetuosity. The saint had raised his hands, they said, and the bearers of the bier felt themselves forcibly prevented from proceeding by the way they intended. The Welee had first travelled east; now he travelled west; and we concluded that he was content: but a few hours after, the procession again passed our house; the people running with the bier; and men, women, children increasing in numbers every minute: and I do believe that nine-tenths of the multitude believed that the bearers were supernaturally withheld from carrying the bier their own way on every occasion that they changed their course. As in the morning so again in the afternoon, the attempt to carry their burden eastward failed; and in nearly as short a time as before, they turned and retraced their steps. When almost opposite to our house they made a stand, and that was a moment of some uneasiness; for it was possible that they might insist upon raising a tomb in the very thoroughfare, or even in our house. Such things have been done, and the tomb of a Welee has prevented the possibility of any thing of considerable size passing through some of the principal streets of Cairo. In opening the new road to the Citadel, by order of the Páshá, the tomb of a Welee was taken down; but is now being rebuilt nearly in the centre of the road; because it is said, the Páshá's sleep has been disturbed by the saint's nightly visitations, requiring restitution of his rights. Our fears that the restless Welee would become a neighbour were quieted by the bearers rushing forward as if impelled by something that seemed to urge them onward. For that night we heard no more of the saint; but on the following day we found that his bearers had had no rest but for one quarter of an hour, during which their burden was content to stay in the tomb of his parents. During that day, the same game was played as on the preceding, until towards evening, when those persons most nearly interested in



the arrangement of the interment commenced the preparation of a tomb with which they pretended him to be content.

Another uncommon funeral procession, that of Khursheed Pasha, late governor of Sennar, passed our house a few days after that of the saint ; and as it was the most remarkable of all such spectacles seen in Cairo since my arrival, I am induced to describe it to you. It was preceded by six camels, each bearing two boxes filled with corn and dates, above and between which sat the distributór, with a stick in his hand with which to drive off the crowd that pressed upon him, making as great a clamour as though they were all starving ; and strange to say, the most decently dressed were the most importunate. Then followed three camels with water ; and then two buffaloes to be sacrificed at the tomb, and the flesh to be divided among the poor. These practices are always observed at the funerals of rich persons in Egypt, and, I believe, throughout the East. About thirty reciters of the Kur-an followed next, and about the same number of sheyhks headed a large body of Turks of the middle classes, chiefly wearing the military dress. Then followed a tribe of Chaooshes, two and two, in full uniform ; and after these walked about fifty *grandeos* of all ages. Their dresses were most picturesque, the varieties of colour they displayed rendering the group they formed by far the most striking feature in the procession. There were among them some old men who had doubtless seldom before *walked* in the streets of Cairo. One, bent with age and apparently blind, was leaning on a youth who seemed to be his son, and many were much exhausted. They had all walked nearly a mile, and had to walk nearly a mile and a half further, the last half mile exposed to the burning sun. But to return to the order of the procession. Some boys walked next, each bearing a Kur-an ; and they were immediately followed by a crowd of men bearing incense in silver censers, filling the streets and houses with clouds of frankincense and other perfumes ; while others, carrying sprinkling-bottles of silver, showered their sweet contents around them on the more distinguished of the spectators. Then passed the bier, the appearance of which was not unusual : it was covered with a red, figured, Cashmère shawl, and borne by four men. The ladies, female slaves, and friends and attendants of the hareem next followed, consisting of about twenty-five or thirty ladies, mounted on high donkeys, and perhaps twenty slaves on ordinary donkeys, and a host on foot. All the last-mentioned screamed and wailed so loudly, that the noise cannot easily be forgotten by those who have heard as well as seen a grand funeral procession :—the mingling of noises, the reciters of the Kur-an, the chaunting boys, and the wailing women, occasion a deafening yell hardly to be imagined. The led horses of the *grandeos* bore up the rear, and thus concluded a spectacle as singular as almost any which can be witnessed in the streets of Cairo.

March, 1845.

AMONG the most singular of the customs observed in the Hareems of this country are those which are consequent upon a death ; and I think you will be entertained by an account of what is practised in a wealthy Christian Hareem on such an occasion. The scenes which I am about to describe to you were witnessed by my kind friend Mrs. Lieder ; and I shall give you the details nearly in her own words.

A few days ago one of the richest of the Copts residing in this city sent to Mr. Lieder, requesting him to send for an English physician, his wife being dangerously ill. Our friend sent immediately ; but just when his messenger had returned, a



servant arrived from the Copt, saying that his mistress was dead. It is thus that the Copts generally act; waiting until the patient is at the point of death before they send for medical aid.

Mrs. Lieder forthwith went to the scene of mourning; and soon after her return, brought me her memorandum of the strange observances which she had there witnessed. On arriving at the house, she says, I found the door thronged by the male friends of the master. I ascended to the apartments of the hareem, and in doing so, passed through the room in which the lady had died. Here every thing was in a state of the utmost confusion: the bed and bed-clothes were left strewn about, evidently with intention: not a thing had been removed since the body had been washed, and laid out. I then went into a large room, whence horrid screams and cries had assailed my ears; and there I found the corpse, laid on a small bed or mattress, on the floor, and covered with Cashmere shawls and richly embroidered crape veils. I was conducted to a place on the divan, near the head of the deceased. It was a dreadful sight: and the confusion and noise were most distressing. Two women were beating tambourines, and singing dismal dirges; while about twenty ladies and hired wailing women (such as we read of in the Scriptures) were crying aloud, and slapping, or rather beating themselves, keeping time with the instruments. Other women, including the slaves, were jumping and clapping their hands, while their bodies were bent almost double. Their performances strikingly reminded me of the American Indian dances described by Mr. Catlin, expressive of nothing less than frenzy. They continued their frantic gestures until they were nearly exhausted, when a sign was made for them to sit and rest.

Then followed the most interesting and touching act of the drama. The relations sat nearest to the corpse, and each of them addressed it in turn, using every endearing expression that love or friendship could suggest. Each held in her hand a handkerchief, folded in the form of a bandelet: this was rapidly whirled round at the close of each address. All apostrophised the deceased; slaves as well as relations. One cried, "Have I not loved thee, and have not mine eyes worshipped thee?" Another, "Thou art young, my heart's treasure, my beloved! O! thou art very young to leave thy husband and thy mother!" Another, a slave, cried, "I have made thy bread, must thou for ever leave thy poor slave? O my mistress, wilt thou no longer eat what my hands may prepare?" Then cried another slave, "Have I not cooked for thee the choicest dainties? Wilt thou no longer remain with us? Canst thou leave us desolate? O! come back again, my beloved! My mistress, come back to thy wretched slave, and she will prepare for thee sweetmeats with honey, and sugar, and perfumes, and use all her skill to please thee!" This was said by a very fat old negro woman. One poor slave fainted several times, evidently from real affection, combined with fatigue. It was astonishing that they could endure so much excitement and exertion of mind and body.

The mother, of course, was the chief mourner. She wore a dark blue head-veil and *tób*,\* a pair of old trousers formed part of the rest of her dress; and around her head, over the veil above mentioned, was wound a narrow strip of blue muslin, one of the principal insignia of mourning, as the crape hat-band is in England. Her hands and feet were dyed with indigo. The mother-in-law and her sisters were in like manner disfigured. I can never forget the distracted manner in which the women of the

\* The large, loose, silk dress, worn over the indoor apparel, and under the Nabarah in walking or riding.



family and the visitors conducted themselves, as time after time they renewed the jumping, or rather dancing and screaming, around the corpse ; how they rent their clothes, and how they kissed the corpse, and then wept, and fell down exhausted. There were present the ladies of all the principal scribes. All of them I observed to be in dark clothes ; their *tóbs* especially were of dark and sombre hues. Pink and every bright colour, except blue, are considered unbecoming in the house of mourning.

Until I had been there about an hour, I could hardly find leisure to turn my eyes from the mourners to examine the state of the apartment, which was intentionally put into the utmost disorder. All kinds of broken glass, china, and common earthenware were strewed upon the floor ; and the rich Turkey carpet, and the cushions and coverings of the divans, were all turned and torn ; the divan coverings being also intentionally soiled, smeared with indigo, and partly covered with bran and with strips of rag ; together with broken ornaments, and toys, and old books. The only thing left in its usual condition was an antique chair of dark wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, surmounted with a canopy covered with red silk. A chair of this kind is generally found in a Copt's house, and upon it the turban is placed at bed-time. The walls were smeared with indigo ;\* and I observed the form of the Coptic cross marked in several places, expressly for the occasion, and, as it appeared to me, treated with dishonour, as though the inmates of the house were enraged even against Providence.

The time now arrived when the bridal garments of the departed young woman were brought ; and the mourners whose office it was to do so began to strip the dead. I found, as I had expected, that the body had been washed, and wrapped in white cotton ; but nothing further had been done. All the relations now quitted the room, leaving the body to the friends and the hired women. The first article of dress in which they clad the corpse was a pair of rich pink satin trousers : they then put on a pair of new yellow morocco mezz (a kind of inner slipper) : after this a lace shirt ; and next, a magnificent long vest (a *yelek*) of gold brocade. Around the waist was wound a costly Cashmere shawl ; and the attire was completed by a *saltah* (or jacket) of sky-blue satin, profusely embroidered with gold, together with a new *farroodeeyeh* (or kerchief) bound round the head, and a crape veil, one of those which I had first seen upon it. The face was fair and beautiful ; characterised by a loveliness which is said to have cost the husband a very large dowry. The age of the deceased could not have been more than seventeen years. Her death was caused by childbirth ; and this was the twelfth day from the commencement of her illness.

While the corpse was being attired, the cries and exclamations were almost deafening ; and those who surrounded it addressed it repeatedly, telling of the richness, beauty, and costliness of every article of dress, as each was put on. The next thing was to make the winding-sheet, which was a piece of satin, interwoven with gold. In this the corpse, with its splendid and costly dress, was sewed up for burial.

The visitors, and I among them, now descended from the hareem ; and below we found a great number of high donkeys prepared for the friends and relations of the deceased. After most of them had mounted, the plain wooden bier was brought, and placed before the entrance of the hareem ; and the donkey-carpet upon which the deceased used to ride, and a small pillow for the head, were laid in it. The poor husband was then led forward to the bier. From the time of the death, neither he

\* All this description forcibly reminds one of the admirable story of the slave *Káfoor* in the *Thousand and One Nights*.



nor any of the male relations had seen the corpse. He seemed almost frantic, throwing himself upon the bier, and begging that he might be buried with his wife.

During the illness of his wife, some of the ladies of his family betook themselves to a celebrated picture of the Virgin, to address to it their prayers and complaints. This picture is in a private house, from which it is supposed it cannot be permanently removed; before it is a small table, on which candles are constantly kept burning, and it is held in great veneration. Its pretended miraculous properties are said to have been discovered by its having been transferred to a church, and found to have returned without hands, in the course of the night after its removal, to its former place! This wonderful picture the ladies above-mentioned thought more likely than a physician to be a means of recovering their dying relation. As prayers addressed to it seemed unavailing, they had recourse to reproaches, crying out to it, "Do you not see the state of our dear relation? Are you blind? Are you deaf? Have you not power to heal her? Is your power gone? You can recover her if you will! Arouse yourself!" From this and similar language, becoming enraged, they proceeded to *beating* the picture.

I had no idea that persons of the higher class among the members of the Coptic church, which was once so famous, and is still venerable for its antiquity, and for the firmness with which it has withstood persecutions too horrible to relate, could be in a state of darkness so deep as to behave in this absurd and shocking manner; and I grieve to tell you of it: but I do so that you may rejoice with me in the wise and energetic means which are employed in the present day to dispel it.

Of the numerous pupils attracted to the Missionary Institution, and the schools attached to it, in this city, a large proportion consists of the children of the Copts. Here they and others enjoy the blessing of a liberal and Christian education. In the departments of the boys, the untiring zeal and excellent judgment of our highly-respected friend, the Rev. Mr. Lieder, are in constant exercise in directing the native teachers, and labouring with them, with a devotion to which I imagine there are few parallels; while, in the female department, our dear friend, Mrs. Lieder, whose life is one of extraordinary activity and of most extensive benevolence, performs the duties of the like superintendence, duties requiring no small share of tact and knowledge, with very remarkable and gratifying success.

The Coptic Institution, to which the attention of Mr. Lieder is principally directed, sends forth soundly educated young men to become members of the priesthood of their national church, and has been distinguished by the high approbation of the Patriarch. Incalculable good may hence be expected to arise; for the Coptic priesthood is, in general, lamentably degraded by ignorance and superstition. In the Institution above mentioned are, at present, twenty-five pupils; seventeen of these are boarders, who are respectably clad, and most comfortably lodged and fed. In the boys' day-school attached to it, the average number of the pupils attending is one hundred and twenty, composed of Christians, Jews, and Muslims; and in the girls' school one hundred and twenty-five. Three hundred girls have left since the year 1835, when the school was first opened, able to read and write, and, if necessary, to earn their bread by embroidery and by other kinds of needlework; and, above all, having heard, and learned by heart, the important truths of Christianity. These girls are of different religions, like the boys.

It is interesting to observe the different countenances of Easterns of different countries in that overflowing schoolroom. Next to the well-known features of the Jewess, those of the Syrians are the most remarkable; so peculiar are the counte-



nances of the latter, that after two were pointed out to me, I was able to separate others from those around them. In general, the Syrian girl has a high intelligent forehead, with arched eyebrows, large and long-shaped, soft dark eyes, a fair complexion, a delicately formed aquiline nose, and small, pretty mouth. The face is long, with such a grave, and sensible, and thoughtful expression, that the little girl seems as though she carried an old head on young shoulders. There is no dimpled prettiness about the little Syrians, but a sort of dignified beauty, which, when matured, at the age of perhaps sixteen, is very striking; and the Syrian women retain their youthful appearance longer than any other Easterns that I know. Delicacy being their peculiar personal characteristic, they strangely contrast with the swarthy Arab child, whose good-tempered expressive mouth, and perfectly regular white teeth, comprise perhaps her only personal charms. The children of the Muslims are often sadly disfigured by weak eyes, the diseased state of which is not induced, but increased, by the most absurd superstitions.

It appears to me that most of the thousands of infants who lose their sight or drop into their graves on the very threshold of existence, are rather the victims of superstition than of climate. For example, the child of an Arab girl for whom we felt interested lost his sight from an attack of ophthalmia, induced by cold, and increased by the mother's having bandaged up his eyes on the first symptoms appearing, and preserved them bandaged and unwashed until they shrunk and withered in their sockets. I heard nothing of the disease having attacked the poor baby until his eyes were dark, and then it was brought to show me. It was most distressing to look upon that dear infant, and see that his Heavenly Father's best gift to his little body, that one most productive of enjoyment, was hopelessly and entirely lost. In another week, I heard that the dear child was dead; and I heard it with feelings of unmixed thankfulness to God. What had been his prospects here? Of Muslim parents, he would have been educated in a false religion, mentally and physically dark, to grope his way in poverty through childhood, with life's struggle before him, the child of oppressed parents who could rarely afford to lighten his burden by their presence; lonely, blind, and miserable. When I hear of the death of children under circumstances such as these, I always rejoice; "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

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## THE TERROR OF EARTHQUAKES.

THERE is no event which makes so deep and lasting an impression on the mind as an earthquake, nor does any other phenomenon of nature affect it to an equal degree. Hence those who have not experienced an earthquake are unable to judge of the state of mind into which people are thrown by it. Confusion, distraction, and horror, carried to the highest pitch, do not convey an adequate idea of what is passing in their breasts. The principal cause of this extraordinary state of mind is doubtless founded on the circumstance, that an earthquake unsettles our whole system of thinking and reasoning, by withdrawing the foundation on which it rests. From our earliest years we have been accustomed to consider the soil under our feet as firm and

immovable. We have unconsciously connected this idea with all our conceptions, feelings, and actions; and it thus becomes the base of all our plans, intentions, and wishes. Our whole life, with all its events and operations, rest on this idea as on an immutable foundation. An earthquake, by turning it into a delusion, overthrows our whole system of thinking and acting. We are no longer able to collect our thoughts so as to form an idea, we cannot conceive any plan, nor take any resolution. The faculty of thinking is, as it were, paralysed, and our mind thrown into the utmost confusion. The difference between a strong and a weak mind disappears. We are no longer guided by principles or reason; we follow only the involuntary impulses of instinct, or, in



the most favourable circumstances, we are influenced by some feelings arising from some previous ideas which fortunately have been indelibly impressed on our mind.

A gentleman of Copiapó expressed himself on this point, to Captain B. Hall, as follows:—"Although I am not a man to cry out and play the fool on such occasions, yet I do fairly own that these earthquakes are very awful, and indeed must be felt to be understood in their true extent. Before we hear the sound, or, at least, are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible, I do not know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; everything seems to change colour; our thoughts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all nature looks different to what it was wont to do; and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power beyond human control or comprehension. Then comes the terrible sound distinctly heard; and immediately the solid earth is all in motion, waving to and fro like the surface of the sea. Depend upon it, a severe earthquake is enough to shake the firmest mind. Custom enables us to restrain the expression of alarm, but no custom can teach any one to witness such earthquakes without the deepest emotion of terror."

The utter confusion and uncertainty of the mind, which must arise from the complete overthrow of our common system of thinking and acting, is converted into terror by those circumstances which always attend earthquakes, and which powerfully affect our senses. All the attempts at keeping one's footing, whilst the earth is continually and violently heaving up and down with a quickness of which no one can form an idea but those who have witnessed it, prove useless and embarrassing in the highest degree. The tottering buildings, the crashing of the timbers of the roofs, and the falling of the tiles, together with the loud rumbling noise immediately under the spot on which we are standing, completely distract the senses. Men would abandon themselves entirely to the overwhelming operations of nature if they had not strongly impressed on their minds the sad experience, that most persons have perished in earthquakes by having been crushed under the ruins of the buildings. This impression acts like an instinct on them. They rush out of the houses, but too frequently not to find safety out of doors. They soon find that they cannot keep their footing without support; they cling to one another, to trees, or to posts. Some throw themselves to the ground, but the motion of the earth is so violent, that they are com-

pelled to stretch out their arms to prevent themselves from being tossed over. Here and there the earth opens, and deep chasms present themselves to their eyes. There are no means of escaping from these threatening dangers. Persons may retire in safety out of the reach of the eruption of a volcano, they may easily avoid the current of burning lava advancing towards them, and even when suddenly overtaken by an inundation, they soon perceive in what direction they have to fly to avoid being overwhelmed by the rushing volume of water; but during an earthquake every one is impressed with the conviction, that wherever he goes he places himself over the focus of destruction.

It may easily be conceived that all those who have experienced a severe earthquake are terrified at any uncommon appearance. The slightest undulation of the ground or any unusual noise rouses their attention, and they immediately rush out of their houses. But habit influences the mind in this case too. When for a number of years a place has only been visited by moderate shocks, not attended by destructive effects, the inhabitants, by degrees, get rid of every kind of fear. "In Lima," says Humboldt, "this habit, united to the generally prevailing opinion, that destructive earthquakes do not occur more than two or three times in a century, has rendered the inhabitants so indifferent to slight shocks, that they do not pay more attention to them, than we do to a hail-storm."

When, after a very severe earthquake, the sufferers' minds become sufficiently collected to contemplate the effects produced, they are astonished at the extent of destruction, and they feel another kind of terror, when they consider in what a short time it has been brought about. The most destructive shocks are of very short duration, and seem quite out of proportion to the effects they have produced. In some cases it even appears that the amount of destruction and the time of duration are to each other in an inverse proportion; the shorter the shock, the greater the devastation. The most destructive shocks, by which thousands of persons lost their lives, flourishing towns were converted into heaps of ruins, and whole provinces convulsed, lasted, in many cases, as it were, only an instant. Thus, as we observed, in giving an account of the earthquake of Caracas, that place was entirely levelled to the ground by three shocks, each of which did not continue for more than three or four seconds, and all of them occurred within a space of less than a minute. The shock which, on the 5th of February (1783), converted a large portion





of Calabria into one general ruin, did not, according to the statement of the inhabitants, exceed two minutes in duration; and in 1692 the face of the island of Jamaica was, in three minutes, so changed, that hardly a tract could be found which had preserved the appearance it had borne previous to the earthquake. We may even suppose that the time of duration in the two last-mentioned cases has been probably overrated. For as there were no signs indicating the approach of the earthquake, the precise moment of its beginning cannot easily be determined exactly; and we may assume that people, placed suddenly in such a state of terror, and longing for the moment of its cessation, have estimated the time of duration much longer than it really was. When this is considered, we may well agree with Humboldt when he says, that there is no force known to exist, not even the murderous inventions of our own race contrived for each other's extirpation, by which in the short period of a few seconds or minutes such a number of persons can be killed, as by an earthquake. In Sicily, in 1692, not less than 60,000 perished; in Riobamba and its neighbourhood, in 1797, from 30,000 to 40,000; in Calabria, in 1783, perhaps 100,000; and in Asia Minor and in Syria, in the time of Tiberius and Justinian, not less than 250,000.—*From Wittich's Curiosities of Physical Geography, Series II., in Knight's Weekly Volume.*

## ENIGMA X.

The Indian lover burst

From his lone cot by night;—  
When Love hath lit my first,  
In hearts by Passion nurst,  
Oh! who shall quench the light?

The Indian left the shore;

He heard the night wind sing,  
And curs'd the tardy oar,  
And wish'd that he could soar,  
Upon my second's wing.

The blast came cold and damp,  
But, all the voyage through,  
I lent my lingering lamp  
As o'er the marshy swamp  
He paddled his canoe.



## REMARKABLE GERMAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.

A VERY striking defect in the Bavarian Criminal Code seems to us to be the length of time elapsing between the commencement of the investigation of the crime and the final result, occasioned by the repeated examinations and the search into all the previous occurrences of the prisoner's life. In Feuerbach's work, which on the whole has a very commonplace, Newgate-Calendar sort of character, only redeemed by the metaphysical disquisitions, the periods of all the trials are not given, but in twenty-four of the cases, the only ones in which the length of time occupied in what we must call the trial can be ascertained, the average length is fifteen months. One, Riembauer's, lasted five years; and another, the Kleinsehrot family, occupied more than three years. If capital punishments are at all advisable, it must be by effect produced by the promptness of the punishment following the crime, an effect that must be greatly weakened, if not annihilated, by such long delays.

We have already said that the narratives are chiefly of vulgar crime. The exceptions are, perhaps, those of the Kleinschrot family, for the murder of a father and husband by his family; and of Riembauer (the modern *Tartuffe*, as he has been called), for the murder of his mistress; but as these have been given by Lady Duff Gordon, and the latter also in the 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 166, we shall not repeat them, but give an abridgment of a couple of cases of murder committed in drunkenness, in order to show some curious theories sanctioned by the Bavarian law as to crimes committed in that state. The first is the case of Joseph Auermann.

This man, who was condemned by the chief court of Neuberg to be beheaded, belonged to that class of criminals who are more to be pitied as unfortunate on account of their crime than abhorred as criminals.

The process here shows an honest and generally esteemed citizen, who, from the pressure of concurring circumstances, falls into the commission of a terrible crime that stands in apparent opposition to all his pre-

vious life, his inclinations, his passions, and his feelings.

Joseph Auermann is a Catholic, thirty-six years old, born in the little town of Beilengries, where his father, who had died eight years before, was a master-baker. At first he continued to support himself by this trade, but afterwards abandoned it, and undertook a tile-kiln, which with the ground attached to it constituted his property, and was worth about four thousand florins, but was encumbered with debts to the amount of two thousand florins. He has been married ten years, has had four children, of whom two are still alive, a girl of ten years and a boy of one year.

Auermann, far from ever having incurred any punishment from the magistracy, or even deserved any, was universally respected on account of his unquestioned integrity. Every one examined—witnesses, fellow-townsmen, neighbours, domestics—unanimously agreed in the following description of his character. He was a thoroughly honourable and honest citizen, who with ceaseless diligence endeavoured to support his family and to increase his business. He did not game, drank little, was beneficent to the poor, friendly, obliging, and willing to assist every one. To religion he was truly devoted, not merely to its ceremonies, but itself, in thought and deed. He was not quarrelsome, but thoroughly peaceable, conciliating, and not in the least addicted to violent anger. Offences he knew how to bear and to forgive. To jeering raillery, even when directed against himself, he used to listen good-humouredly, and join in the laugh. To be silent, not to answer an inquiry, nor to reply to a speech, were the strongest signs of his anger. His workmen loved him for his extraordinary good-heartedness and mildness. Even with his servant Pögel, the man for whom he at length was condemned as a murderer, he lived, according to the expression of one witness, as a father with his child. When this Pögel had once embezzled some of his property, he continued nevertheless peaceable and kind towards him. As a husband he was a model: after a marriage of ten years his wife bore testimony that she had never had a contention with him. With such qualities, a witness, who had known him nineteen years as a neighbour, justly said of him, "in all my life I have never known a better man."



We have translated the above at length to show the minuteness of the investigation which is made into the previous character of a prisoner, even as to matters that have no bearing on the crime of which he is accused. Had the murder here been doubtful, such evidence might have been of value as showing the improbability of such a man having committed it; but in this case there was no doubt, nor did Auermann deny it. We shall now abridge the facts of the case as they appeared in evidence.

Auermann had become indebted to this Pögel, partly for arrears of wages, and partly borrowed money, to the amount of four hundred florins. Pögel left his service and required his money, which not obtaining immediately, he obtained a decree on the 29th Nov. 1806, from the civil court for its payment within four weeks of that time. Auermann, as he had not the amount by him, made strenuous efforts to raise it by way of loan; "he spared neither promises nor entreaties," but he failed in all his efforts, and was deeply affected. To one person to whom he applied in vain, wringing his hands, he said, "For God's sake, what shall I do? an execution will be issued; I am yet a respectable man, and I shall be disgraced." Notwithstanding his ill-success, he did not relax in his endeavours, making his applications, it is said, with tears in his eyes. But on Dec. 19, nearly a fortnight before the expiration of the given time, Pögel came to his house, boisterously demanded his debt, and declared he would not quit it till his debt was discharged, actually quartered himself therein, took his seat at the table with the family, and slept at night in the kiln-shed. "His behaviour towards the unhappy debtor was now an uninterrupted course of offence; at every opportunity he called him a cheat and a scoundrel, and allowed no representations—such as that the legal time had not expired, and that he would receive his money—to silence him." All the witnesses depose to the most irritating speeches and behaviour on the part of Pögel. On the 21st Dec., a Sunday, his conduct and language after dinner became even more outrageous, till at length the patience of Auermann failed; he rushed from his

house with weeping eyes, unable longer to bear the torment of these reproaches, again to seek the means of freeing himself from this pest. All the afternoon was spent in soliciting various persons, among whom was his brother, for assistance in discharging the debt, or at least for advice as to the course he was to pursue; but none were in a situation to advance the money. As, however, he had to seek the most of them in different public houses, he had to drink much beyond his usual quantity. Two or three pints of beer, at the most five, was the utmost he was ever known to take, but on this afternoon, by half-past seven o'clock, he had had, according to his own reckoning, fourteen pints, and even, according to the evidence of the landlords and other witnesses, at least ten pints. "If we only consider that Auermann was unaccustomed to drink such a quantity, that the beer also was of various descriptions, that his mind was irritated with fresh vexation, passionately moved by anxious care, fear, and hope; his declaration that he had become drunk has certainly great probability, even though not observed by any one of the witnesses examined. Drunkenness does not display itself in all men in a like manner, and is in many, particularly in temperaments like that of the prisoner, scarcely to be perceived."

At half-past seven he left the last public-house he had visited, and betook himself towards his own home. On his way, according to his own confession, his mind was busy with the thoughts of his unhappy situation, the insults he had already received from Pögel, and the fresh ones which probably awaited him; his anger kindled, and he says: "I thought—if Pögel is still in my house, where he has no right to be as the day of payment is not yet passed, and torments me about his money, I'll kill him, and he deserves it." In this state of mind he reached his home, where, seeing a light, he considered that if he entered at once, and carried his resolve into execution, the noise would alarm the family and discover the deed. He therefore went and lay down on the straw in his tile-floor, where he slept till half-past nine. When he awoke, his misery again oppressed



him, and he renewed his resolution. He proceeded to the house, determined, to use his own words, "to beat Pögel, if he again annoyed him, even if he should kill him." He knocked at the door, which Pögel opened: Auermann entered, and began to eat the supper which his wife had prepared for him. Pögel renewed his abuse, and Auermann reproached him with his embezzlement; the dispute became more vehement; till at length Auermann seized a log of wood that lay near him, knocked Pögel down with it, and then with repeated blows fractured his skull so that he died. He then placed the body head downward in a sack to prevent the blood staining the room, and carried it to his tile-floor, where he concealed it under some straw: he then carefully effaced all traces of blood in the room, and about twelve o'clock went to bed. On the following morning he sought his brother, communicated to him what had occurred, and besought his assistance in concealing the body. His brother consented, and the corpse was buried in a hole dug by them in the tile-kiln. On the same day he disclosed the matter to his wife also.

The sudden disappearance of Pögel, some traces of blood among the straw, the contradictory statements of Auermann, and other circumstances, soon caused the horrid secret to be suspected by the domestics; and on Dec. 26, five days after the deed, two of them stated their suspicions to their master. He immediately acknowledged the fact; yet they both kept silent on the subject, being unwilling to betray him. He, however, tormented by his conscience, and, advised by these two domestics, proceeded on Dec. 28 to the house of the judge, to avow his crime, and to surrender himself to justice; but there he happened to encounter a young woman, the intended bride of the murdered man, which affected him so, that, unable to utter a word, he hastened from the door.

On the afternoon of the same day, he was arrested on the information of one of his domestics. On his first examination he acknowledged having slain Pögel, but represented it as an accident, arising from the quarrel, and said that Pögel had drawn a knife on him; but on the third

examination he acknowledged the murder, and that the facts were as above stated; and to this he adhered in all the succeeding examinations. On Dec. 30 the corpse was disinterred and examined: the wounds were all on the head, the back part of which was beaten in so that in places the brains protruded; and it was evident that these wounds had been the cause of death.

We have already stated that Auermann was condemned to be beheaded; but Beilenfries was not, in fact, within the operation of the Bavarian criminal code, being a part of the recently annexed principality of Eichstadt: all the following reasoning, however, and the final award, has of course reference to the principles of that code. By the criminal judicial ordinance of Charles V., an essential difference is made between murder and manslaughter. By the last is understood a killing without any previous consideration, during a sudden excess of anger, and on the spot; by murder, on the contrary, one executed upon reflection. To the crime of manslaughter is affixed the punishment of beheading; to that of murder, breaking on the wheel. Auermann's sentence was drawn from the common law. We now again translate Feuerbach's own words:

The murder itself is proved so clearly and undoubtedly that all further explanation would be superfluous. As little doubt is there as to the general propriety of the punishment, or of the design of the murderer. The last is repeatedly acknowledged, the first is justified by all the preceding events. For the drunkenness of the criminal was by no means of an extent to exclude the punishment. He pondered deeply before the act, judged rightly, acted rationally and according to circumstances; he himself remembered all the separate occurrences, and even his thoughts, feelings, and resolutions.

If now we consider that the deadly deed of Auermann had been occasioned by the immediately preceding exasperation of Pögel; that in anger, and during the interchange of bitter reproaches, Auermann had seized the billet of wood, and committed the murder; the minor punishment for manslaughter would have seemed the most appropriate. Yet a homicide merely completed in a passion is not necessarily manslaughter through excessive rage. Though



Pögel had irritated him anew, yet Auermann had in this case already resolved upon his murder; on his way home the resolution was firmly adopted. In order not to be disturbed or discovered in perpetrating it, when he saw a light in his house he did not enter immediately, but waited till his household were asleep. After awaking in the tile-shed, the resolution with which he lay down was anew adopted and strengthened. With the design of killing Pögel in the probable case of his again annoying him, he left the shed and proceeded to his house. All these facts sufficiently prove a premeditated killing—a murder.

If we might suppose that this crime was committed with the hope of releasing himself from the debt, the prisoner might even be deemed a felonious murderer; but for this conjecture we have no proof either in the confession of the prisoner or in the requisite facts. Auermann was too well informed not to have known that such a hope could not be fulfilled, and that what could no longer be paid to Pögel must be paid to his heirs. As the actual motive to his resolution, he ascribes the rancour aroused in him against the murdered man, a statement which has the highest psychological probability. For three days uninterruptedly he had endured the rudest insults from Pögel; plagued and persecuted by his abusive reproaches, he could not enter his house without anxiety, nor sit down to his own table but with fear and chagrin. The pain of the renewed afflictions drove him from his dwelling on the afternoon of December 21, to make fresh efforts to raise the money. In the evening, heated with drink, racked with the ill-success of his many applications, keenly remembering the lately suffered insults, with empty hands, he was returning to the torment of new afflictions. What is more comprehensible than that the whole bitterness of his wounded spirit poured itself upon the causes of all these sufferings, and that the long-restrained resentment, added to the painful embarrassment arising from the approaching period for payment, rapidly united into a resolution to remove the pitiless creditor if he again renewed his torments? If we take these distinct ideas together, the apparent inducements to the deed were partly revenge and partly the design of releasing himself by the death of Pögel from the painful feeling of his presence, from his offensive reproaches, and his stormy demands.

The sentence of the court is according to the justest law. The assigned punishment of beheading is even milder than that of the

law, because breaking on the wheel is directed for murder, and no legal ground for remission was shown to empower the judge to order any alleviation of the law. But though the judge, the mouth of the law, had no power to avert the punishment of death, yet there were the most weighty reasons to determine the sovereign to withhold the sword of justice.

To assist the imperfection of the laws in their application, to equalize with wisdom the disproportion between the legal punishment and the culpability of a particular individual, betwixt the unbending severity of the immutable general laws and the ever varying alterations in individual offences, and thus to reconcile justice with equity, a power is placed, with the right of granting mercy, in the hands of the sovereign.

The culpability of Auermann appears to be so much lessened by the concurrence of various extraordinary circumstances, as to seem out of all proportion with the punishment of death.

Auermann does not belong to the class of such criminals, whose corrupted minds court crime from an inward impulse, from inward dangerous inclinations and passions; from an honest man he became a misdoer through the extreme pressure of unmerited accidents. This all appears clearly from the consideration of the following reasons.

His whole life shows him to have been not merely a blameless, but an estimable man, whom all his fellow-townsmen might justly regard as a model of rectitude. His early life disclosed not a single bad or dangerous inclination or passion, either in words or deeds. Neither choler nor revenge, neither greediness nor selfishness, nor dissoluteness nor laziness, disfigured his character, so far as this is depicted by the united testimony of credible witnesses. The easiness of his temper, too little power to will, too little courage to resolve,—these were the sources of his crime and his ruin.

The murdered man had conducted himself towards Auermann in the most unjustifiable manner; intruded himself into his house and to his table, sought to extort the payment of his debt, for which the term had not arrived, by the most contumelious insults. Auermann's hatred and bitterness, therefore, which had been created by Pögel's own fault, by the intolerable violation of his domestic rights, by the unjust attacks on his honour, may be justly, or at least humanely, excused.

Let any one imagine to himself the situation in which this man, who already on



the 11th of December had wrung his hands in despair, found himself on the 21st; can he hold that this situation assimilates with his character, the deed with all that had preceded it? it may then be assumed with the highest probability that his crime was resolved upon and executed in the confusion of a mind bordering on distraction. On this unlucky day a storm broke loose upon him that might have shaken the firmest mind, but which completely crushed his, in which mildness and weakness at least are to be recognised, and reduced it to pusillanimous desperation. The unbearable disgrace which had driven him from his home, the disappointment of the hopes attending his renewed efforts, probably the extinction of the hopes of ever raising the required money; the horrible prospect of a public sale, against which no help was visible; the excited feeling of his honour all at once wrecked and shattered by the pitiless hardness of his creditor; the fear of new insults, and the bitter recollection of the previous ones; all fermented and convulsed his perplexed mind, till the thought was engendered of a bloody revenge on the detested cause of all these evils.

To this is to be added the excitement occasioned by drink, which had certainly not deprived him of reflection and consciousness, but which must have given to his confused thoughts and feelings greater activity, vividness, and power. He firmly maintained that even after awaking from the hour and a half's sleep he still felt drunk, and that the murderous act itself was committed while he was yet intoxicated. It was only when Pögel lay a corpse before him that he became sober—a statement which has too much internal probability to have been invented.

Besides this, he stated, that on his return to his house, when the idea of killing Pögel first occurred to him, he had recalled to his mind a case which seemed to give his crime the justification of law. He remembered how once a man, who had been severely beaten by the owner for an intrusion on his domestic privacy, had been refused any satisfaction on making his complaint to an official, with the remark, that he must put up with it, even if the other had beaten him to death. Auermann took this expression in too literal or too extensive a sense: that conclusion was undoubtedly a piece of sophistry dictated by his self love, which sought to corrupt his heart and win over to itself his nobler feelings. But this circumstance (which is the more credible as it agrees with various other similar expres-

sions which the prisoner soon after the deed let fall to his domestics) proves at least how novel were criminal ideas to the mind of Auermann. He could not indeed look the crime in the face, was unable to endure it in its true form, and therefore sought to conceal it in the mantle of justice before he could muster the courage to commit it.

He also deferred the criminal design to a certain distance from himself; he did not decisively resolve upon killing Pögel, but reluctantly made the necessity and execution of his intention to depend on the condition that Pögel should repeat his demands in an offensive manner. The deed would probably have remained undone had not Pögel immediately fulfilled the condition, and, as it were, challenged the will to the execution of the resolution.

Auermann's behaviour after the act was in unison with all the preceding circumstances: the remorse of conscience which instantly seized him; the acknowledgment he made to his domestics; his proceeding to the house of the justice in order to give himself up; his circumstantial and penitential confession, in which he acknowledged his guilt even at the first examination.

From these considerations it was proposed to the minister of justice that his Majesty might be pleased to extend his grace to Auermann, to release him from the sentence of death, and to decree that a punishment out of the ordinary course should be recorded against him.

Here the case ends, and we may suppose that the recommendation was adopted. We will not contend against the propriety of extending mercy, and we leave the reader to decide on the merits of the reasoning; but we think there are men who are too weak-minded to resist ill-usage or oppression openly and manfully, who have malice and cunning sufficient to revenge it secretly.

In Auermann's case the drunkenness formed a very subordinate part of the exculpation; but in the following one it will be seen that it is considered as a complete justification. As it is the reasoning by which this conclusion is attained that constitutes the curiosity of the case, we shall here, as in the previous instance, only give a rapid sketch of the crime, and indeed, only some specimens of the reasoning, as the whole is far too long for our limits.



One Andrew Schweiger, a small farmer of about thirty years of age, lived at Erlangen, with his wife Johanna, who was aged fifty-four. He lived unhappily through the bad temper and jealousy of his wife, had frequent violent disputes with her, and occasionally got drunk. Adjoining the house was a stable, and above it a hay-loft, which was reached from the street by a short ladder. In this loft the labourer, one John Pürner, slept; and Schweiger, after quarrelling with his wife, would also occasionally creep into this hole to avoid her; and this he had done on the Saturday and Sunday, the 2nd and 3rd of August, 1828.

On this Sunday between ten and eleven at night, Johanna rushed into the street, and alarmed all her neighbours with the intelligence that her husband had been murdered. Many persons assembled, who ascended the loft, and found Schweiger lying on his back, in his blood, quite dead, and Pürner by his side fast asleep. They attempted to awaken him by shaking him, but in vain, and in doing so, discovered a knife protruding from his breeches' pocket, thickly covered with blood from the point to the handle. Pürner remained in this state, notwithstanding all the noise around him, till twelve o'clock, when the police commissioners arrived. After much pushing, and shaking, and thumping, he was in some degree awakened; he yawned, uttered some unintelligible words, stretched himself, threw out his arms, and doubled his fists, answering all that was said to him, with "Let me alone, or ———." Two gendarmes succeeded at length in getting him upright, but he could neither go nor stand; and in order to get him into the street, they were obliged to slide him down the ladder. He was there closely examined, and a light was held to his eyes, but they remained shut; his clothes, smock-frock, waistcoat, and shirt, were bloody, and his hands, which he willingly showed when desired, were full of blood. He was evidently so drunk that the gendarmes had to carry him to prison, where he was placed on some straw, and lay, as the witnesses said, as though he were dead. The body of the murdered man was found covered with wounds inflicted

by such an instrument as the knife. It is needless to tell how suspicion at first fell on the wife, in consequence of the known ill-feeling between her and her husband, and of some inconsistencies in her statement of the way in which she had discovered the murder; and we shall proceed to the statement of the facts.

The evidence of the wife and the maid-servant proved that the master, Schweiger, came home somewhat intoxicated about five or six o'clock, and went to the hay-loft to sleep. At eight o'clock they went to bed, but about ten the maid awakened her mistress with the intelligence that there was a noise in the loft, near which she slept; that there was quarrelling and fighting, and that she knew Pürner by his voice. Her mistress, she states, went into the loft, though this the mistress denied, and that she heard Pürner say: "Get out of my place; if you do not get out I will stick you," and that her mistress answered, "Good God, he has killed my husband," to which Pürner replied, "No, no: it is not your husband, but Wörlein." This evidence was confirmed to a considerable degree by other witnesses. On the 5th of August one of the police officers found Pürner greatly troubled, and inquired the cause, to which he replied, "How has this misfortune happened to me? Wörlein had taken me to a public house, and there I got drunk; I thought he lay upon the floor of the loft, and as he was lousy I would have him go away; as he would not I threatened to stab him. I knew not that it was Schweiger, but believed it to have been Wörlein." Wörlein, it must be stated, was a labourer that had worked occasionally for Schweiger, and sometimes had slept in the loft. "John Pürner, at the time of the deed, was twenty-eight years old, of the evangelical religion, the son of a poor day-labourer, supporting himself by agricultural labour. His reputation was not the best, being described by the witnesses as dissolute, idle, and drunken; yet it was not known that he had ever been subject to any official punishment, but in 1826 had been suspected of theft." He had been only eight days in Schweiger's employ, and there had been no ill feeling between him and his master.



On Sunday, August 3, about four in the afternoon, he had gone to a beer-cellar, where he met the above-mentioned Wörlein, and spent the evening with him till between nine and ten o'clock. He drank during this time, according to the statement of the waiter, more beer than Wörlein, who had drunk from two to three quarts; and he was merry all the afternoon, talked and sang, and at length left the public-house, according to Wörlein, "pretty well drunk;" according to three other witnesses, "somewhat intoxicated."

On his way home Wörlein left him, and at ten o'clock the police-officers, Schuster and Weber, as they were patrolling the streets, found him sitting on a stone in front of the justice-court. On inquiring what he did there, he gave no answer, and they found he was asleep. On shaking him, he said, between drunk and asleep—"I must first drink my beer, and then I will go." When they succeeded in making him comprehend that he was no longer in the public-house, but sitting in the street, and that he must go home, he asked, "Where is my brother Meisel?" the name of one of his previous employers, and exclaimed, when they assured him that brother Meisel was not there, "Then the rascal has left me sitting here." To the enquiries where he was going, and who he was, he gave no distinct answers, and would probably have continued sitting, and again gone to sleep, had not the police-officers lifted him from the stone by the arms, and ordered him to go home. He staggered at first, and then reeled away. Both witnesses observed that "he was drunk, but could yet walk, and in his speech they noticed nothing particular."

At a quarter past ten we find him again at a public-house called the Golden Well; but whether he there drank any more beer is not ascertained. He seems not to have gone into the tap-room, but to have stopped at the bar, probably to inquire his way home. One of the persons present, of whom he enquired the way to Schweiger's house, says, "he staggered here and there at the bar, and was pretty well drunk;" another calls him "very drunk."

Shortly after this we find him again in the street, on his way home. But he had lost his way, knew not where to find his master's house, and was necessitated to ask the passers-by where Schweiger's house was. One of these accompanied

him some way, to the corner of the street in which Schweiger's house was situated. All these witnesses united in stating, that "he had an unsteady walk," that "he reeled from one side to the other," and that "he could scarcely lift his feet;" but none of them noticed anything particular in his speech.

After he had thus, by enquiries and assistance, at length reached his home, he ascended the ladder to the loft, in order to go to sleep, found a man lying in his place, and immediately followed the deed.

Pürner, throughout all his examinations, firmly denied any consciousness of having murdered Schweiger. At the first examination he declared "he was drunk yesterday, and could say nothing of what had happened." On the second he recollected leaving the beer-cellar, of having met several persons and enquired his way, and that he had at length reached home and ascended the ladder.

Immediately, he says, I got in, I came suddenly on a man lying there; I would know who it was, and asked him, but received no answer. I then began to pull him about, but still he gave no answer. I again asked, Who he was? and at last a hollow voice answered, "I." I now recognised my master's voice, and said, "Is it you, Andrew?" and he replied in a low voice, "Yes;" and thereupon I lay down by him. I had not lain many minutes when I heard Schweiger's wife say, "Lord Jesus, what has happened to my man? he is quite cold." Sleep, however, overpowered me, and closed my eyes:—I have done nothing to Schweiger. I know very well that my hands and clothes were bloody; but this is natural, as I was lying by him.

On the next examination the story varied. He acknowledged that he had ordered the man away, whom he thought was Wörlein, but again added he had done nothing to Schweiger.

On the following examination he still obstinately persisted in his innocence, and urged matters displaying a good deal of cunning. He said he had been often drunk, but never in such a state as on that night; he felt "as if he had been mad," mentioned the police-officers being obliged to carry him down the ladder; and endeavoured to throw the suspicion



on the wife: "She is a wicked wretch, and may have done anything," "She is reckoned to be a witch, and what may she not have done to her husband!" "It must be, that she wounded her husband. I cannot prove that she did it. But I at least did not do it, for if I had I must have known it. She was in the loft, and may have taken the knife out of my pocket; she could have done with it what she chose, and have placed it again in my pocket."

In the last hearing he acknowledged that he had threatened to stab Schweiger, thinking, however, it was Wörlein, because he was angry with Wörlein for having deserted him on his way home, and usurped his place. He could be brought to nothing further, and on the 22nd of October received judgment, which, confirmed on Nov. 18th, was an acquittal.

The reasons for and against this judgment are sufficiently curious to be read at length; but we can only give a few of the more important passages: and, first, the circumstances against it.

According to the collected opinions of the judicial medical men as to the state of the mind of the prisoner, the conclusion was arrived at, that the prisoner during the events of the night of the 3rd of August had certainly not lost his memory; that consequently, also, in executing the deed he was not in an unconscious state, appears evident enough from a comparison of his official examinations. He knew how he had reached home; how he ascended the ladder; how he found a man in his place, whom he believed to be Wörlein, covered with vermin, and had bidden him to go away; how he had pulled him about; and, when he received no answer, threatened to stab him; and, hereupon, at last, how the wife of his victim came, and exclaimed, "Good God, he has killed my husband!" He who could remember all this, who was conscious of all the circumstances that immediately preceded and immediately followed the murder, must also have known what had occurred between those two closely adjoining moments; for it is utterly impossible to suppose that Pürner should be conscious during the whole occurrence till the threat of stabbing, then unconscious during the execution of his threat, and then again, immediately after

the completion of the deed, to have regained his consciousness.

It is not even to be denied that Pürner behaved in presence of his judge as a self-conscious criminal. His backwardness in revealing the truth; his falsehoods and contradictions; his confession of the preceding and following circumstances, only obtained from him by degrees; and at the end his obstinate denial of the principal fact, in respect to which, however, though there was not sufficient legal, there was the completest moral, proof\* against him, and which he must certainly have remembered as well as he remembered all other things: all this evidently betrayed a man seeking to escape the punishment of a criminal deed.

Notwithstanding all this, we are of the apparently paradoxical opinion, that Pürner committed the murder in a state of drunkenness that rendered him irresponsible, and in this opinion the judges coincided.

The first part of the reasoning on the opposite side goes to prove, what will hardly be doubted, that Pürner was exceedingly drunk; and facts are quoted to prove that, though he walked and talked, he was in much confusion of mind, such as not knowing his way home, not knowing his master from Wörlein, lying down and sleeping by the corpse, and being, when found, so utterly helpless, though it is acknowledged that he was conscious of having killed some one, as is proved by his answer to the wife: "No, it is not your husband; it is Wörlein." The proof of his irresponsibility, however, is founded on the following—as we think subtly metaphysical and insufficient—reasoning.

The following considerations will easily solve the riddle for us, how a drunken man may act without frenzy or madness, with consciousness, and even in certain respects with reason, and yet not be in a responsible state.

The first mode in which drunkenness, even at its commencement, displays itself, is in a certain excitation and elevation of the senses, in which the man, wrapped up in a

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\* It will be remembered that the confession of the criminal is required to complete the *legal* proof; and the maid-servant was under eighteen, consequently only a half-evidence.



feeling of general enjoyment, particularly open to sensual impressions, and to which the surrounding objects attract him more powerfully than usual, gives himself up to the external present, to which his soul turns with all its conceptions, perceptions, and feelings. The happy drunkard lives for to-day; the past and the present recede into a cloudy distance; and if he recurs to them in order to occupy himself with them, it is only to clothe them in the colours of the present. What engages him not from without is far from his mind, and if any other passing thought attracts his attention, it is either united to the then existing present, or is brought into close approximation with it in some other manner. Moved by his perceptions, seized on and carried away by the simple and separate objects which the present brings forward, he becomes less and less interested by ideas which in his sober state of mind would have engaged and detained his attention. So far as he is moved by the present and the actual, so far will his mind interest itself in what belongs to the invisible world of reason or understanding, or perhaps be excited by it; still it is only so far as at the same time he can draw them within the circle of his senses, embody the spiritual, bring scenes before his imagination, and convert his notions into pictures. That the drunken man commonly gives himself up to pleasant fancies, and that his troubled breast no longer feels its load; that he, according to the proverb, *in vino veritas*, though otherwise careful and reserved, now in his discourse reveals his inmost thoughts undisguised and carelessly; that the coward becomes elevated to boldness; that the solemn sage, no longer regarding his usually carefully preserved dignity, in inconsiderate wantonness or common merriment, makes himself the jest of others; that the prudent, calculating, reasoning man, falls into indiscretions which, as soon as the fumes have fled, he rues for years afterwards; these and many other every-day appearances have their cause in the dominating and attractive power of the sensual present, by which the mind is drawn alike from the remembrance of the past and the consideration of the future, while, at the same time, from the intrusive dazzling colours of the outward world, all that lies above or beneath the surface of the seen and felt actuality, and is not perceived by the senses but can only be comprehended by ideas, and which is designed not to serve our sensual nature, but to rule and govern it, is more and more outshone, yet not so that consciousness is altogether lost, it is only placed

in a feeble twilight. The account, however, is not yet completed.

For the more drunkenness increases, so much the more is the mind attracted by the present and the apparent which offer themselves from without; to so much a greater distance recede the past and the future; so much the more contracted becomes the period of time which the man is able to comprehend at a glance; so much the more restricted is his power of distinguishing the differences of things presented to his senses, even though following each other at short intervals, till at length, swallowed up in the whirl of the present, he exists but as a part of a mere point of time. Together with the memory, all ideas of the past and the future are extinguished. The mind is no longer conscious of what Has Been or May Be, of To-day or To-morrow; of nothing more than of a wretched Now. It knows not that it shortly before Was, and forebodes not that it shortly again Will Be; it feels its existence as that of an animal, existing merely for the present moment, which in the one next following again belongs to the past. While the man falls entirely under the ascendancy of the senses, their conceptions, impressions, and emotions; the star of moral and legal order at the same time sinks deeper below his narrow horizon, so that at length no beam reaches his benighted soul. Duty and right are therefore now not merely unregarded, but they are wholly unrecognised: he cannot regard them, because he has them not; he has them not, because he can find them nowhere within him; and he finds them there no longer, because he is carried away from the world to which they belong, and is confined within a circle where nothing can reach him but that which in the immediate present affects his outward senses. In this state (in which the man—as the common phrase, “drunk as a beast,” fittingly enough expresses it—stands pretty much on a level with the animal, at least with those of the higher order), consciousness is by no means removed, but restricted to that little which finds a place in the narrow limits of, if we may use the phrase, a scarcely span-long Present; to a minute point of time which, more or less brightly—while everything belonging to the Past or Future that lies beyond is buried in thickest darkness—stands alone before his mind. Within this circle he has perceptions, thoughts, and sensations; but what he perceives and imagines are only fragments torn from their proper connexion; what he feels is only the impression of the single momentary appear-



ance that affects him; and what these perceptions and feelings excite in him, become the only grounds for determining and fixing his desires and his will. So far as he wills and resolves he is necessarily conscious of his object, and able to avail himself of the means at hand or offered at the moment for fulfilling it. But not the less is his will and act blind and brutal, because his mind is able to comprehend nothing beyond what lies at his feet, stands before his eyes, or sounds in his ears; and because not only the moral world with its commandments, but even the physical, except the little isolated shred that yet falls within his horizon, is wholly vanished. He perceives, therefore, when he acts, that his act is certainly that which in respect to its next object it ought to be and is, yet not only without any reference to propriety and right, but without any regard to its consequences, so far as these in any degree may extend beyond the immediate effect of the deed. Without reaching actual idiocy, such a state, at least in its development and consequences, has the closest relationship to it.

This is sufficient to explain clearly how Pürner, without being entirely distracted or mad, had at length in brutish anger attacked the imagined Wörlein with his knife when he would not leave the place, but obstinately maintained and kept it—and this occurring with consciousness, though not a guilty consciousness; on the following day, when in prison he saw his hands and clothes covered with the blood of his murdered master, recovering his recollection of the waking dream of the preceding night; and now, but not till now, making the frightful discovery that his hands had committed a deed for which his own blood would be required, and which he must deny in order to avoid a punishment, which, at least with design, he had not merited.

These reasons, and a certificate from the judicial medical examiner, that Pürner had reached “the third degree of drunkenness, in which drowsiness, insensibility, and sometimes even apoplexy, follow as effects,” were sufficient for an acquittal and release. It is to be hoped that drunkenness, or even the affectation of it, are not very prevalent in Bavaria; for we think so subtle a judgment by no

means likely to repress either drunkenness itself or any of the crimes that in England we are accustomed to think too frequently the consequences of it, and for which we are hardly prepared to admit it as an excuse, far less a justification. We wonder what the decision would have been if Pürner, in his drunken unconsciousness, had merely committed a civil damage. Had he broken a basket of Schweiger’s crockery, thinking it was Wörlein’s, would he have been held responsible? or would Schweiger have been deemed the proper sufferer, while Pürner, having drunk himself into a half-unconscious state, would have been deemed therefore irresponsible?

We have purposely avoided entering into any detail of the juridical forms in these investigations, except where it has been required to elucidate the narrative, though there is much of pedantry and metaphysical refinement to which we might have objected. The division of evidence, by which witnesses under eighteen are incapacitated, and persons between eighteen and twenty-one are received only as half-witnesses; that is, that the evidence of two persons of twenty is considered as only legally equal to that of one person of twenty-two, and by which a murder witnessed by a score of persons of seventeen, or by three persons of nineteen, could not be legally proved. These points, and many others of a merely legal character, we have not considered as within the nature of our work; but they are curious, and deserve to be studied by all who take an interest in the criminal law of their own land and of foreign countries; we have only endeavoured to show the operation of a foreign criminal code in a few cases which may afford points of comparison with our own; points upon which it requires no technical knowledge to form a judgment, and which, while they vary from the practices of our own courts, are not, we trust, devoid of interest or importance.



## THE OREGON QUESTION.

[In consequence of the immediate interest attached to this question, we avail ourselves of an article in the Supplement to the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' yet unpublished. This article is from the pen of a gentleman who has distinguished himself as the writer of a pamphlet on 'The Oregon Question,' which is universally referred to as one of the highest authorities on the subject.]

THE country known by the name of Oregon is bounded on the south by the parallel of  $42^{\circ}$  N. latitude, being the northern boundary of Mexico. On the north this territory is bounded by the parallel of latitude  $54^{\circ} 10'$ , or, more strictly, this is the northernmost point on the coast, for in this latitude the irregularly-shaped boundary of the Russian possessions in America terminates. On the east of it are the Rocky Mountains, and on the west the Pacific Ocean. It occupies a space of about thirteen degrees of latitude and fifteen degrees of longitude. Besides the Rocky Mountains, there are two other ranges, one called the Far West or Cascade Range, and the other the Blue Mountains, dividing the country into three divisions, which are distinguished by peculiarities of soil and climate. The country between the Rocky and the Blue Mountains is almost uninhabitable by those who depend on agriculture. In the middle district rain never falls from April to November, and the soil is unpromising. The western district may be calculated, from latitude  $42^{\circ}$  to latitude  $48^{\circ} 30'$ , to be  $6\frac{1}{2}$  degrees in its extreme length, or less than four hundred and fifty miles, and its average breadth about one hundred miles, that is, 45,000 square miles is the superficial extent of this westernmost region of Oregon, or rather more than the extent of the state of Pennsylvania, to which it is much inferior in fertility. Indian corn does not succeed in any part of Oregon, from deficiency of rain. The valley of the river Willamette, a tributary of the Columbia, which is the most fertile district, is about one hundred and fifty miles long and sixty broad. Wheat produces here about twenty to thirty bushels an acre. The winters are wet and stormy.

The territory north of the Columbia river and south of the parallel of N. latitude  $49^{\circ}$ , is that which is in dispute between the governments of Great Britain and the United States. It is bounded on the east and the south by the Columbia river, on the north-west by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and is roughly estimated to be a little larger than the state of New York. Nine-tenths of the eastern half of this "disputed territory" is described to be "a worthless desert,"—the other half has a very large proportion of bad land. President Polk has claimed for the United States the territory between  $49^{\circ}$  N. latitude and  $54^{\circ} 40'$ , as well as south of  $49^{\circ}$  to latitude  $42^{\circ}$ . Between Frazer's River, or latitude  $49^{\circ}$ , and  $54^{\circ} 40'$ , Captain Wilkes states, that nowhere on the coast could a settlement be formed that could supply its own wants.

The claims of Great Britain and of the United States are both founded on an alleged title derivable from discovery, settlement, and treaty. Some writers have added to these elements of title, what they call "contiguity," but this is of no importance in the dispute.

I. The discoveries along the coast have been as follows:

Navigator's Name.	Flag.	Date.	Latitude reached.
Ulloa . . . . .	Spanish .	1539 . .	$30^{\circ}$ .
Cabrillo . . . . .	,, .	1542 . .	$37^{\circ} 10'$ .
Ferrelo (Cabrillo's "pilot") . . . . .	,, .	1543 . .	$40^{\circ} 20'$ or $43^{\circ}$ .



Navigator's Name.	Flag.	Date.	Latitude reached.
Drake . . . . .	English .	1579 . .	48°.
Gali, or De Gualle . . . . .	Spanish .	1584 . .	37½° or 57½°.
[The 57½ is an alteration of a translator; the original account is 37½, in words, not figures.]			
Viscaino . . . . .	Spanish .	1596 . .	42°.
D'Aguilar . . . . .	„ .	1596 . .	43°.
Perez . . . . .	„ .	1774 . .	55°.
Heceta . . . . .	„ .	1775 . .	49° 30'.

[Inferred the existence of the Columbia from the general appearance of the embouchure or bay, and named it San Roque.]

De La Bodega . . . . .	Spanish .	1775 . .	58°.
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[These last three voyages were kept secret by the Spanish Government.]

Cook . . . . .	English .	1778 . .	44° to beyond 60°.
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[Exact discovery scarcely began till Cook.]

Commercial Expedition . . . . .	Russian .	1783 . .	60°.
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[Planned from information obtained from King, Cook's successor. It started from the North, and proceeded no lower than 60°.]

Various commercial enterprises, chiefly English, then took place, which ended in the seizure of English vessels by the Spanish officers at Nootka Sound in 1789. In these enterprises were the well-known names of Dixon, Portlock, Duncan, Colnett, Barclay, Douglas, and Meares; the last of whom may fairly stand next to Cook and Vancouver as a discoverer, in the immediate region north of the Columbia.

Vancouver . . . . .	English .	1792	Surveyed the Coast.
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[Inferred the existence of the Columbia from the river-coloured water.]

Gray . . . . .	American merchant	1792	Entered the Columbia.
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Baker . . . . .	English merchant	1792	Entered the Columbia.
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[Broughton found Baker there, who stated that he had also been there in the earlier part of the year.]

Broughton, Vancouver's Lieutenant, surveyed the Columbia for upwards of 100 miles above the æstuary, and took possession, with the consent of the Indians.

The following are romances.

Lorenzo Maldonado . . . . .	Spanish .	1588.
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Juan de Fuca . . . . .	„ .	1592	Professed to have discovered the North-west passage by sailing through the Continent of North America.
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Fonte, or De Fuentes . . . . .	Spanish .	1640 . .	77°.
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This last is a palpable forgery—and was first published in 1708, in London, in ‘The Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs of the Curious.’ Neither Fuentes nor Fuca was ever noticed by Spanish writers. Fuca invented his story with a view of getting employed by Elizabeth: Fuentes never existed.

Hakluyt, in his ‘Collection of Voyages,’ published in 1589, states that Drake merely reached the lat. 42°, but his account is interpolated in the volume which contains it, and he appears to have intended to suppress it. In the edition of 1600 Hakluyt places the northern point of Drake’s voyage in latitude 43°.

The authorities for the higher latitude are:—1. ‘The World Encompassed,’ printed in 1628, under the superintendence of Francis Drake, a nephew of the admiral, which states that the coast “was searched diligently even unto 48°.” 2ndly, Fletcher, who accompanied Drake, and whose MS. is in the British Museum. 3rdly, the celebrated navigator John Davis, in ‘The World’s Hydrographical Discovery,’ printed in 1595, says; that Sir F. Drake “coasted all the Western shores of America until he came in the septentrional latitude of forty-eight degrees, being on the back



side of Newfoundland ;” an authority which ought to decide the question of the limit of Drake’s discoveries. 4thly, Admiral Sir W. Monson, who had served under Drake, and who says that Drake “ventured upon an unknown sea in forty-eight degrees.”

In the account of the Spanish expedition under Galiano and Valdes published by the order of the King of Spain, at Madrid, in 1802, is this passage—“The true glory which the English navigator (Drake) may claim for himself is, the having discovered the portion of coast comprehended between the parallels of  $43^{\circ}$  and  $48^{\circ}$ , to which consequently the name of New Albion ought to be limited, without interfering with the discoveries of preceding navigators.”

The discovery of the coast was, therefore, made by the British. But even if Drake had not discovered it, still, according to the principles laid down by jurists, the exploration of Cook would be treated as confirming a title by discovery, since the voyages of Perez, Heceta, and Bodega were not made known until 1802. (Wolff, ‘Institutes du Droit des Gens.’ § 213; Vattel, book I. l. xviii. § 207.) The discovery must be made public, otherwise the presumption is against it, or that it was a mere passing act, or that, occupation not being intended, the territory was abandoned. Publicity is essential to enable foreign nations to recognise and respect the title founded on it.

Such was the condition of the title by mere discovery when the Spanish officer, Captain Martinez, in May, 1789, seized the British vessels the ‘Iphigenia,’ ‘North-West America,’ and in July the ‘Argonaut,’ Captain Colnett, and the ‘Princess Royal.’ A correspondence ensued between the governments of Great Britain and Spain, which occasioned a message from the king to both Houses of Parliament, delivered May 25, 1790, stating that “no satisfaction was made or offered for the acts of seizure, and that a direct claim was asserted by the court of Spain to the exclusive rights of *sovereignty*, navigation, and commerce in the territories, coasts, and seas in that part of the world.” The claim of *sovereignty* made by Spain was objected to, and Mr. Pitt stated that “it was indefinite in its extent, and had originated in no treaty nor formal establishment of a colony, nor rested on any one of those grounds on which claims of *sovereignty*, navigation, and commerce usually rested.”

This dispute was terminated by the Convention of the Escorial, dated October 28, 1790, the third article of which declared that “the respective subjects of the contracting parties should not be molested in navigating or carrying on their fisheries in the Pacific Ocean or in the South Seas, or in landing on the coasts of those seas in places *not already occupied*, for the purpose of carrying on their commerce with the natives of the country, or of making *settlements* there.” Great Britain then renounced its title to exclusive possession, founded on mere discovery, and any similar claim on the part of Spain was abandoned. The convention was condemned by the opposition in parliament, the chief speakers asserting that Great Britain ought to have excluded Spain, and not to have conceded to it the right to settle on the coast. When it was asked where settlements could be made, Mr. Pitt replied that he should esteem the government highly culpable if it neglected to ascertain by actual survey.

Captain Vancouver was sent by the British government to take possession of Nootka Sound, and to ascertain among other things how far to the north Spanish settlements had been established. He sailed from Deptford, January 6, 1791. Nootka Sound was delivered to him, but having a discussion on the extent of his instructions with the Spanish officer, Quadra, Lieut. Mudge was sent to England for further orders. Ultimately, in March, 1795, Nootka was delivered up to Lieut. Pierie of the marines.



It was while Vancouver was on this voyage that he received information that in May, 1792, Captain Gray, of the ship 'Columbia,' from Boston, had entered the æstuary of the river now known by the name of this ship. Vancouver had on the 27th of April observed the "river-coloured" water of the sea, but did not attempt to enter the river in consequence of being directed by his instructions not to pursue any other inlet or river than should be navigable by vessels of a burden safely to navigate the Pacific. Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Broughton in the 'Chatham,' the consort of Vancouver's vessel, entered the æstuary, and found there the 'Jenny' of Bristol, Captain Baker, who had been there before in the early part of the year. Lieutenant B. explored the æstuary, discovered where the river entered it, which Gray had not done, and ascended the river above one hundred miles—"taking possession" in the name of his sovereign. Gray, it must be observed, was a mere private trader, without a commission from his government: the coast had been previously discovered, and his own government never noticed his proceedings until 1814. But if he had had a commission, the discovery of the entrance to the river was a geographical merit conferring no rights, for rivers follow the title to the coast, and their discovery does not affect or impair such a title.

After Nootka Sound was delivered up in 1795, the Spaniards never made any settlement north of Cape Mendocino. They abandoned the country, and left the British to perfect their title by discovery, through occupation and settlement.

The subsequent expeditions to Oregon were as follow:—

Name of Traveller.	Flag.	Date.	
Mackenzie . . . .	English	1793	Crossed the Rocky Mountains and discovered Frazer's River.
David Thompson . .	English	1800	Crossed the Rocky Mountains, discovered and named the McGillivray River.
Thompson . . . .	English	1806	First Settlement West of the Rocky Mountains, in 54°, speedily followed by other settlements among the head-waters of the Columbia.
Lewis and Clarke . .	American	1805-6	Explored the Southern branches of the Columbia, and descended the main stream.
Missouri Fur Company	American	1808	Established a post on the Southern arm of the Columbia, or Lewis River.
Astor's Company . .	American	1811	Established Astoria, at the Southern mouth of the Columbia, which was subsequently sold to the English North-West Company.
Thompson, North-West Co.	English	1811	Descended the Northern branch of the Columbia and main stream to the mouth.

The expedition of Mackenzie was the first made by civilized men west of the Rocky Mountains.

The posts and settlements made by Thompson were the first established by civilized men west of the Rocky Mountains, and Thompson and his followers were the first white persons who navigated the northern branch of the Columbia, or traversed any part of the country drained by this branch of the river.



Astor's Pacific Fur Company consisted of Mr. Astor himself, six British subjects, and three citizens of the United States. Before those who were British subjects started, they asked for and received an assurance from the British minister at Washington—"that in case of a war between the two nations, they would be respected as *British subjects and merchants*." The expedition received no sanction or support from the government of the United States. In 1813, the persons resident on the Columbia, having full power to do so, sold their establishment to the North-West Company. Subsequently in the same year, Captain Black, R.N., in the *Raeoon*, took possession of Astoria in the name of his Britannic Majesty.

After the war the American government claimed Astoria, under an article of the Treaty of Ghent, made in December, 1814, as a post *captured* during the war. This was not the fact; but in 1818 possession was formally delivered up, the British government having previously stated that the post had not been captured, and that the territory had early been taken possession of in his majesty's name (as it had been by Broughton); but that the question of title should be discussed in the negotiation on limits and other matters, which was soon to be commenced. (Greenhow, 307, 310, 312.)

On the delivery of this post the United States for the first time exercised any act of sovereignty in Oregon. It was put into possession, but not relieved from proving its title, for its possession was derived from Great Britain.

In October, 1818, a treaty between Great Britain and the United States declared that the country should be open to the subject of both powers for ten years, without prejudice to the claims of either power or to the claims of any *other* power.

In February, 1819, the United States made the Florida Treaty with Spain, which declared part of the west boundary of the United States to be along the parallel of latitude  $42^{\circ}$  to the sea, both parties ceding to each other, and respectively renouncing, all claims on either side of this line. This treaty the Americans pretend confers a title to the coast north of  $42^{\circ}$ , though Spain never completed or obtained a title by occupation.

In August, 1827, a treaty between Great Britain and the United States extended indefinitely the provisions of the treaty of 1818, until determined by notice of a year, and it was not to impair the claims of *either* party. This treaty is still in force, but the Congress of the United States, in April, 1846, authorised the notice to terminate it to be given.

1. The government of the United States contend, notwithstanding their treaty of 1818, that Spain alone was entitled to Oregon until 1819. In reply it is said that the British title was acknowledged by the Convention of the Escorial—that Spain never made a settlement in the territory, but totally abandoned it—that Spain had no title either by discovery or occupation—that all the rights or claims which it had were derivable from the treaty of 1790—and that official Spanish writers admit the British title by discovery to New Albion.

2. It is contended that Gray discovered the Columbia, and that this is of itself a sufficient title to Oregon. In reply it is said that rivers follow the title to the coast—if the coast was discovered, the rivers follow the title to it—that Gray was not acting under a public commission, and could not, as a private person, extend the territory of the United States—that his discovery was never noticed by his own government for upwards of twenty years—and that in the negotiation with Spain in 1819 it was not set forth.



3. The settlement of Astoria is called a national settlement. In reply it is said that the only sanction the adventurers received was from the British minister—that it was a mere private speculation by a party of men, the majority of whom were British subjects, who had asked for British protection—that the application to the United States government to sanction it was not complied with—and that a colony could not be planted beyond the limits of the United States without the authority of an Act of Congress.

The British title depends on original discoveries made by Drake, Cook, and Vancouver, whose acts were sanctioned and approved of by their sovereigns, and notified to the world—on the acknowledgment of the title made by Spain in 1790—on the restoration of Nootka in 1795, as evidence of the acknowledgment of territorial rights—on the possession taken by British officers, which by our law, when done with the sanction of the sovereign, is alone sufficient to make a country part of the dominions of the crown—on the numerous settlements and posts which our Government has allowed the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company to establish—on the recognition of the claims of the British government made by the United States in 1814, in 1818, and in 1827—on the sovereignty which those acts of recognition proclaimed, and which was recognised by the United States before its treaty with Spain in 1819, as well as subsequently in the treaty of 1827.

Great Britain does not assert claims beyond the terms of the treaty of 1790. The United States some time since claimed the whole territory, without ever having obtained any legal authority over any part of it, and they now allege the extent of this bare claim as evidence of having a better title.

In the course of the early negotiations the United States government offered the boundary of  $49^{\circ}$  to the sea, and the navigation of the Columbia river. Great Britain required that the line should run along  $49^{\circ}$  to the Columbia river, then along the Columbia river to the sea, agreeing not to erect any fort at the mouth of the river. Subsequently it offered part of the territory between the river and the coast. In the last negotiation carried on by Mr. Pakenham and Mr. Buchanan, the United States offered a boundary along the parallel  $49^{\circ}$ , withdrawing the former proposal respecting the Columbia river; and the correspondence closed with an assertion of an exclusive right to the entire west coast from  $42^{\circ}$  to  $54^{\circ} 40'$ , thus denying every claim made by Great Britain and hitherto recognised by the government of the United States. There are signs that this violent policy and disregard of the admissions made in former negotiations will not be supported by the people of America, and it is to be hoped that they will not be indifferent to what is just and honourable in the affair. The British government has twice offered to refer the question to arbitration, and the last offer was very remarkable for proposing that the arbiters should be civilians, in order to avoid the apprehension republicans might have to a monarchical tribunal. The offers have been refused, and the last refusal was accompanied with most objectionable reasons.

(AUTHORITIES:—Greenhow, 'History of Oregon and California,' Boston, 1844; Falconer, 'On the Oregon Question,' 2nd ed., 1845; Wallace, 'On the Oregon Question,' London, 1845; 'The Oregon Question examined in respect to Facts and the Law of Nations,' by Dr. Travers Twiss, D.C.L., London, 1846; 'Tracts on the Oregon Question, by an American,' New York, 1846; 'Spectator,' No. 921.)



## A GREAT WEDDING IN CAIRO.

*(From the Unpublished Volume of 'The Englishwoman in Egypt.')*

May, 1845.

I TOLD you that a great marriage, which I had been invited to attend, had been put off: the preparations for it have now been commenced, and my invitation has been renewed. Some of the observances usual on the occasion of such a marriage can be witnessed only by females, the scene being the interior of the harem; the scenes of others are accessible only to men. Though I am obliged for a short time to defer the description of the former, I need not do the same with respect to the latter; and having, among my brother's notes, an ample account of the public ceremonials observed at one of the grandest of the marriages that have been celebrated in this city during a period of many years, I shall extract from it what I think most likely to interest you. The festival about to be described was previous to the marriage of a sister of Ahmad Páshá, a nephew of the Viceroy; and lasted nine days. Mohammad 'Alee presented to Ahmad Páshá, on this occasion, three thousand purses, equivalent to about fifteen thousand pounds; and to the bridegroom, Mukhtár Bey, who had been educated in Paris, and had lately been appointed President of the Council of State, one thousand purses, or five thousand pounds.

The scene of the festivities was the garden of the Ezbekeeyeh. It being then the season of the inundation, the large space called Birket el Ezbekeeyeh, which is of an irregular form, nearly half a mile in length, and about a third of a mile in breadth, was filled with water; and the water was unusually high. The back of the palace of Ahmad Páshá overlooks this space, which is now no longer a lake, the soil having been raised, and planted with avenues of trees. A platform of wood, supported by boats and surrounded by little flags, to the staves of which were attached cords, with numerous lamps suspended to them, was moored about half-way between the centre of the lake and the palace. This platform was designed as a stage for fireworks; and five guns were placed upon it, and two more on the shore. The guns were fired frequently during the day-time, and more frequently during the display of the fireworks at night. There were several boats on the lake for hire; and many tents for the sale of coffee, sweetmeats, &c. were erected on the narrow spaces between the water's edge and the surrounding houses, as well as a few swings and whirligigs. The shores of the lake, and the way leading from it to the front of the palace of Ahmad Páshá, were crowded all the day; and more especially was the palace itself, which, with the exception of a few apartments, was thrown open to the public. In the court of the palace, where twelve chandeliers (two of them very large, but not handsome) were suspended, and which was covered over with red tent-cloths, &c., for shade; musicians, dancing-men, swordsmen, and others, amused the assembled crowds during the day; and refreshments, consisting of sweetmeats, coffee, sherbet, &c., were occasionally served to the people in the public rooms, high and low; for even the meanest of the people had free access; the Páshá reserving only a few rooms for himself and his friends. But the chief festivities were in the evening.

"I spent an hour (says my brother) on the shore of the lake in the evening of the first day, to see the fireworks. The place was excessively crowded. There were numerous benches and stools of palm-sticks, and strips of matting, placed along the



water's edge, by the *kohwegees* (or keepers of the coffee booths): as soon as a person sat on one of these, a eup of coffee was brought to him, and if he refused to take it, he was not allowed to retain his seat, unless he were a person of the higher orders. Several *mesh'als* (or *cressets*) were stuck in the ground to light the company: and numbers of men were going about with cakes, nuts, and various other eatables, and with sweet drinks and water. The scene was strikingly picturesque and lively. The fireworks chiefly consisted of rockets, which were discharged one at a time, at short intervals; so that they were not very remarkable; but they had a pretty appearance, issuing from the bosom of the lake. The seven guns were occasionally fired, one after another.

“From the lake I proceeded to the palace; pushing my way through dense crowds. Numerous lamps, in addition to two large chandeliers, were hung in the street before the palace; and the street there was covered over like the court. The court I found thronged with people, chiefly of the lower classes. A large ring was formed round a group of dancing-men; but I could not get near enough to see them. All the public apartments also were crowded with persons of every class, and in every variety of picturesque attire, from the richest to the meanest. At the door of one room I was stopped by a sentry, and told that there were only Europeans within. I found it convenient to assert my right to enter, and was admitted. Here were but a few persons; mostly Greeks; several of whom were females, some in the ordinary European dress, and others in the male costume of the Turks, which they had put on in the hope of their being mistaken for boys, as it is uncommon for females in the East to be in the company of men, or even to go out at night: but their sex was too evident.

“From the windows of this room I had a good view of what was going on in the court. A military band played several European airs remarkably well; and then a group of native musicians (*áláteeyeh*) played some of their own airs, occasionally with the accompaniment of the voice; but there was such a confusion of noises in the court that we could not very plainly hear them. These were succeeded by dancers, not pleasing substitutes for the dancing-girls, whose performances had been strictly interdicted between three and four months before, and many of whom, refusing to profess repentance of their dissolute lives, had been banished to Isna, in Upper Egypt. The dancers on this occasion were not the *khawals*, or common dancing-men of Cairo, but of a class whose dancing, dress, and appearance, were nearly the same, and who differed from the *khawals* in little more than their appellation, which is *gink*. Their effeminate profession, dress, manners, and performances rendered them disgusting objects to me, and, I hope, to many others among the spectators. The *gink* are generally Greeks, Turks, Armenians, or Jews. In the case which I am describing, they were mostly Armenians; and about six danced at a time. They wore a tight vest, with a loose kind of petticoat, forming a compound of male and female attire; and had long hair, in most instances hanging down the back in numerous plaits, and decked with the little glittering ornaments of gold generally worn by the Egyptian women of the middle and higher orders, and called *safa*. They used castagnettes of brass; and their dancing was, in general, similar in every respect to that of the *ghawázee*, or common dancing girls; but occasionally they performed pirouettes and other exercises.

“Meanwhile a buffoon, who is a regular servant of the Pasha, dressed in a fantastical manner, and wearing a high, pointed red cap, gaudily ornamented with tinsel and bells, amused the company with ridiculous drolleries. He and several other



persons, some of whom were of the meanest and dirtiest of the people, bore torches. The buffoon came up to the room of the Europeans. In this room refreshments of various kinds, liqueurs, sherbet, coffee, &c., were served to the company. The *alâteeyeh*, who had played in the court, also came up, and performed a concert of instrumental and vocal music. The buffoon accompanied and marred their music with his castagnettes, then sat down in the lap of an old musician; danced with his back towards the females in a very insulting manner, and performed a variety of other extravagant actions.

“ At the same time there were performances of a different kind in the court. A company of mohabbazeen (or low comedians) acted a farce, exhibiting the troubles of a hen-pecked husband. This unfortunate person, who was very fully clothed, first danced about the arena with a drawn sword. The player who personated his wife, who was a man in female attire, and to whom I must apply the feminine pronoun, came into the ring with a swaggering gait, and desired him to give her his sword, which he refusing to do, she scolded and screamed, beating her face, and then his; and thus obtained what she wanted. In the same manner she obliged him to strip off almost every article of his clothing, one by one, and at last, enraged by her conduct, he beat her till she died. This foolish farce, I thought, might probably be too appropriate at a fête in celebration of the approaching marriage of a man newly elevated to rank with a woman of much higher condition; for generally, in cases of this kind among the Turks, the husband is the slave of his wife. After this, a man, with a lighted torch to represent a tail, ran round upon his hands and knees several times within the ring. Such were the silly performances on the first night of this festival: these, at least, were the principal performances from sunset till past midnight. The dances, &c., continued all the night, as well as all the day. The pasha entertained a private party every evening during this period of rejoicing, but did not partake of the repast with them.

“ The performances of the second night, and the fireworks, were so little different from those of the first that I need not describe them. Some of the Pasha’s pipes were brought to the visitors in the room appropriated to Europeans, and refreshments served as before. The buffoon this night was dressed as a Frank, but seemed to be ashamed of his disguise, for he was less lively.

“ On the third night, after the usual performances of the gink, a *háwee*, or performer of sleight-of-hand tricks, amused the company. The chief of his juggling performances was the putting a number of slips of white paper into a saucepan, placed on a boy’s head, and then taking them out dyed of various colours. No pipes were brought to the Europeans’ room this night, because one of the mouth-pieces, which were all very costly, had been stolen the night before; though evidently not by one of the visitors; for it was afterwards found in a room to which the Europeans had not access. Refreshments, however, were served as on the preceding nights; and more attention was given to amuse the company in this room. A military band, with the ordinary Egyptian instruments, came up, and played and sang several native airs; the buffoon accompanying them with his castagnettes and drolleries. They were succeeded by a Turkish band, whose plaintive music was pleasing, but tame and poor after that of the Egyptians. Then a party of hired native musicians performed for nearly an hour, and in the best style.

“ A full military band meanwhile played European airs in the court; and after they had finished, a farce was performed, the subject of which was the miseries of a man with two wives. In the better parts of this there was nothing worthy of description; in the worse there was a scene which made me quit the place in disgust.



“A rocket during the third night set fire to a part of Ahmad Páshá's palace, but did little injury. The boats and platform which composed the stage for the fireworks were therefore removed nearly to the middle of the lake, on the morning of the fourth day. In the course of the next night, a silly farce was performed in the palace. The military band then played European airs, after which was a mock sword fight, between a man and a boy, who aimed their blows too obviously at each other's shields; and another between two men; and after this a concert of Egyptian music by hired performers.

“On the fifth night, the performances in the court of the palace consisted of nothing more than a stupid play and the dances of the gink: but the instrumental and vocal music of the *áláteeyeh* afforded better amusement in the room appropriated to the European visitors. In the course of this night, a little boy, coming into the court, and seeming to be struck with the utmost astonishment at the number of lamps, probably having never seen anything of the kind before, expressed his wonder by a very loud exclamation. A Turkish captain, offended at his innocent ejaculations, seized the poor little fellow, and gave him a severe flogging; and a private soldier struck him with the butt-end of his musket; but Ahmad Páshá, coming down into the court while this was being done, and inquiring and learning the cause, immediately ordered that the Turk should be flogged with double severity, called out to the other soldiers to take warning by his example, and gave several *saadeeyehs* (little coins each of the value of about ten-pence of our money) to the poor child, who would doubtless have willingly submitted to a flogging every day for such a compensation.

“On the sixth day, a rope for dancers was fixed in a wide space in the way leading from the lake to the palace of Ahmad Páshá. There were two performers here this day, a woman, and a boy about fourteen years of age; both of the class of the *Ghagar*, or *Ghajar*, which is the name given in Egypt to Gipsies. They performed twice in the day, and dense crowds assembled to view them. The rope was about eighteen feet from the ground, and the horizontal part of it very short, about twelve feet. The woman, who was profusely clad in old but gaudy things, and unveiled, like all the gipsy-women of Egypt, performed first, but merely walked along the rope, very slowly and timidly, supporting herself by holding the balancing pole, and resting one end of it upon the ground. The boy ascended immediately after, and did nothing surprising.

“Many of the idlers in the neighbourhood of the *Ezbekeeyeh* were drawn off from the scene of the festivities this day by the arrest of a Copt (who had always professed himself a Christian), for having employed a number of *fikees* in his house to perform a recitation of the *Kur-an*. He exculpated himself by asserting that he had been a Muslim in his heart for fourteen years, but had feared to incur the enmity of his relations by avowing himself such. A white turban was put upon his head instead of the black one which he had been accustomed to wear; and he was sent to the citadel, as is usual in cases of the kind, thence to the *Kádee*, to make an open profession of his faith; and back to the citadel, to receive a dress. On such an occasion, the apostate is preceded by musicians with drums and hautboys, and by a number of schoolboys, who cry, as they go along, “God aid the religion of *El-Islám*; God destroy the religion of the infidels!” This morning also, an old wall on the shore of the lake of the *Ezbekeeyeh*, shaken by the firing of the guns, fell upon four men, one of whom was killed beneath its ruins.

“At the palace, in the evening of this day, a *khawal*, or Egyptian dancing-man, performed, and outdid the gink, who danced at the same time in another part of the court. This man's performances were chiefly athletic, leaping through a hoop, &c.



He stood on the shoulders of another man, who walked about with him for several minutes : then, still borne in the same manner, he carried a boy in his arms. Next, he formed the support of a pile of five boys and men ; whom, after two or three minutes, he threw down. But he excited most surprise by sustaining, apparently with his teeth, a weight of about sixty or seventy pounds. This was a cylinder of wood with four circular plates of iron, forming part of the machine called *nórag*, which is used in Egypt for threshing wheat and cutting the straw. But while one of these iron plates was between his teeth, that next to it rested upon the top of his head. The full military band played European airs again, and a smaller military band performed native airs with the instruments of the country.

“ On the seventh night a *faree* was performed, which was rather tedious, the scenes being little more than the contract for the wife, and the bridal procession, conducted in the ordinary manner of the country. To make up for the want of humour, the actors threw crackers about every minute, and ended by dancing in a ridiculous manner. Afterwards, a peasant displayed his skill in balancing tall mesh’als, or cressets ; one with a single receptacle for fire, and of the common size ; another with five such receptacles ; and a third with only one, but of more than twice the usual length. These he supported on his forehead.

“ On the eighth night, which was the last of the festivities at the palace, the performances were more silly, and more unworthy of description than any of those of the preceding nights. I therefore pass them over in silence. But I have yet to describe the *zeffeh*, or procession of the bride to the house of the bridegroom, which took place on the ninth day, Thursday, the day most approved for such an event.

“ It is usual, in cases of this kind, for the procession to follow a circuitous route, through several of the larger streets of the metropolis, and particularly through the main street of the city. In the present case, the procession, on quitting the palace, turned to the right, it being esteemed unlucky to turn first to the left, and, after winding through some streets, made a circuit round the lake and its environs. It then passed through the part where most of the Franks reside, and having proceeded thence just outside the original limits of the city, on the west and south, entered the main street by the great gate called *Báb Zuweyleh*. It had to pass through the greater part of the city to arrive at the bridegroom’s house. I had been informed that it would pass through the main street about an hour before noon, and I went thither an hour earlier than the expected time, but I had to wait six hours before it arrived at the place where I sat.

“ The leader of the procession was the chief buffoon, on horseback, with a pointed silver cap, belonging to the treasury. He gravely saluted the spectators, turning to the right and left as he passed along, like the *Kádec* and other great men, and occasionally performed the same absurd actions as the false-bearded fool in the processions of the *Kisweh* and *Mahmal* ; such as pretending to write judicial decisions, &c. Next were four men in ample scarlet robes, of the kind called *benish*, each mounted on a camel, and beating a pair of large kettle-drums called *nakákeer*. The last of these was followed by a water-carrier, termed a *keiyim*, who was also, as were most of the persons, clad in a scarlet *benish*. A *keiyim* of the water-carriers is a man who, for the sake of a present and this empty title, carries a skin filled with sand and water, of greater weight and for a longer period than any of his brethren will venture to do ; and this feat he must accomplish without sitting down to rest, unless in a crouching posture. The *keiyim* of this procession began to carry his burthen, a skin of sand and water about two hundred pounds in weight, at sunset of the preceding



day, bore it in the procession, and continued to do so until sunset: this is a common custom in zeffehs of the great.

“Next followed twelve camels with saddles or housings covered with scarlet or green cloth, ornamented with shells of the kind called cowries, and having a number of small flags slanting forward from the forepart of each saddle, as in the processions of the Kisweh and Mahmal: indeed, these were the same saddles, &c. that were used in those processions on the last occasion. Shortly after these had passed, a boat, mounted on a gun-carriage, and bearing Ahmad Páshá's chief reyyis or boat-master, was drawn along by a number of men. Next passed a small field-piece, which was fired in the street before a public school-room, in which Ahmad Páshá was sitting to see his pageant. Some of the gink who had performed in the palace followed next, striking their castagnettes and occasionally dancing; then two men on horseback, each bearing a long pole with an embroidered handkerchief tied at the top, another man bearing a tall cresset wound about with handkerchiefs, and several sakkas, to supply the spectators with water. Then followed a covered car with open sides, and back, and front, drawn by four horses, and bearing the principal hired musicians who had performed at the palace: these performed also during the procession, though their music could scarcely be heard. A similar car followed, in which were the 'al'mehs, or female singers, who had performed in the hareem during the festivities: they were fully veiled, as ladies, and sang during the procession.

“Here were wanting what are generally seen in a zeffeh of this kind, namely, a number of cars, each bearing persons of some particular manufacture or trade, all at work in their several crafts, even such as builders, whitewashers, and the like, including persons of all, or almost all, the arts and manufactures practised in the metropolis.

“After the car with the female singers followed a number of buffoons; boys and men with hobby-horses made of palm-sticks and paper; two men on stilts, which were about eight feet high; the farce-players, whose absurd performances at the palace I have described, and the greater number of the gink, with their Turkish band. Next came a company of lancers, followed by pioneers, a full military band, and a body of infantry; then several eunuchs on horseback. These immediately preceded a train of eight shabby European carriages, which conveyed the ladies.

“Each carriage was drawn by four horses, driven by an Arab coachman, and attended by two or more eunuchs behind, and its upper part was covered with shawls spread upon the top and hanging down before, behind, and on either side, curtaining the windows, and concealing the ladies within. In the foremost, which was the best carriage, was the bride. Many of the female spectators raised their shrill and quavering cries of joy (called zagháreet) as the carriage passed. The train of carriages was followed by a number of drummers and hautboy-players, who accompany ordinary bridal processions; each of these was on horseback, and clad in a scarlet benish. Ahmad Páshá's chief gardener, in a canopied car which was filled and hung about with fruit, closed the procession. The time which the procession occupied in passing the place where I sat was just half an hour.”

My brother's remarks on the shabbiness of the carriages used by the grandees ten years since lead me to tell you how different are the equipages of the present day in Cairo. Some are nearly as good as those you meet in Hyde Park; and a carriage with four beautiful grey horses, in which I saw Mohammad 'Alee last week, could hardly, I thought, be surpassed in point of good taste.



## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

*From 'Passages in the Life of Gilbert Earle.'* By the late Barry St. Leger, Esq.

"MEETING, after long absence, with those dear to us, is said to be one of the highest enjoyments of human existence. To me it proved one of the saddest moments of a sad life. Revisiting the scenes of our childhood is also accounted a great, though a melancholy pleasure;—my return to them was even more bitter than my departure had been. During the long and dreary years which I had passed in India, the thoughts of *home* had been the food on which my soul had lived. The hope of one day being restored to it, of being again united to the dear ones who dwelt there, had supported me under the martyrdom of the heart, which is caused by long banishment. At length the time was come to which I had looked unvaryingly, for five-and-twenty years. I embarked for England; and, as our voyage lessened before us, my heart expanded with the near accomplishment of long-deferred hope. During the last week of the passage, I felt sickening impatience for the sight of land. Our course had been rapid till within a few days' sail of England, when we met with baffling winds, which increased my eagerness to a painful pitch. I used to pace the deck during the first watch with the officer until he was relieved, and listen with engrossing interest to his stories of the usual circumstances of approaching England—of the chances of wind at the entrance of the Channel—of the pilot coming on board—of running up to the Downs—of all the minutiae, in short, with which the close of his different voyages had been varied. This man and his fellows looked happily forward to reaching home; but how different were their feelings from mine! They looked to the recurrence of a periodical pleasure: I felt the condensed intensity of long years of hope.

"On the morning that we did make land, I was awakened by my servant with the tidings that we were close in shore. My cabin was on the seaward side of the ship, so, as I looked from the port-hole,

I saw only the green waves dancing and glittering in the breeze and sunshine of a summer morning: but the waves *were* green—and I blessed the colour, as assuring our nearness to land, and that land my own. I was speedily dressed and on deck. We were running rapidly up Channel with a brisk westerly breeze, and the green hills of the Devonshire coast stretched away a-head and a-stern of us as far as the eye could reach. It so happened that it was this very part of the coast which I had seen last, when I was leaving England nearly six-and-twenty years before. My last look of my native country was at one of those very hills, in the cold dull light of a November evening. I now saw it again in all the glory of sunlight and of summer, and with the feeling of return, instead of departure, at my heart: and yet with these causes, both physical and inward, for joyous sensation, I question whether my feelings were not less sad on the former occasion than now. It was true I was then quitting my country—my friends—my home—all those charities which entwine themselves with the heart-strings in a manner never to be unravelled, and which caused mine to strain almost to breaking as I left them. But to these pangs, many and bitter as they were, I had that all-powerful antidote—the buoyancy of a youthful spirit;—that false vision of early days, which, like a Claude Lorraine glass, throws a warm tint of richness and of pleasure over every scene, however melancholy and unhopeful its reality may be. Now my years of trial were past, and the moment was come to which I had always looked for repayment for all I underwent. But it found me changed, as all men must be, by the lapse of years, and suffering, as it is to be hoped all do not suffer, under the pain of bitter recollection. My heart was chilled with the retrospect of an unhappy life, and my joy for what was, was lost in my regret for what might have been. I felt, too, what all men must feel who pass the greater



and better part of their life in present pain for the hope of future happiness. I felt that now, when it was at last within my grasp, I had but few and declining years to enjoy it.

"But this was only the foretaste of the pain my return home was to cause me. I landed at Southampton, and, without going to London, travelled post across the country to my father's. It was in the month of July, and at the close of the day, as my chaise wound slowly up the hill, from the top of which I knew I should see my father's house. For the last few miles, the country had been becoming familiar to me, and I now recognised every spot which we passed. I saw the wood where I shot my first pheasant, and the cover where the hounds met on the day I was first out hunting; and I recollected the pride of my young heart at being allowed to mingle in the sports of grown men. But even here there was change—even the face of the country was not as I left it: how must, I thought, the human faces which I loved have altered in the same period! In the place of a wild heath, of which the cover I have mentioned formed part, there were ploughed fields, trim hedge-rows, and a line of cottages which bore no mark of recent erection. The cover itself was railed in, and seemed kept as a preserve. All the free nature of the scene was lost; and, in my present mood, I thought it ill exchanged, even for the smiling fertility which occupied its place. When we reached the top of the hill, the well-remembered scene of my childhood burst upon my sight. In all the long and painful years which had passed since I last looked on it, that spot had remained green and fresh at the bottom of a blighted heart, uneffaced by time, unchanged by sorrow. As it burst at once upon me now, my heart swelled with unutterable feelings; I threw myself back in the carriage, and wept aloud. Who that has shed tears upon a like occasion will deny them to be those of unequalled bitterness?

"The chaise proceeded rapidly down the hill, and passed through the village, which straggles to about half a mile from the park-gate. We passed many labourers returning from their work, and saw

numberless loiterers, of all ages and both sexes, who ran out at the sound of the wheels to see the carriage go by. But in not one of these people did I recognise a known face: the young had been born during my absence—and the old were changed beyond all remembrance. I was changed myself; for no eye now lighted up with the joy of recognition, or beamed on me to welcome my return. The woman who came out at the porter's lodge to open the gates, looked into my outstretched face as at that of a stranger; and as I passed into my father's gates, I felt that I was an alien among my kindred, a stranger in my home.

"It was now that I first felt the full force of the change which had taken place within me, and in those to whom I was returning; and I began to have misgivings as to how I might appear to them, and they to me. It is true that I had kept up a constant intercourse with my family by letters—but what are letters at a distance of thirteen thousand miles, and during an absence of a quarter of a century? Can a letter set the writer before you, and show the silent work of time upon his person? Can a letter, however affectionate, equal those little daily offices of kindness, which sink farther into the heart than even the greatest acts of friendship, as the continual dropping of water upon a stone makes the deepest impression? Can a letter convey the half-word, the passing look of tenderness?—or be unto us a watcher in sickness—a consoler in sorrow—a companion in enjoyment,—as he who wrote it would have been? Alas! No:—when absence exceeds a certain time, and when, added to this, months of distance intervene, letters may indeed

'— waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,'

but they will but feebly make known the daily life and feelings of correspondents to each other. They are as unsubstantial and imperfect in comparison with actual intercourse, as are the shadows of physical objects with the forms which cause them.

"My fears on this head were but too truly accomplished. When I drove up to the house, my sister was waiting on the steps to receive me, and in a moment I



was in her arms. When, after some time, we drew back to gaze upon each other, there was indeed cause for pain. We could not expect that we should be unchanged :—we knew that time must have done his usual work ;—but still we lived in each other's recollection just as we had parted, and the reality was scarcely the less sad from its having been, in a great degree, foreseen. The same smile, indeed—a smile never to be forgotten—still played in my sister's eye and lip ; but the eye was sunken, and the lip grown thin, and the smile itself was sadder and more aged, like the frames and hearts of both of us. The full, blooming cheek was grown hollow and pale ; and the luxuriant and beautiful hair, for which my sister had been remarkable, was entirely hidden, if, indeed, it still remained, by the widow's cap, which she had worn ever since her husband's death. This, and the gown of dark grey, which was likewise, I found, her constant attire, completed the contrast with the light-hearted, brilliant, blooming, beautiful girl whom I had left. For myself, I believe I was sufficiently changed also. My period of absence had been passed under a burning sun, and my figure and my face bore ample marks of its corroding influence. All the mental suffering, too, which I had undergone, had given aid to the work of climate. I had left home a tall, florid, athletic boy of eighteen : I returned a withered, worn-out man of forty-five, thin even to leanness, and my whole frame nerveless and relaxed. My cheek was of that yellow, waxen colour, which long dwelling in a burning climate gives, and my white hairs were fast outnumbering those which retained their original darkness. My sister and I read in each other's looks the shock we had mutually received, and we walked silently together into the house.

“ Here I was to experience a meeting still more bitter. I knew that my father had sunk almost into second childhood ; but I had no expectation of finding his imbecility so complete. He was seated in an easy chair near the window, which reached to the ground, that he might enjoy the mild and grateful warmth of a July sun-set. His limbs were wrapped in flannels, and he was supported by

pillows on either side. His head shook tremulously—his eye was vacantly fixed—and his jaw drooped in the extremity of dotage. This miserable wreck, which humanity could scarcely look at without a feeling of degradation, was all that remained of the hale and handsome man whom I had quitted ; it was all that time and sorrow had spared of my father ! Our entrance attracted his attention, and he looked with surprise on *the stranger* ! ‘ Set a chair for the gentleman,’ he muttered, almost mechanically ; ‘ perhaps he would like to take something after his journey.’ My heart swelled almost to bursting at this completion of my return home. This was what I had looked to so fondly and so long ; and now, what was it but bitterness and sorrow ? My sister saw my distress ; and, going to my father, tried to make him comprehend who I was. ‘ I am glad to see him,’ was the only answer which could be got from him. He made it mechanically, evidently totally unconscious of all which passed before him ; his eye unmeaning—his words dreamingly spoken—and his whole aspect that of the last flickerings of the flame of life before it sank out for ever.

“ My father was shortly removed to his own room, and my sister and I were left to talk over old times together. The room in which we sat was the library, and had undergone scarcely any change since I had last seen it. My eye could recognise the books in the very places in which I had left them ; the heavily bound, red-edged folios were ranged along the ground-row, untouched, most probably, since my early thirst for books had led me to explore them ;—and, in one corner of the highest shelf, I saw a white-backed copy of Gulliver's Travels, which I had nearly broken my neck in clambering to reach. Most of the furniture was new ; but there was still an old blue and white china jar, which I had got into disgrace for cracking, and on which was still to be seen the rivet which the housekeeper had placed upon it at my entreaty. A large old-fashioned backgammon table, also, stood in one corner, which I well recollected as having been one of the delights of my boyhood ;—and the picture which hung over the chimney, the only one in the room—was, as it had always



been, the portrait of an ancient worthy of our race, arrayed in the angular stiffness—the large ruff, clocked stockings, and be-rosed shoes,—of the court-dress of James the First's time. These circumstances may appear trifling; but I recollect they made strong impression upon me at the time,—and the task I have undertaken of writing a narrative of my life is naturally more a record of feelings than of events.

“The long conversation I had with my sister, tended in no degree to remove the sadness which all these circumstances had caused. Her subdued and melancholy manner showed that the hand of sorrow had been upon her also; that all her feelings were changed and saddened, except only her affection for me. I made inquiry for all those who were connected, in my recollection, with the dear home to which I had returned. One answer served for nearly all—‘He is dead.’ Of all the servants of the family—all the retainers, who are always so numerous about a large country-house—who had been my allies in my boyish sports, and who had so fervently bidden God to bless my parting step—not one remained to welcome my return. All the villagers, too, who had been most connected with ‘the great house’—who had paid their court by making their landlord's children share in the merriment of their harvest-home, and the joyousness of their Christmas carol; those, too, who had been my mother's pensioners, and to whom she had made us the dispensers of her bounty, that she might train our young hearts to the exalted pleasure of doing good;—all these, as I made inquiry for them one by one, I was told had disappeared from the scene; and, of course, those who had risen up to fill their places could feel no interest for me. My recollections of home had not been confined to the physical scene alone, they had naturally included the images of those who dwelt there, and it now seemed almost a mockery to be restored to the spot itself, and to find that all who had peopled it in my heart were gone for ever. How bitter were my feelings as the well-known quotation rose in my memory—‘I came to the place of my birth, and I said, “the friends of my youth, where are they?”—

and an echo answered, “where are they?”” I recollected having admired this as beautiful, when I first read it; alas! no one knows half its force who has not had occasion to repeat it as I did.

“When I was shown to my bed-room, a new scene of painful recollection presented itself. My sister had had the same room prepared for me, which I had always slept in when I was a boy; to which my brother and I had been removed, when our going to school made us considered too old for the nursery. The room now contained only one bed, but everything else was strikingly the same as when I left it. The prints with which my mother had decorated the walls, just before our first return from school, the shelves which had held our little library—even one or two of the mouldering school-books themselves—all combined to call into the most vivid and painful contrast my present and my former self. On the wainscot of dark oak, I found, in a well-remembered corner, the misshapen initials of my name, which I had cut with great labour, and had looked on as a work of infinite skill. On each side the chimney hung the portraits of my brother and myself, painted with the round cheeks, open neck, and flowing hair of ten years old. Now one was in the grave—and the other, at that moment, almost wished to be there also. As I gazed on the rosy careless countenance which had once been my likeness, I scarcely could think that it presented the same being. I felt as the dead might be supposed to feel if they could behold their earthly form, so totally did a gulf seem placed between my present nature and that of the blooming boy on whom I looked.

“It was, as I have said, the month of July, and the full moon gave perfect light to the scene which lay beneath the window. I threw it open, and looked out upon that well-known, long-loved spot. It was in itself one of great actual beauty—and I dearly loved and had long regretted it, which made me think it doubly so. The tall towering oak, which so often had been the goal of our race, and given its shadow to our gambols, was outlined on the bright moon-lighted sky



behind, in all the majesty of age, and the luxuriant leafiness of summer. Farther on, the moon threw a line of glittering light upon the noble sheet of water which had been to me the means of so much early enjoyment. There, I used to sit for hours fishing on its bank, and there, as my advancing years had caused me to take pleasure in the athletic exercises of youth, I had delighted

‘————— to cleave  
With pliant arm its glassy wave.’

“In the distance I could see among the trees the blue slate of the cottage where the gamekeeper lived, who had been so great an ally of mine, and whose dwelling had been so favourite a haunt. He also was dead—but he had survived most of his contemporaries, and in his last illness, not long before the time of which I write, he had expressed, my sister told me, deep regret at not living to see master Gilbert come home again. This, and numberless other circumstances, connected with my boyish pur-

suits, rose in my heart as I gazed on the scene which had witnessed them; and, as I closed the window, I felt that there was one more drop of gall added to the cup of bitterness which my return home had proved.

“Alas! said I to myself, and is this the hour of my return home—of my meeting with my friends? I find my mother and my brother dead; my father in a state which makes it to be wished that he were dead also; and my sister with a chilled heart and a withered frame, which make my soul sink with the contrast between what she was once, and what she is now. All those whose images are indelibly connected in my mind with the abode of my youth are swept away, nothing but the spot itself is left. It is as a skeleton to the human body—the frame-work is still the same, but all which gave to it life and beauty is withered and vanished. This, I exclaimed with bitterness, this is the happiness of revisiting the scenes of childhood; these are the joys of meeting!”

## PROPERTY IN LAND.

[In a recent Number (23) we inserted a very able article from ‘The Sheffield Times,’ on the general nature of Property in Land. We copy from the same paper the conclusion of the argument, which applies to the plans of the Sheffield “Co-operative Land Society.”]

It has been stated that good arable land may be rented in some of the most fertile parts of the country at 15s. the acre, and may be bought at 25 years’ purchase, or 18*l.* 15s. per acre. This is not true. Some farms may be let on the average of 15s. per acre, and may be bought at the average price of 18*l.* 15s. per acre, but this farm-renting or purchase will include some very inferior land. It is useless to make an assertion that some of the most fertile lands may be bought at 18*l.* 15s. per acre. Everybody who knows anything of the value of land in England, knows that this is not true. It is stated that the society has bought an estate of 103 acres within

seventeen miles of the metropolis, at 18*l.* 0s. 6*d.* per acre, but it is not said where the estate is situated, or what are the nature and quality of the land. There is plenty of land in Surrey, within seventeen miles of London, that is not worth 18*l.* 0s. 6*d.* per acre for the purpose of arable cultivation, though there may be persons willing to give that sum or more for it.

It is proposed that the members of the society shall contribute 2*l.* 10s. each; a contribution to that amount from 2000 persons will produce 5000*l.* “Having purchased 120 acres of the land, they propose to divide it into sixty allotments, of two acres each, on which they intend to erect cottages; the society also proposes to give 15*l.* to each occupant, who shall pay 5*l.* per annum for the same (that is, we suppose, to the directors), for the land and cottage. Sixty members will be balloted for at Manchester, under the instructions of the Board of Direc-



tors. The cost of these 120 acres, at 18*l.* 15*s.* per acre, will be 2250*l.* If sixty persons receive 15*l.* each, that will amount to 900*l.* This will take 3150*l.* out of the 5000*l.*, and leave 1850*l.* for building the cottages with. The cottages are, therefore, to be built at an average cost of 30*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* Those mechanics who are acquainted with the cost of bricks, lime, timber, slates, iron, glass, paint, efficient drainage, and labour, will be able to estimate what accommodation may be got for 30*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*

But the committee have not reckoned the cost of purchasing the land, which cost must be paid, according to custom, by the purchasers. The purchasers ought to investigate the title to the land, which will cost something; they will have to pay the stamp duties on the conveyance to them, and they will have to pay for the cost of preparing the instrument of conveyance to them. They ought to state whether the land is subject to the land tax, and to the payment of tithe; and they ought to ascertain all charges to which the land is liable or will be liable. Further, they must deduct something from the number of acres for roads, pathways, approaches, bounds, and ditches, all of which are necessary for the enjoyment of the land in small portions. They must also make some allowance for the cost of setting out the land in allotments and marking the boundaries; and there must be some writing or conveyance from the purchasers (the directors) for the purpose of giving to each occupant his title to the land; and the expense of all these writings will be considerable. There will not be two full acres for every man, after deducting the space to be occupied by roads, pathways, and approaches; and there will not remain 30*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* for building each cottage, but a sum considerably less. It must be remembered that we deny that good land can be got for 18*l.* 15*s.* the acre, or for thrice that sum. The occupants will have bad land and bad houses, for which it is proposed that they shall pay the exorbitant sum of 5*l.* annually to somebody (the directors, we suppose), besides taxes and other charges.

But after all, it is a lottery, in which, by taking 2*l.* 10*s.* tickets, sixty people

get something for which they are to pay annually more than it is worth. It was further said, the question will naturally arise, how do you intend to provide for the remaining 1940? This is certainly a very natural question to be put by those who pay 2*l.* 10*s.* and get nothing for it. What is the answer? "By the mortgage or sale of the land already purchased and occupied. They conceive that the land for which they paid 6000*l.* could, after cultivation, be sold for 7000*l.* (if they were driven to a sale, which would only be in case they could not mortgage); that they then could purchase other farms (at the same rate, of course), occupy and improve them, and sell it at the proportionable increase; so that should the money ever have to be divided, it would be found that for the 2*l.* 10*s.* the shareholders would be titled to from 15*l.* to 18*l.* It was, however, highly probable that they would have no difficulty in finding persons to advance money upon the property, so as to enable *them* to retain it in *their* own possession; and then *they* could create a great number of forty-shilling *freeholders*, which would give *them* great political influence. (Loud applause.)" ('*Sheffield Times*,' April 11, 1846.)

It is difficult to say which to admire most; the simplicity of the projectors who lay their schemes open, or of the hearers who applaud. A more palpable delusion was never held out to mankind.

*They* (the directors) purpose to mortgage or sell the land, when it is improved by the hard labour of the occupants. It is not clear what is meant by the 6000*l.* and 7000*l.*, for it is supposed that 5000*l.* has been expended on sixty allotments, with the houses on them, and in giving each occupant 15*l.* However, we suppose that the projectors mean to say that for every 6000*l.* laid out on their plan, which would produce seventy-two allotments, with the cottages thereon, there would some time—it is not said in how many years—be an improved property worth 7000*l.* There then will be a gain of 1000*l.*; provided all the occupants work hard and equally, and no man neglects to improve his land. It is not said how the society are to be sure that all the allotments will be equally improved. One man may improve his, and another may



not ; one man may be healthy and strong, and go on working ; another man may be feeble and idle, and may die and leave a helpless wife and young children, in which case there will be no means of improving that allotment, except by turning out the poor woman and her children, and putting a man in their place. But who is to mortgage or sell the land ? The directors, of course, for there is nobody else who can mortgage or sell the whole land. The directors, therefore, *must* keep the legal ownership in their hands : the occupiers can only be in the situation of tenants-at-will ; for if the directors have the absolute power of sale, they must have the absolute power of clearing off all the occupants and giving the possession to the purchaser. But it was also said that these lands and dwellings were to be leased for ever. Let it be so. The directors, then, must grant to each occupant a lease, which we will suppose to be for 1000 years, a period which the mechanic may reasonably consider to be long enough. But then each occupant will be a *leaseholder*, and not a freeholder. A freehold is either an estate to a man and his heirs, or it is an estate for the life of a person or the lives of certain persons. It is true that 1000 years is much beyond the limit of a man's life, but it does not make a freeholder ; and those who are leaseholders cannot vote as freeholders. Therefore, the proposers of this scheme contradict themselves in this matter.

But we will assume that the occupants have this lease for 1000 years ; and that the land is sold for 7000*l*. Who is to have the 5*l*. rent ? Of course the purchaser is to have it. He will not buy the land without having the rent. Thus the occupants will become tenants to a new landlord, who may distrain on them for the rent.

But the directors think that *they* may be able to mortgage the land, so as to keep it in *their* possession. Now *they* and *them* mean the directors. Nobody can mortgage the land in a lump, except those who have the legal estate in the land, that is, the directors ; and if they mortgage the land, they must mortgage it in the usual way. Now, when land is mortgaged, the mortgagor agrees to pay the mortgagee a certain sum annually for

the interest of his money, and to pay the principal money at a certain time (generally a year from the date of the deed), and up to this time it is agreed that the mortgagors (here the directors) shall keep possession of the land. If they do not pay the interest and principal at the time agreed, the mortgage deed provides that the mortgagee shall take possession, and he can claim the rents ; and it is usual in all mortgages to empower him (the mortgagee) to sell the land, if the terms of the mortgage deed are not observed. The occupants will always retain their lease, but every now and then they will get a new master. They will find that they are not freeholders, but leaseholders at a high rent on bad land, with a house to keep in repair. Indeed the directors who intend to keep the legal estate in their hands, may also distrain for the rent of 5*l*. This is no particular hardship, for every man who takes land on lease, and agrees to pay rent, is liable to a distress if he does not pay his rent. But this power of distress is not a pleasant thing to hang over the heads of men who imagine they have been made freeholders.

The most ridiculous part of the explanation is that in which the directors suppose they can go on buying new lands with the 1000*l*. which they assume that they shall get from the improved value of the estate. But it is only 1000*l*. after all. Unless they call for new contributions of 2*l*. 10*s*., they can only do with 1000*l*. the sixth part of what they had done with 6000*l*. ; that is, they can provide for twelve fresh persons. The profits on the new transaction of 1000*l*. will be at the same rate, or one-sixth part of 1000*l*., for 1000*l*. is the assumed profit on a transaction of 6000*l*. ; and so on will it go, till out of the assumed rate of profit they will not be able to provide for a single man. All the 2000 contributors, except those few who may draw the unlucky tickets, will get nothing at all : and the same is true of any other set of 2000 contributors, for only the same proportion of persons in every 2000 can be provided for by the scheme, as the directors distinctly say.

It is not worth while to consider how the shareholders are to get from 15*l*. to



18*l.* for their money, should it ever have to be divided. What money is meant? The money is laid out in land and houses, and the land and houses are to be turned into money again, and the money to be divided. But it is not said that an outlay of 6000*l.* can be made worth more than 7000*l.* : and it cannot be made worth that except by the labour of the occupants. Now 7000*l.* divided among 2000 persons does not produce exactly from 15*l.* to 18*l.* a-piece. It is not said what is to be allowed to the occupants, who have improved the land, when it shall be sold for the purpose of dividing the money. Probably it is meant that they will retain their lease, and in future pay their rent to the purchaser, instead of to the directors; and the 7000*l.* for which the land will be sold, if the leaseholders work hard to improve it, will be divided among those who have not received allotments. But a man who has 7000*l.* to spare, would hardly lay it out on a property divided among 72 leaseholders. His probable loss from rent would make it a bad investment. But suppose the land is sold for 7000*l.*, how are those of the 2000 who have not received allotments, to get out of it 15*l.* or 18*l.* a-piece? After deducting all expenses and allowing for interest, will they get their 2*l.* 10*s.* back? We assume, of course, that when they pay the 2*l.* 10*s.* they get some acknowledgment in writing first, and that all the business is conducted according to those legal forms which will give them perfect security. This is a matter worth the consideration of the subscribers.

We have not taken into the account any expenses incurred by the directors

for managing all this cumbrous business. We assume that they pay everything of this kind out of their own pockets; and that all the 2*l.* 10*s.* is really applied, as indeed they say it will be, to the purchase of land, &c.

There is not a single point in this scheme that will bear investigation. If honestly carried into effect by the directors, it will cost a great deal more than they state; it will raise all kinds of legal and other difficulties, and end in absolute ruin to the occupants. Those who have the good luck not to get a ticket in the lottery will only lose 2*l.* 10*s.*, and perhaps their temper. The experience may, however, be worth 2*l.* 10*s.*

We do not believe that there is a sensible mechanic in Sheffield, or elsewhere in the kingdom, who, if he carefully considers the question, will fail to see that the whole is a complete piece of nonsense. Let him be as dissatisfied with his condition as he may, he will see that this is not the way to mend it. The good sense of many of our mechanics is proverbial. Let them discuss the matter with those who are inclined to go into the scheme. We have not said one-half of what might be said on the subject. We have refrained from using many hard words, which suggested themselves, and from indulging in ridicule, though the temptation is very strong. We pray those of our readers who are working men, to accept in a good spirit these remarks from one who, like themselves, lives on the wages of labour, though his labour is less of the hand than theirs, but not on that account less wearisome, and sometimes not very profitable.

## SHAKSPERIANA.

A Correspondent who dates from Matlock, writes the following interesting letter to the Editor of the 'Pictorial Shakspeare':—

"I cannot help entertaining the opinion that a Shaksperian scholar will take an interest even in the signification of a single word which may serve to illustrate the text of the great dramatist. It is owing to this opinion that I venture to make the following communication; for which, however,

should it appear trivial, I trust the motive will afford an excuse.

"In your 'Cabinet Edition of Shakspeare,' which I purchased some months ago, I find the word 'nook-shotten,' as applied to Al-bion, explained, 'thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world.' Now, this word is frequently heard in this neighbourhood, but it is used in a quite different sense from the above. Shotten is from shoot; which



has the same meaning as in our old authors, that is, to *project*. The expression, a shot or shotten window, would, I think, to many persons here require no explanation. Imagine a building, or a rick of hay or corn, which, from age or ill construction, has given way at the corners, but without falling, so as to protrude considerably, and the literal meaning of nook-shotten is at once evident. But it is most frequently applied to any individual who, from debility or corpulence, has grown wry-shaped, or has the sides prominent. Perhaps Shakspeare alluded to the wry figure of the island when he termed Albion nook-shotten, or perhaps merely to its numerous corners or projections. In some glossaries to Shakspeare I have, I think, seen the adjective *side* explained *wide*. In this neighbourhood it is frequently used, and signifies *long*. That it formerly did not signify wide is evident from a line in an old nursery rhyme which I heard in my childhood; in it a certain garment is described as being '*side, wide, and easy*.'\* Many words which some commentators on Shakspeare seem to consider obsolete, are still vernacular in this neighbourhood; as owsel, blackbird; lin-tree, lime-tree; gillyvors, gillyflowers; moiety, not in its proper sense of half, but portion, share; envions, malicions; favour, to resemble in features; handkercher, handkerchief; neeld, needle; afeard, afraid; fardel, burden; forthink, to regret; and some others which I do not recollect at the present moment. For colly, we have coller, to blacken; for ravelled sleeve, we have ravelled slipping, which in its figurative sense means an intricate busi-

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\* *Side*—as *side-sleeves*—signifies *long* or *ample*, as used by Shakspeare. The word is Anglo-Saxon—*sid*, ample.—ED.

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*Impediments to the Progress of Truth.*—Truth and error, as they are essentially opposite in their nature, so the causes to which they are indebted for their perpetuity and triumph are not less so. Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry, is favourable to error; whatever promotes it, to truth. But nothing, it will be acknowledged, has a greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than the spirit and feeling of a party. Let a doctrine, however erroneous, become a party distinction, and it is at once intrenched in interests and attachments which make it extremely difficult for the most powerful artillery of reason to dislodge it. It becomes a point of honour in the leaders of such parties, which is from thence

ness; for flecker, we have fleck, to spot. I will add a few of the most remarkable of our provincial words:—Hade, to slope; hind, shy; hill, to cover (the hele of our old authors); nesh, tender, delicate; sken, to squint; snub, to chide; stornel, starling (stornello, Italian); stele, the staff or handle of a broom or a fork (stelo, Italian); settle, a bench; onbethink, to recollect; heela, shy; bobber, too daring; hoo, she (Anglo-Saxon heo); hore, her (Anglo-Saxon heora); hom (rare), them (Anglo-Saxon heom).

Now I am upon the subject, I cannot help noticing a wrong interpretation of a word in the '*Fairy Queen*.' The line in which the word I refer to occurs is this:

'Upon an huge great earth-pot stean he stood.'

The glossarist explains the word *stean* merely *stone*, making it the qualifying word to earth-pot, *i. e.* a stone earth-pot. This appears to me exactly the contrary to the right interpretation. The idiom of our language does not, I think, allow a word signifying the material of which anything is made to be placed *after* the noun which it qualifies. For instance, we cannot say a trough stone for a stone trough, nor a table wooden for a wooden table; nor, I think, would Spenser have said an earth-pot stone for a stone earth-pot. Stean, in Derbyshire, signifies a jar of large size; and I doubt not Spenser used the word in this sense. The meaning of the expression then would be, an earth-pot or earthenware-jar of large size. We commonly enough call this kind of vessel an earthen (or earthenware) stean. I have been surprised to see that Richardson, in his '*New English Dictionary*,' merely explains stean as a pit, well, or fountain surrounded—a way paved—with stone. But I quote this from the abridgment of his Dictionary."

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communicated to their followers, to defend and support their respective peculiarities to the last; and, as a natural consequence, to shut their ears against all the pleas and remonstrances by which they are assailed. Even the wisest and best of men are seldom aware how much they are susceptible of this sort of influence; and while the offer of a world would be insufficient to engage them to recant a known truth, or to subscribe an acknowledged error, they are often retained in a willing captivity to prejudices and opinions which have no other support, and which, if they could lose sight of party feelings, they would almost instantly abandon.

—*Rev. Robert Hall.*



## ENIGMA XI.



A Templar kneel'd at a friar's knee ;  
 He was a comely youth to see,  
 With curling locks, and forehead high,  
 And flushing cheek, and flashing eye ;  
 And the monk was a jolly and large a man  
 As ever laid lip to a convent can,  
     Or called for a contribution ;  
 As ever read, at midnight hour,  
 Confessional in lady's bower,  
 Ordain'd for a peasant the penance whip,  
 Or spoke for a noble's venial slip  
     A venal absolution.

“ Oh, Father ! in the dim twilight  
 I have sinned a grievous sin to-night ;  
 And I feel hot pain e'en now begun  
 For the fearful murder I have done.

“ I rent my victim's coat of green ;  
 I pierced his neck with my dagger keen ;  
 The red stream mantled high ;  
 I grasp'd him, Father, all the while  
 With shaking hand, and feverish smile,  
 And said my jest, and sang my song,  
 And laugh'd my laughter, loud and long,  
     Until his glass was dry !

“ Though he was rich, and very old,  
 I did not touch a grain of gold,  
 But the blood I drank from the bubbling  
     vein  
 Hath left on my lip a purple stain.”

“ My son ! my son ! for this thou hast  
     done,  
 Though the sands of thy life for aye  
     should run,”

    The merry Monk did say ;  
 “ Though thine eye be bright, and thine  
     heart be light,  
 Hot spirits shall haunt thee all the night,  
     Blue devils all the day.”

The thunders of the Church were ended,  
 Back on his way the Templar wended ;  
 But the name of him the Templar slew,  
 Was more than the Inquisition knew.



## THE EYE-WITNESS.

## LONG AND SHORT TIME—LORD ASHLEY AND LORD JOHN MANNERS.

THE great question as to the duration of the hours of labour, which has, during the last quarter of a century assumed so prominent an aspect, is of ancient origin. It is, in fact, a very old story. Not to refer to the primeval doom, we may, nevertheless, recollect that it has been expounded by divines, reasoned on by philosophers and political economists, mourned over by philanthropists, sung by poets, and descanted on by statesmen. It was a favourite theme with Dr. Johnson. His 'Rambler' contains many papers treating more or less on the subject. One of them used to be a stock-piece in our elder school collections. Having to write a 'Rambler' in the month of July, 1750, he tried his hand on one of those allegories which he delighted to produce. Under the reign of Rest, the earth was covered with fruits and flowers, no sound of hammer or axe was heard, men, women, and children were happy, the beasts were peaceful, and the birds carolled. But Rest reigned too long. The fruits were consumed, the flowers disappeared, and gaunt famine stalked into the terrestrial paradise. The outcries of Humanity attracted the attention of Labour, who forthwith cut roads, built bridges, planted fields, and revived expiring creation. But Labour fell into the same error as Rest—it persevered too long. Then came Lassitude, and laid its withering hand on human energies. The struggle continued, until it was found out that Rest and Labour must hold, not a *divided*, but an *alternate* dominion. They were consequently married, and had a fine daughter called Health, who, as the great moralist expressly assures us, in the spirit of the motto from Ovid with which he commenced his allegory ('alternate rest and labour long endure') only "dispensed her gifts to those who shared their lives in just proportion between Rest and Labour."

What is this but a type of the controversy which, in these modern days, agitates drapers' shops, factories, Exeter Hall, Hanover Square Rooms, Manchester, and the House of Commons? The grave Loeke affirmed that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy, must allow some of it to pass in trifles. The grave Johnson quotes the grave Loeke, and adds that "the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement." In truth, with all respect for the practical information of a Thackrah, and the physiological science of a Combe, common sense and common observation have long ago settled the question. The humblest mind,

"Whose soul proud science never taught to stray,  
Far as the solar walk or milky way,"

is quite capable of informing us, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

But the rise of our modern manufacturing system has given a new aspect to the question. The Hebrew law prohibited ploughing with an ox and an ass together, but modern civilization has yoked together the human being and the steam-engine. This is an evil unquestionably, but very far from being an unmitigated one. It is, in fact, one of those evils which approximate towards good. Machinery has not, even yet, developed its powers; and until it does so, there must be an unequal competition between it and human toil. But machinery is changing the aspect of the world:—it is giving a new direction to the energies of the human race. Those who participated in the earliest advantages of the manufacturing system were not altogether ignorant of the good and evil arising from what we may term the combined aggregation and segre-



gation of masses of human beings. David Dale, who founded the famous establishment of New Lanark (which his son-in-law, Mr. Owen, afterwards rendered so notorious) was quite aware of the duty devolving on him as a "Christian master." Though rising from the humble position of a travelling "chapman," or pedlar, he did not forget, in his days of opulence, the interests of those whose toil contributed to his wealth. To this instance we may add, that Belper, near Derby, still exhibits the spirit of the founder hereditary in his descendants. So of the great flax factory of the Marshalls, of Leeds. And there are numerous examples existing in Lancashire, where the proprietors of factories show a regard for the physical, moral, and mental welfare of their work-people, worthy of the highest commendation.

It cannot be denied, however, that these are the exceptions rather than the rule. On this point we have the testimony of a most intelligent manufacturer, whose mills, with their surrounding cottages, are the admiration of every visitor. Mr. Henry Ashworth, of Turton, near Bolton, says,—“On the early introduction of the cotton manufacture, the parties who entered into it were men of limited capital, anxious to invest the whole of it in mills and machinery, and therefore too much absorbed with the doubtful success of their own affairs to look after the necessity of their work-people.” But it is a mere work of supererogation to repeat a fact so familiar. Again and again has the subject been brought under the public eye, more especially in those local and general reports which have been so extensively circulated. All the facts are summed up by Mr. Chadwick, in his very able ‘General Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain;’ and we now know that though much has been done, much more remains to do, in order to mitigate the physical and moral condition of those by whose toil our vast manufacturing industry is sustained.

Sir Robert Peel, the father of the present Prime Minister of England, very early directed his attention to the fact that children in factories were doomed to work as long as adults, to the consequent injury of their physical powers. He laboured on their behalf in the Legislature; and various bills were successively passed, restricting the duration of the labour of young persons. These, however, were all comparatively ineffective; and meantime a strong popular feeling was excited for a limitation of the labour of adults to ten hours a day. The subject was taken up by the House of Commons in 1832, through the medium of a Parliamentary Committee: but so conflicting was the evidence adduced, that a Royal Commission was recommended to be issued, the members of which might themselves personally visit the whole of the manufacturing districts. This was accordingly done; the Commission made its report in 1833; and in that year the Act was passed by which the Board of Factory Inspectors was constituted, specially delegated by the Legislature to watch over the carrying out of its intentions with respect to the employment of children in factories.

The Report of the Commission in 1833 cleared up some doubtful points, established as facts a number of allegations, and disproved others. It was the first comprehensive survey of our manufacturing system undertaken by authority. Some of the more shocking affirmations of habitual cruelty and tyranny were shown to be gross exaggerations. In many cases the condition of the manufacturing operative was proved to be far superior to that of other labourers in other departments of industry. And the demand for a limitation of the hours of daily labour to Ten was resisted, as being opposed not merely to the naked profit of the capitalist, but to the welfare of the adult operatives themselves; inasmuch as by restricting the operations of capital engaged in directing delicate and expensive machinery, and depending on minute profits, the Legislature



would, in fact, be engaged in diminishing the demand for labour, and consequently reducing the wages of the operative. Influenced by these considerations, Parliament confined its attention to restricting the duration of the hours of labour of young persons; leaving the question of "Ten Hours" in the case of adults still floating on the surface of public opinion.

And it did float—the manufacturing operatives themselves kept it up. It became a moral, a social, an industrial question. Kind-hearted men, unconnected with the manufacturing districts, heard the complaints of the operatives: and they went to see if all that was stated was true. The physical discomfort, the moral degradation, which, in too many instances, crowded upon their vision, alarmed them. A feeling grew up that the manufacturing system was changing the whole character of Great Britain, and that its energies were worked at a pressure sufficiently high to explode at any unlooked-for moment. Then there were the masses of human beings doomed to incessant toil, to ignorance, sin, and sorrow. All this had its effect. We know not that we can better *historically* depict the feeling which was thus working up into antagonism with the manufacturing system, than by quoting a celebrated passage from a celebrated speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1839, by Sir James Graham, in which he thus powerfully exhibits an opinion which has passed away from his own mind, as it is passing from the minds of a great proportion of those who once entertained it:—

"What change more cruel could despotism itself inflict than a change from 'the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,' to a painful and grievous obedience to the sad sound of the factory bell; the relinquishment of the thatched cottage, the blooming garden, and the village green, for the foul garret or the dark cellar of the crowded city; the enjoyment of the rural walk of the innocent rustic Sabbath, for the debauchery, the temptations, the pestilence, the sorrows, and the sins of a congregated multitude? Where were their moralists, that their voices were not raised against the fearful consequences of a change such as the one proposed, with all the consequences which would follow in its train? Talk of sending the Poles to Siberia, or the Hill Coolies from Coromandel to the Mauritius—the authors of the proposed change [the repeal of the Corn-laws] contemplated the perpetration, within the limits of their native land, of a cruelty far more atrocious. It was the first step towards making England the workshop of the world, dependent for its daily support upon continental supplies."

Such were the feelings which honestly actuated LORD ASHLEY, when he first directed his attention to the condition of the labouring classes, and took up the 'Ten Hours' question. The manufacturing operatives told their story. "Here we are," they said, "obliged to turn out at five in the morning, when we hear 'the sad sound of the factory bell;' we rush to be in time, lest the gates be closed; the inexorable steam-engine then commences its incessant clank, and we must toil on till it ceases. We are factory slaves: our children are crippled; their bodies and ours are prematurely exhausted; we have not a moment for moral and intellectual improvement; and on Sundays, instead of going to church or chapel, we seek to restore our exhausted energies by intoxicating stimulants."

Lord Ashley, who thus undertook to head a social movement, is the son of the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury. The first Earl is well known in our history. Statesman and Lord Chancellor in the reign of Charles II., he was a versatile and unscrupulous politician, but has the reputation of having been an excellent judge, more from natural sagacity than any knowledge of law. Dryden has celebrated him:—



“ In Israel’s courts ne’er sat an Abethdin  
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,  
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,  
 Swift of despatch, and easy of access.”

The third Earl of Shaftesbury was also a remarkable man. His collected works were published under the title of ‘Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times.’ It was this which supplied Mr. Sheil with the idea for his rhetorical compliment to the present Lord Ashley. The noble lord, he said, by his labours on behalf of the industrious and toil-worn masses of our population, had “rendered HUMANITY one of the Characteristics of Shaftesbury.”

The present Earl of Shaftesbury has been, for about forty years, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, an office involving much attendance to details, and constant as well as sedulous attendance on the House. He is also Deputy-Speaker of the House, occupying the woolsack when the Lord Chancellor is absent. Lord Ashley is his eldest son; he was born in 1801. Any one who has seen the noble lord once will easily recognise him again. He is tall; has a notable aquiline nose; and though, like his father, he is not “brilliant,” he is exceedingly industrious, and patient in the accumulation of details. Although he speaks very well, he cannot be termed an orator; the characteristic of his style of speaking is a tone of earnestness—a sort of moral feeling, conveying the impression of a good man, who is seriously impressed with the importance of the object in hand. His voice accords with this, having a serious tone, like that into which a man may fall who speaks rather to create an impression than to make a display. Lord Ashley was M.P. for Woodstock in 1826; for Dorchester in 1830; and sat for the County of Dorset until his resignation in the course of the present year. He has occasionally held subordinate official situations—was a Lord of the Admiralty during Sir Robert Peel’s administration in 1834-5; and on the return of his party to power in 1841 he refused office, because he wished to keep himself independent on the question of “Short Time,” or, in other words, of “Ten Hours,” to which he had devoted himself, and on which it was understood the government were adverse to legislation.

When Lord Ashley took up this question, he was confessedly ignorant of all its bearings. With him it was a simple matter of humanity. The work-people complained of being prematurely exhausted by long hours: why should they not be relieved by Act of Parliament? There was also a strong spirit of antagonism between the employers and the employed. Various other feelings, political and sentimental, entered into the matter. Up to the present hour there are numbers of workmen who believe that CAPITAL is the enemy of LABOUR—that the two cannot co-exist unless in the relations of tyrant and slave. And there are still many good, pious men, more governed by their feelings than their reason, who believe that the manufacturing districts are exclusively the “dark places” of our land, “full of the habitations of cruelty.”

Happily, great events are in progress, which will lead to corrections both of the evils of the manufacturing districts and of the erroneous notions entertained respecting them. We can hardly, however, be surprised that Lord Ashley, with immature opinions, or rather no opinions at all, on economical questions, should be moved by the appeal made to him by the operatives, to obtain a legislative limitation of labour to ten hours a day. He has pursued it during different years, always failing, however, to obtain the assent of the House of Commons to his proposed measure. In 1844 he had well nigh succeeded. The agitation on the question of the corn laws had rendered the country gentlemen uneasy, and they supported Lord



Ashley, partly from feeling, and partly from animosity. He attempted to introduce into a Factory Bill, which Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, had brought in, words which would limit the labour of adults to ten hours a day. He carried his amendment; the government afterwards proposed to rescind it, and were again defeated. It produced much political excitement at the time, for it was the first indication of weakness on the part of an administration hitherto very strong, and at the same time was given the first unequivocal indication of an opinion now ripened into practice, that Sir Robert Peel, and one or two of his colleagues, felt that the Corn Laws really stood in the way of the prosperity of the country. "Beware," said Sir James Graham, turning round to the country gentlemen behind him, "of what you are about. Reduce the hours of labour to ten instead of to twelve, and you will reduce the wages of the operative *twenty-five* per cent." And in a very significant way he said that the whole system under which we lived was a "HOUSE OF CARDS," any displacement in which would bring it tumbling about our ears. Sir Robert Peel was equally emphatic. Our exports during the previous year had amounted to forty-four millions sterling, and out of that amount thirty-five millions were exported to foreign markets, and would be affected by the proposed change. Arguments like these ultimately alarmed the House of Commons, and Lord Ashley was finally compelled, by a large majority, to give up his proposal. The agitation, however, has not been abandoned; recently, during the present session, another Ten Hours Bill was rejected by a comparatively small majority. Let us hope that when the Corn Laws are repealed, and the *hands* of commerce and trade are untied, a common ground will be found, on which CAPITAL will be able to carry on its operations, without the necessity of exacting from LABOUR exhausting toil at a pitiful remuneration.

Lord Ashley has been more successful on other fields. He obtained the appointment of the Commission for inquiring into the state of the population in the mining districts; and its reports produced a strong impression on the public mind. We seemed to be suddenly apprised of the existence of a world below the soil of Great Britain, where, in gloomy darkness, men, women, and children toiled, degraded to the level of brute beasts, and who, when they emerged into the light of day, were cut off from all association with the rest of the community, existing apart, as the *black* pariahs of our social condition. Lord Ashley, in consequence, found no difficulty, during the Session of 1842, in getting his Mines and Collieries Act passed, which prohibits the employment of women and girls in mines and collieries, and regulates the age at which boys are permitted to work in the pits. The expulsion of women and grown-up girls from mines was certainly an interference with the freedom of labour; and most unquestionable hardship has arisen from preventing women working in coal-pits, after they had become inured to the labour, and were incapable of any other. But the evil is a temporary one; while the reports of the Commissioners appointed under the Act to watch over the fulfilment of its provisions, letting in, as they do, a clear light upon the condition of a great section of the toiling community hitherto entirely removed from the public eye, cannot fail to be beneficial both to employers and employed. The working classes ought not to be reduced to the state of overgrown children, watched over by a Commissioner, armed, like a legislative pedagogue, with the birch of an Act of Parliament. But in the case of the mining population, it was necessary that the elevating power should be applied from without. There are considerable difficulties to be overcome, but we believe that Lord Ashley's Mines and Collieries Act is effecting its purpose—that of



enabling the bulk of the mining population to acquire the decencies and enjoyments of domestic life.

Lord Ashley is not at present in Parliament, but appears frequently in public, generally presiding over the meeting of some benevolent association. His opinions are now more matured than they were; and we hope that he will long be spared to prosecute his labours for the amelioration of the condition of those who toil, by plans which will not neutralize their own effect, by interfering with the FUND from which all salaries and wages are paid. In other words, that no restriction of labour shall be attempted, which will injure the capital by which it is employed.

Lord John Manners is another legislator who has evinced much interest in the condition of the working classes. He is much younger than Lord Ashley, and has not effected anything of a practical nature. In appearance he is tall, thin, with a shrill, plaintive voice, and is a mild, intelligent man. One would not imagine that so meditative a looking man, with appearance somewhat delicate, was such a passionate admirer of out-door sports. His anxiety to mitigate the lot of the working classes, by diminishing their hours of labour, and giving them more time for out-door enjoyment, is well known.

**PAY AND DRESS OF ENGLISH TROOPS IN IRELAND, IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.**—The following curious passage might have found a place in Mr. Marshall's excellent 'Military Miscellany.' It occurs in a private letter written from Trim in Ireland, in the year 1599, by no less a personage than Sir John Harrington, the poetical translator of Ariosto, who, at one time, enjoyed a considerable degree of favour at the court of Elizabeth. Harrington was both a "Captain Sword" and a "Captain Pen." When he wrote this letter he was serving in Ireland under the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex, as a captain of foot. He was afterwards a captain of horse.

"I must not forget nor cease to tell you her Majesty's good, wise, and gracious providings for us her captains and our soldiers, in summer heats and winter colds, in hunger and thirst, for our backs and our bellies. That is to say, every Captain of a hundred footmen, doth receive weekly, *upon every Saturday*, his full entertainment of *twenty-eight shillings*. In like case, every Lieutenant *fourteen shillings*; an Ensign, *seven shillings*; every serjeant, surgeon, drum, and fife, *five shillings* pay by way of imprest; and every common soldier *three shillings*, to be delivered to all by the poll weekly. To the four last lower officers two shillings weekly, and for every common soldier twenty pence weekly, are to be answered for to the full value thereof, in good apparel of different kinds, part for winter, and part for summer; which is ordered to be of good

quality and stuff for the prices; patterns whereof must be sent to the Lord Deputy [now styled Lord Lieutenant] to be compared and prepared as followeth:

**Apparel for an Officer in Winter.**

- A cassock of broad cloth with bays, and trimmed with silk lace, 27 shillings 7 pence.
- A doublet of canvas with silk buttons, and lined with white linen, 14 shillings 5 pence.
- Two shirts and two bands, 9 shillings and 6 pence.
- Three pair of kersey stockings, at 2 shillings and 4 pence a pair, 7 shillings.
- Three pair of shoes of neat's leather, at 2 shillings and 4 pence a pair, 7 shillings.
- One pair of Venetians [breeches] of broad *Kentish* cloth, with silver lace, 15 shillings 4 pence.

**In Summer.**

- Two shirts and bands, 9 shillings 6 pence.
- Two pair of shoes, 4 shillings 8 pence.
- One pair of stockings, 2 shillings 8 pence.
- A felt hat and band, 5 shillings 5 pence.

**Apparel for a common soldier in Winter.**

- A cassock of *Kentish* broad cloth lined with cotton, and trimmed with buttons and 17 shillings 6 pence.
- A doublet of canvas, with white linen lining, loops, 12 shillings 6 pence.
- A hat-cap coloured, 7 shillings.

"All of us who are worth anything, spend our manhood in unlearning the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth."—*Shelley, Letters.*



## PROGRESS OF RAILWAY REFORM.

WE copy the following sensible abstract from the 'North British Railway and Shipping Journal,' a very useful and valuable paper published weekly at Glasgow:—

The railway department of the Board of Trade has just issued a report on a number of matters connected with railways now in operation, which is dull enough for the general reader to peruse, but from which not a little useful information may be gleaned, showing that, although slowly, improvements are surely going on with our railway system, which, considering the absence of competition, is very satisfactory indeed. With regard to fares, the report tells us that, in general, these are charged much below what the railway companies are authorised to demand, although, "In connexion with this subject it may be stated, that many of the old established companies, in order to save themselves from the effects of new and competing projects, have reduced their charges considerably." This, however, has tended to good, for, as the report significantly observes, "The immediate effect of the reduction has been an increase of the traffic in such a ratio *as to augment, instead of diminishing, the net profit.*"

The inquiry of the Board seems, so far as regards this report, to have been limited to England, where some of the railways have actually, at one time, been in the habit of charging as high as their parliamentary limits allowed, namely, 4*d.* per mile for first-class, and 3*d.* for second; this does not seem to have been successful, for these are now reduced by fully one-third, and yet, compared with the fares of others, they are still high. Amongst the highest charging lines (indeed the highest) are Mr. Hudson's, namely, the Midland, and the Birmingham and Gloucester; the charges on these are about 3½*d.* per mile for first-class, and 2½*d.* for second; and, at the same time, there appears to have been no reduction upon them *for the last three years*, unless that has been in the shape of return-day tickets, which system the report seems to hint at as being successful, as it says that "the reduction of fares, in respect to return-tickets, is very considerable, and the issuing of them is

becoming more prevalent." The Grand Junction Railway appears to have reduced nearly a penny a mile, and the London and Birmingham about a halfpenny, but why they should continue to charge unequally seems strange, seeing that their interests are now identical. From the appearance of the return, we should say that the railway interest itself seems at the present moment to have arrived at the conclusion, that twopence per mile for first, a penny halfpenny for second, and a penny for third-class passengers ought to be the maximum charges, if we except the lines of Mr. Hudson, whose *animus*, judging from his speeches in the House of Commons, is to monopolize and charge highly.

With regard to what are called "*cheap parliamentary third-class trains*," the establishing of which the railways consider a sort of *concession*, but which, we have no doubt, will yet be found worth the care and cultivation of directors, the report speaks in a satisfactory manner:—

"The chief points insisted upon by the Board of Trade have been, complete protection from the weather, through the closing of apertures, by curtains, or by shutters, or by Venetian blinds, or by windows, and provisions for the admission of light and air when these apertures were so closed; and recently several railway companies have provided inside lamps for their covered third-class carriages at night, which, though necessary for the comfort of the passengers, was not done at first. By far the greater number of the railway companies evinced the utmost alacrity in complying with the provisions of the Act, as well as great liberality in the mode of providing for the accommodation of passengers travelling by the parliamentary cheap trains. Most of the railway companies adopted windows, which raised the third-class carriages to the description of second-class carriages, and all that come under the law have long been running carriages which have been approved by your lordships. Most of the railway companies, upon which the law is not compulsory, have voluntarily come into the general arrangements; and, on the whole, it may be assumed, that the intentions of the legislature, with reference to these cheap trains, have been fully and satisfactorily carried into execution, both with regard to the carriages and the hours of running."



When one reads this, and remembers the old third-class open stand-ups, and the poor passengers exposed to the wind, the rain, and the engine-ashes—when he calls to mind the rattling of ragged umbrellas, spread to avert such uncalled-for torture, by which not only property was damaged, but personal injury inflicted,—he cannot but see that railway reform is in the ascendant; and when he takes into consideration that the receipts of railways, not only in particular cases, but *in cumulo*, are advancing in a like proportion to the *concessions* made, he must become convinced, that the advocate of cheap fares and improved accommodation is indeed the railway shareholder and director's best friend, and not their enemy, as many a close-minded noodle would have him to be.

Cheap as the fares we have referred to may be looked upon, and *voluptuous* as the accommodation may be considered, we view them in a very different light. We have no doubt whatever, that before ten years have passed over our heads, they will be contemplated much in the same way as we now do former steam-packet fares, and the packets themselves, with reference to those of the present time. Twenty years ago, the steamers betwixt this and Liverpool averaged 250 tons, with 100 horses' power, and the fare was two pounds fifteen shillings; now they average 800 tons and 400 horses' power, and the fare is only fifteen shillings.

We now come to that part of the report which embraces accidents, and this, we regret to find, is not so satisfactory as we could have wished; although it must be borne in mind, that the average of these to the number of passengers carried, is still very small. In 1840, the average number of injuries in proportion to passengers carried, was 1 to 39,410; in 1841, 1 to 213,018; in 1842, 1 to 1,124,128; in 1843, 1 to 4,262,087; but in 1844 it rose to 1 to 356,702; and in the first six months of 1845, it was 1 to 522,517.

"In the year 1844, 10 persons were killed, 6 of whom were passengers, and 74 more or less injured, 64 of whom were passengers, by accidents in railway travelling, arising from causes beyond the control of passengers; 7 passengers were killed and 9 injured, owing to their own negligence or misconduct; of the companies' servants 33

were killed and 28 injured, under circumstances not involving danger to other portions of the public; and of persons who were not servants to the railway companies, but principally trespassers, 34 were killed and 17 injured, under circumstances not involving danger to passengers. In 1845, 10 persons were killed, 4 of whom were passengers; and 101, 82 of whom were passengers, injured in a greater or less degree, the causes of the accident being beyond the control of passengers; that 9 passengers were killed and 10 injured owing to their own neglect or ill conduct; that 36 servants of the companies were killed, and 24 injured, under circumstances not attended with danger to other portions of the public; and that 45 persons other than servants of the companies were killed and 9 injured, under circumstances not involving danger to passengers."

The immense increase of accidents in 1844 and 1845 compared with those of 1843, is no doubt to be traced to the introduction of greater speed upon railways than what existed previously, without improved accompanying arrangements, although the report of the Board of Trade does not advert to this fact; probably, in consequence of comparatively few accidents having happened to express trains, travelling at very high velocities. It must be taken, however, into consideration, that an express train, travelling at a high speed, is a very different thing from an ordinary one, travelling beyond *ordinary* velocity; in the case of the latter there is greater proportionate weight, and it carries with it greater momentum in case of a sudden stop; not only so, but it often happens that, after all, express trains do not obtain so much in speed as they gain by not stopping at stations.

The report concludes by giving the following table, showing the gross amounts received for goods, passengers, &c., and states, "that the increase of traffic thus shown is *still steadily progressing*:"—

Year ending	Miles of Rail-way open.	Receipts from Passen-gers.	Receipts from Goods, Cat-tle, &c.	Total.
		£	£	£
June 30, 1843	1798½	3,110,257	1,424,932	4,535,189
" 1844	1912½	3,435,294	1,635,380	5,074,674
" 1845	2118½	3,976,341	2,333,373	6,209,714



## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

*From 'Passages in the Life of Gilbert Earle.'* By the late Barry St. Leger, Esq.

"THERE are few things which strike with a more painful chill upon the heart, at least upon *my* heart, than the un-  
changedness of physical objects, while Time has dealt destruction and decay upon all else. The scene which we contemplate with dimmed eye and saddened mind, was offered in self-sameness to our view when we were rife with all the nerve of bodily, and all the joyousness of mental, youth. The river glides on, murmuring to the air, and glistening to the sun, as it murmured and glistened in our youth—in the youth of our fathers. The tree which flourished in majesty in our childhood flourishes in majesty still, for the days of a man's life work no visible change upon the grandeur of vegetable age. Even the works of human hands mock those who reared them—they remain in beauty and in strength, when the builder has crumbled into dust: the tenement of his own body is the only one which he cannot repair. Human frames shoot, ripen, and decay,—human hearts bud, bloom, and wither,—but Nature and natural things remain unchanged—at least, during the time which suffices to work in us rise, maturity, and final fall. And this does not apply solely to long lapse of time. There are none, I am sure, who have suffered any great and sudden calamity without feeling with force the unchanged state of external objects. There is even a sort of sensation of surprise at seeing physical things as they were—indifferent business proceeding as it did—when all within us has been shattered, uprooted, and reversed. Every thing with us is so altered—every thing with them is so painfully the same.

"The latter of these causes of suffering it is now, I thank God, many years since I experienced; the former I never felt to the very full till now. The house, the grounds, the village, are, except in some trifling particulars, unchanged since I left them; the people, with some few exceptions also, are all swept away. And those exceptions!—

alas! they show more plainly the tokens of Time and Decay even than the general change of peopling. On the Sunday after my return, I went with my sister to the village church—that church where my mother had taught my little knees to bend in devotion, my almost infant lips to syllable a prayer. As we passed along the aisle to our pew, from outward things I might have thought that only the week had elapsed since I had last been there; the faces on which I looked showed that a generation had passed away. There was, however, *some* change. Over our seat was my brother's monument; opposite to it my mother's! But, above all, I missed the reverend and excellent old man who had been the clergyman when I left home. He used almost to seem to us part of the venerable building in which he prayed. His long white hair, thinned on the forehead and temples—his meagre, but fine and thoughtful face,—and his voice, which, though touched with age, still retained both silvery and solemn tones when earnest in prayer, or impassioned in exhortation; all his attributes and appearances fitted him for that simple and sublime office, the pastor of a country-church. His place was now supplied by a young gentleman, who, as he passed to the desk, displayed a Hoby boot from beneath his surplice,—and whose Brutus head and starched neckcloth were a contrast as opposite as might be to the un-studied and patriarchal aspect of him to whom he had succeeded. This young man performed the service with decorum: he read sonorously and well; and preached a sensible sermon with propriety: but the tone of heart-gushing devotion—the austerity of stern reproof—the fervency of glowing exhortation—the soft solemnity of consolation and encouragement—all these were wanting in him, and these his predecessor to the full possessed.

"When the service was ended, I determined to look over the tombstones in the church-yard. *They* would be the



truest chronicle of the changes which time had wrought during my absence. I therefore walked on only sufficiently to allow the congregation to disperse, and then returned, while my sister went homeward.

"There is one tree, a yew-tree, in the corner of the church-yard. The old clergyman of whom I have spoken used always to say that he would be buried there—and there he is now buried. It used to be a sort of melancholy jest whenever he spoke of the spot which he had chosen for his long abode. But there was an air of real piety—a glistening of the grave mild eye—an earnest intonation of the finely-sounded voice—which showed that the levity, if there were any, was that of placid and cheerful looking-onward, not of irreverence or carelessness. This spot fronted the south, he used to say, and the sun would shine; and the grass would grow green over his head. It also lay within sight of the windows of the parsonage; and there, where his life had passed in quiet happiness and humble usefulness, within view of that dwelling, would he set up the staff of his eternal rest.

"This anxiety concerning the place of burial is a feeling for which I have never been able to account. It is one which is very general, yet in which I, in no degree, share:—that is, with reference to myself—for, in the case of those dear to us, Reason loses her power, and Feeling alone is heard. As far as regards myself, I am wholly and utterly careless of the mode or place of burial; it is to me a matter of the most truly perfect indifference what becomes of the carrion-like carcass when the informing spirit is gone. But, with respect to those we have loved in life, the feelings, as I have said, gain mastery over the reason; we cannot bear that what remains of *them* should not meet with all reverence. There is, also, a gratification—mournful, indeed, to the last degree; but not the less real, pure, and lofty,—in visiting the grave of buried love. While sorrow exists in its first intensity, we cannot, it is true, *bear* thus to be brought into immediate contact with the memorials of that by which it has been caused; but when time has wrought its soothing work upon us (and time

must soothe all grief, for the grief on which time has *not* power can last but little, for it will kill); when despair has subsided into sorrow, and sorrow again has softened into sadness; then, indeed, to visit and to mourn over the tomb of what we have loved on earth, is food for the heart. But all this has no connexion with anxiety for *our own* burial; and it has always been to me matter of extreme surprise to see that feeling so universal among all classes and descriptions of men. The pious desire to lie in holy ground, as if the spirit did not answer for its own deeds in the flesh, or could be freed from that responsibility by the sanctuary of consecrated soil. The pure and simple-minded wish for a country burial, that they may lie among the peaceful and glorious works of God, and not in those revolting charnels which speak of all the worst things caused by great congregations of men. Even persons who are the farthest removed from anything which can be considered connected with sentiment or romance, entertain this feeling in a very strong degree. It is very generally known that the late Lord C—d, of whose life it is quite unnecessary to speak, left in his will a request to be buried in a certain spot in Switzerland, where, under a tree on the banks of a beautiful lake, he 'had meditated on the mutability of all human things.'

"The key to the prevalence of these feelings I take to be the almost impossibility, in even the most spiritualized minds, to shake off the ideas and desires of humanity. Our only conceptions are those which are grounded on what we see and experience in this world; and we thus almost fancy that what is gratifying and pleasurable to the physical body, will be so to the immaterial spirit. Hence the 'cold grave,' the 'dark grave,' the 'silent grave,' are the terms generally used to create a melancholy feeling with respect to death and inhumation. We know that coldness, darkness, and silence are repugnant to our corporeal frame; we know that green spots and sun-shiny places are pleasant to it; we know that, in this state of being, we love to haunt scenes which circumstances have made dear to us, and hence we carry the same notions into spiritual life, and name as



places of burial those spots which would give pleasure to that body which so soon ceases to exist after it is placed there.

"I found the grave of the old clergyman in the spot which I have described. It was marked only by a single headstone, now become moss-green, and fallen awry, from one side of it having sunken somewhat into the earth. There was on it this plain inscription—'Sacred to the memory of the Reverend \*\*\*\*\*, forty years minister of this Parish.' I could not help feeling a sensation of mingled sorrow and anger that the tomb of one who had been 'forty years the minister—the pious, kind, benevolent, truly Christian minister—of the village, should bear such evident tokens of indifference and neglect. Was there none among the many whom he had loved, whom he had obliged, whom he had served, to preserve the memorial of his useful and beneficent life from this forsaken and desecrated aspect? Had a few short years so totally wiped out gratitude and affection from the hearts of those who had loved *him*, that his very existence should now seem to be forgotten? The droppings from the branching yew had discoloured the stone, and the unsound and frequently stirred earth in which it stood, had caused it to fall from its upright position. Was there *no* friendly hand to prevent or cleanse away its stains?—to preserve or restore its stability? But it is always thus in English churchyards. The rank grass and unsightly weeds are suffered to spring unchecked, giving token of that which the mind always strives to hide from its consciousness—the foulness and corruption below. The tombstones, which perhaps recent affliction, or scrupulous decorum, has embellished and made shapely, become, like that of my poor old friend, worn and time-stained, untended, unregarded, utterly forgotten. It is very possible, and I believe it is the fact, that the English do not grieve less or more shortly for friends who die than any other nation; but it is certain that the neglected, deserted look of our places of burial shows more strongly than anything else that speedy passing away of affection and remembrance which it is vain to deny, and yet is so chillingly painful to admit.

"I passed on from this humble and deserted tomb with a swelling and saddened heart, and I sought out one, which, just before my leaving England, I had seen receive its tenant. I knew the spot, and therefore easily discovered it—but had I not known where to seek it, I scarcely should have been able to find it otherwise. It was sunken deeply into the ground, which hid part of the inscription, the rest of which was almost equally obliterated by time. It differed scarcely at all in colour from the grass among which it lay rather than stood, and might, anywhere else, have been taken for an unhewn stone. This was all that remained to tell of one of the most interesting and gifted beings which it was ever my lot to meet—of almost the deepest affliction that I ever witnessed. It stands over the grave of a young man of the name of Lyal, with whom I was at school; he was one of most promising brilliancy of talents and had died at nineteen. I could just trace out, among the short green and yellow moss which grows, like a second surface, over an unheeded stone, the words, 'aged nineteen years.' There never was a more simple, touching elegy, than these few words, 'aged nineteen years.' What a tale do they tell of crushed hope and blasted expectation—of the broken-heartedness of parents and family, and, it may be, of a still more vivid affection! And yet my sorrow over the grave of a young person, more especially one of high talent and warm feeling like this, is never unmixed; I always call to mind the touching and true epitaph quoted, or more probably composed, by Madame de Staël—'*Ne me plaignez pas—si vous saviez combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargné!*'—How few, indeed, are the chances such a person possesses of happiness here; how many of misfortune!

"I was in the country when Lyal died; and, having been a schoolfellow and a youthful friend, I was asked to attend the funeral. It was an office indeed of pain, but I did not hesitate to go. A young man of such distinguished promise was naturally the idol of his parents; in dreadful addition, he was their only child! Of the mother's grief at the time I cannot speak, for, of course,



I saw it not; but to use a homely but most forceful phrase, 'She never held up her head afterwards.' The father's sorrow I did see, for he would not be dissuaded from being himself the chief mourner: he said he was so in heart, and he would be in form.

"Alas! what a morning was that! Young and happy as I then was, the scene made an impression upon me, which long subsequent time, and deep personal suffering, have been insufficient to efface. When I arrived at the house, I was admitted by a servant, whom I recognised as having been the tutor and associate of poor Lyal in his field-sports. The man said nothing, but the unspeakable look which he gave me as he showed me to the room where the company was assembled, was the very epitome and essence of speechless sorrow and affection. But on occasions like these, circumstances of contrast add pain as much as those of parallel; at least, it was so in this case. When I entered the room where the mourners were, I could not but be forcibly struck with the strong difference of expression on the countenance of the servant and the friends (friends!) of the deceased. There were about a dozen persons present, who stood in detached groups, talking, as I found, of the gossip of the county, and the general news of the day. A young man, who had been at school with Lyal and me, came up to me as I entered, and, after saying, 'Poor fellow, who would have thought it!'—in a tone as if he considered it necessary to say something on the subject which occasioned our meeting,—began to discuss the merits of a new horse which I had seen him on a few days before. The wretched father was, I need scarcely say, not present; his feelings would, I think, have imposed some restraint upon these heartless profaners of the name of friend. My heart sickened to see the hollowness of what is called friendship. Splendour of genius, warmth of feeling, beauty of person—all these, joined in one for whom they professed interest, and cut off in the bloom of years, could not for one short hour suspend the thoughts of their shallow and frivolous pursuits—even when they were gathered, as I may say, around his corpse! Refreshments and wine, I

recolleet, were handed round. This revolted me in an especial manner. It is, I believe, usual at funerals, yet it is to me something even repugnant to have thus the usual means of sustaining life brought into such startling contrast with the emblems, the very presence, of death.

"These feelings were more strengthened than interrupted by the entrance of the undertaker to furnish us with scarfs and hat-bands. He was a busy, bustling animal, whose *desouci* look, and mercenary simper, showed plainly that all he did was 'in the way of business.' We have no right to expect grief from a hireling; but there is something revolting in seeing the trappings of woe borne by a being whose mind is engrossed by the paltry pounds which he can make by their display.

"Wilverham Cross is about five miles from the house of Lyal's father; and thither we proceeded in mourning coaches, and, of course, at a foot's pace. I never remember to have seen a day of greater gloom. The earth was bound in one of the severest frosts I have ever witnessed, one of that kind and degree which casts a shade of blackness over the whole atmosphere. Even in our sorrow we are physical beings; and the slowness of our pace, and the intense cold which I suffered, added, I confess, to my sadness and depression. They, perhaps, contributed, also to make me feel still more indignant at the indifference of my companions. There were three others in the coach with me, who, like myself, had been early friends of him whom we were attending to the grave. From their conversation and manners who would have thought that coach to be a mourning one! One of these young men was fond of hunting, and hoped the frost might break up; another preferred skating, and wished it to continue. The third was an Oxonian, and occupied three miles of our foot-pace journey with the detail of a plan which a stage-coachman had communicated to him of a new way of rough-shoeing horses in a frost!—And these were the mourners at the burial of the young, the feeling, and the gifted!

"We quitted the carriages at the church-gate; and here, for the first time, I saw the father. He was leaning on



the arm of a relation, and tottered up the pathway, next after the coffin, into the church. He held his handkerchief to his face, and the hood of his mourning cloak was drawn over his eyes; yet I could distinguish the marble whiteness of the cheek, and the quivering of the muscles, which showed but too plainly what was passing within. A portion of the service was performed in the church; and this, perhaps, was the most mournful part of the whole. It was on a weekday, so that the church, which was large, was empty with the exception of ourselves. The piercing cold struck to the very bones, from the effect of the stone pavement of the church, and its vast uninhabited space. The measured and sonorous tones of the clergyman echoed through the void of the large building with a sadness and solemnity which went to the soul; and, at every pause of his voice, was heard the father's deep sob of half-suppressed agony. At a certain period in the service, we went out to the grave. A few stragglers of the village had gathered round it, to gaze on the finery of the funeral show. Some few appeared to look on it with feeling and compassion, but the greater part seemed to regard it merely as a sight; while others, with gaping mouths and staring eyes, gave no clue by which to trace, on their wooden countenances, what ideas the solemnity might cause. There was one woman with a wailing infant, which she was striving to hush. Its cries attracted my notice—and the commencement and the close of life being thus brought into such immediate opposition, caused, perhaps, the deepest feeling which I experienced during that melancholy day.

“The sinking the coffin into the grave is the most impressive part of the ceremony of burial. It is then that the dead seem finally cut off from all connexion with the world; it is then that we lose sight of them for ever! At the moment that the coffin sounded on the bottom of the grave, I looked towards the father. His face at that moment is indelibly graven on my memory; but I cannot embody its expression in words. It made me right well understand why the painter of old evaded the picturing of parental agony. Such visitations, indeed, are far

beyond all painting, whether of the pencil or the pen.

“These recollections crowded upon my mind as I lingered over Lyl's grave; but, after a time, I remembered what was my chief purpose in thus exploring the churchyard, and passed on to gather from its records the memorials of the humble friends of my boyhood and early youth. Alas! they were nearly all here:—one by one I lighted upon almost all their names. I paused for a brief space over that of an old farmer, who, in the sturdy independence of an English yeoman, had once beaten me when I was a boy, for thrashing, with the petulance and oppression of a schoolboy, one of his sons who had in some way given me offence. I recollected going, brimming with indignation, to complain to my mother of the insolence of him, one of our tenants, in striking me, *who was a gentleman!*—but the only redress I got from her was being made to learn by heart the speech of Henry V. to the Lord Chief Justice—I know it to this hour. The old man who had beaten me had done it in fatherly wrath and complete justice; but he did not in the least bear malice, or fail in respect to his landlord, whom he loved, for he came the next day up to the Court to apologise—when I was made to beg *his* pardon,—and we shook hands together. I question if any one of the villagers bade me a more cordial farewell, or regretted my departure more. Poor fellow, here he lay now!

“I found also the grave of one whose age had been nearer my own, being a young man when I was a boy—who, as he was the son of the gardener, had been a good deal about the house, and had initiated me into the mysteries of bat-fowling, climbing the tall elms for rooks' nests, and many other accomplishments of a similar sort. He was one of the most active and bold fellows I ever saw. I recollect his climbing a stupendous ash-tree, which stands near the centre of the village—a sort of trysting-tree, round which the villagers were used to assemble on Sundays and on summer evenings. This tree was accounted impossible to climb, and there was a tradition in the village of a lad having been killed in making the attempt. Its bole shot up, round and smooth,



and far too bulky to be clasped, to the height of about forty feet, and there was a huge wart-like excrescence which it was considered impracticable to get beyond. As I stood beside the grave in which mouldered the dust of this man, whom I had left so vigorous in limb, and so instinct with animal life, I called to mind this scene of his prowess, which, from emulation, had nearly caused me to break my neck half a dozen times. It was on an evening in spring—just after the leaves had budded, and before they were fully blown. There had been rain in the day, and the surface of the tree was consequently slippery, and therefore even more difficult and dangerous than usual. Some of the men, assembled on the bench which surrounded its base, were remarking upon this, and said to the man of whom I speak, that, climber as he was, he could not climb *that* tree. 'I'll try, at least,' he said, and immediately pulled off his coat, and, to the astonishment, almost horror of us all, began to ascend the tree. Some endeavoured to dissuade him, but he paid no attention to their prudent counsels. On he went, *swarming*, as the phrase is for clambering up a tree where there are no branches, by gripping it with the arms and legs. The length of boughless stem made the strength and exertion of muscle necessary for the achievement prodigious. He surmounted the *hump* of the tree much more easily than we expected, and he got without accident to the highest bough which could support his weight—but, as he began to descend, his foot slipped on the wet bark, and he fell. My heart—and I am sure that of all the crowd, which by this time was great—leaped to my throat; I expected he would be dashed to pieces. But to our infinite relief as well as surprise, he had not fallen ten feet—which, as the top of the tree was spreading, was among boughs,—when he caught hold of one of them, and swung himself actively and lightly again upright. I now looked upon his tomb, and I thought of the lines in that most powerful, but neglected poem, 'The Grave,' which are suggested by that of the strong man:—

'Strength too! thou surly and less gentle  
boast

Of those that laugh loud at the village ring,  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,  
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the  
stripling  
That rashly dar'd thee to unequal fight!

\* \* \* ———— What now avail  
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-  
spread shoulders?

\* \* \* ———— See how the great  
Goliath,  
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
Lies still. ————

With respect to the 'giant-like use' of this 'giant strength,' these fine lines are totally inapplicable; but, as regards its possession, they might have been written for him. Alas! how changed was he now,—yet I thought that I—I who lived, who still existed in the same being—was almost as totally dissimilar from what I then was, as this poor fellow, whose stalwart frame was wasted into its original dust. His death had been characteristic of his activity, his courage, and his generous heart; the legend on the head-stone (and I had before heard it from my sister) told that he lost his life in attempting to save some boys under whom the ice had broken on the village pond.

"At last I went to *my mother's* tomb. It stood in the church, which was now opened for evening service, but to which no one was yet come. The stone which marks the spot where she is laid is, as I have before mentioned, opposite our pew. It is very simple, and bears only her maiden and married name, and the date of her birth, her marriage, and her death. Simple, indeed, is her epitaph, but never was there a human being who merited a higher elegy. But those who deserve it the most, need it the least. *Her* epitaph is engraven on the hearts of those who loved her, and they were all, lowly as well as high, by whom she was surrounded. My mother was indeed, a woman *comme il y en a peu*. Gifted with great powers of mind, and keen and ardent feelings, she at the same time possessed a gay playfulness of manner, and a considerate kindness for all around her, that made her the idol of the circle of which she was the centre point. She had also, I do in truth believe, *the best* heart that ever throbbed beneath a human bosom. The milk of human kindness existed in her with brimming and over-



flowing fulness. Actively and personally benevolent, she was worshipped rather than beloved by the poor around. She was not content with almsgiving, but would seek out objects of pity, and console as well as relieve them. The rich are in general little aware how much one kind word from them, or even their mere presence, is felt by the suffering poor. The sickness of a poor person is indeed the most dreadful of all things. We know how wretched it is, even when we are surrounded with all the appliances and comforts which wealth confers; what must it then be without any of them—without medicine or medical aid—without appropriate, perhaps without any, food—without sufficient covering or perfect shelter—and (sad completion of wretchedness!) with the knowledge that every day of illness is an increase to poverty already biting and extreme. These things my mother knew full well; and there was not a sick bed in the village into the wants of which she did not personally inquire—not one which she did not, in a greater or a less degree, personally tend, succour, and support. Nor was she indiscriminate in her charity;—she was not indeed one of those scrupulously just persons who relieve suffering worth, but leave suffering error to perish;—No, she would relieve *all* in extremity, but deserving was an indispensable passport to her permanent favour. Her religion too was—what is, alas! so rare—warm, practical, and ardent; but without the slightest tinge of intolerance or fanaticism—equally remote from indifference on the one hand, and bigotry on the other. I always—as indeed, well I might—adored my mother; and one of the chief

yearnings which my heart had felt towards home, was the hope of being reunited to her. In the period of my deepest distress, it was to her my heart turned, and, from her letters of pure piety and extreme and perfect affection, that it had found its chief relief. I had concealed from her, indeed—that I might not cause her the severest and unnecessary pain—the darker circumstances of my story. She knew only that my wife had been snatched from me in the fulness of her youth and of our mutual fondness, but she was ignorant of the events which preceded our union. To being once more restored to the society of such a mother, I had always looked as the highest solace which my heart could ever know—and as she died only a very few years before I left India, her disappearance from the scene of my dear home was almost as cruel a disappointment as it was a deep sorrow.

“Alas! how bitter was that sorrow to me now—now that I gazed on the emblem and record of her death!—now that her being lost to me for ever was told to my eyes in written characters, as well as to my heart by deprivation!—I remained I know not how long on the spot;—my past sorrows and my present mingled in one flood of uncontrollable emotion, which would almost have burst my heart, had it not at length found vent in tears.”

“I was awakened from my abstraction by the sound of feet—I looked round, and saw that it was produced by the clerk, who was come to prepare for service. I turned hastily away, and hurried out by the small door in the chancel, that I might shun his observation.”

#### A FREE THOUGHT, FREELY RENDERED, FROM RABELAIS.

The Hebrew and the Samian sage  
Were surely much mistaken  
When, in their legislative rage,  
They banish'd beans and bacon.  
Rather than such a dainty dish,  
Pythagoras and Moses  
Ought to have joined in Aaron's wish  
And banish'd both their noses.

“Rage is essentially vulgar, and never vulgarer than when it proceeds from mortified pride, disappointed ambition, or thwarted wilfulness. A baffled despot is the vulgarest of dirty wretches, no matter whether he be the despot of a nation vindicating its rights, or of a donkey sinking under its load.”—*Hartley Coleridge: Biographia Borealis.*





## ENIGMA XII.

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SIR HILARY charged at Agincourt,  
 Sooth! 't was an awful day!  
 And though, in that old age of sport,  
 The rufflers of the camp and court  
 Had little time to pray,  
 'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there  
 Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave and proud  
 Who see to-morrow's sun;  
 My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,  
 To those who find their dewy shroud,  
 Before to-day's be done!  
 And both together to all blue eyes  
 That weep when a warrior nobly dies.



## TALE OF A CHEMIST.

THE advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have forborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that, as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil; but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow, and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity,—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles, which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend,—closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced but the anticipation of



vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers ; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring ! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious heaven ! imagine my horror and distress when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress ; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool ! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people ! I was too high to be personally known ;—they called to me, and I answered ; but they were unable to catch the import ; for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me ; but had Satan himself been free of gravity he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet ; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas ! I thought, would to God it had pierced me ; for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight ; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this ? I must starve and be stared at ! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town : but even now new horrors seized me ;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned ; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunoff ;—the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades. I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and ran as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd—looked upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no ! I felt I was reserved for great things ;—such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer,



that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that, by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at least sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope: but when at last I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprung into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me. I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally divested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who on great occasions can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun and nearest to the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing, and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it; and, by simple multiplication, I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact I took double provisions, partly from overabundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached—arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantinople! should a light breeze blow me from the line of projection, aye, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, whirl raving along cold uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round—my ears rung with hideous sounds—all my limbs were paralyzed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my phrenzy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections



of the delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated ;—already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me : unhappy being ! I had committed blunder on blunder ; I had forgot the motion of the planet herself, and the effects of refraction and the aberration of light, and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so : imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot ;—had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain ;—I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation of approaching combustion. Well, I thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws of gravitation ;—alas, how I envied that mass its gravity ! And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing : sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds ; and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste : and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrenzy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it was, seemed nothing but colour : I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face ; not of substance, but of colour : every hue I had seen was there ; but all were light, and pale, and fleeting ; blue faded into violet, violet to the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place ;—methought they too were colours ; I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro ;—they had neither shape nor substance—but their outline was in continual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve ; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colours, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive ; for at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colours faded :—at last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet from very sameness of colour ; and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever. There is love then, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after, I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently ; but their flashes were not the soft gentle colours I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there re-



mained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived ; but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war ;—and those, among beings impalpable and destitute of our earthly faculties. What a lesson of humility I read ! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance—no sense of touch ; I shouted, but no sound ensued ; my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own ; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister-world, as much perhaps as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems ! But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface, and it was evident that to keep the restless beings of creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton ! neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound, are universal, but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled of this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprung frantically upward, but many a dreary century passed by, before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being ! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing along the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity ; not indeed sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round the earth like a moon, in a regular elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain : in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of approaching it by a foot ! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens ; with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worst of it was, I had imbibed, with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry—and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and at the end of some years, I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body, and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I know not if it sprung from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form, gave me greater distress than any part of my phrenzied wanderings. Its extreme acuteness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders, that I was destitute of weight ; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me ; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been



unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure ; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method :—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, “gravium.” When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called “essential oil of gravitation ;” and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat ; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy Lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight ; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven, I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung ; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight, enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburg I heard that Captain Kharkof Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. “Sir,” said I, “I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack ; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage, and keep my secret.” I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. “Sir,” I said, “promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art.” He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise ; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors ; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck ; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had



ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: If you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found, that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support: I was, therefore, enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had



bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Catherinoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state-exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word “Pityus” is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neckcloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all of mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded may be guessed from the late mild winters.

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## BELIEVERS.

WE have never studied phrenology, and therefore cannot say where the bump of credulity is situated, but we suspect it must be strongly developed in the greater number of human heads, whether clothed with snow or sable.

On no other principle can we account for the unreckoned amount of credence so long at the service of all who have pleased to tax it. Truly the people of these "degenerate days," as old Homer called his times about thirty centuries ago, when Britain was the "Unknown Isle" of the Phœnician voyager, though the art of grumbling had been discovered; truly they may have grown poor in graces, and that too in more than one acceptation of the word; but whatever has become of Hope and Charity, they still retain the Faith on which divines agree, and philosophers have drawn so largely, as the foundation of systems, the stronghold of sectaries, and the bank of quacks in all their varieties, the depth of whose exhaustless riches is known only to the frequenters of the Patent office.

Glance over the story of our times, ye marvel-mongers, and rejoice there are harvests for you yet to gather among the nations in spite of both press and pen, and thousands of mankind who are your more peculiar heritage, being blessed, Benjamin-like, with a double portion of the believing power.

Our age has called itself that of enquiring, and we dare not dispute the title assumed, as it has been by every generation since the builders of Babel went up to read the stars. Yet there are those who journey with us to the grave, unquestioning, and hold fast, we know not how, amid the doubts and suspicions that perplex life's reasoning years, few as they are and evil, the unshaken trust of early childhood, when every voice was an oracle which we heard only to believe.

Light may have burst through the cloud of dreams that hung round our fathers, scattering at once its rainbows and its shadows. Time may have degraded to the level of vulgar superstition doctrines that were once set up in the high place of piety. Professions may be found wanting in consistency, and statements deficient in the necessary article of probability; but such matters make no difference to that all-receiving faith,—it hears the world's controversies and questions sweep past, as the young bird hears the winds that sway the forest but stir not its sheltered nest.

Such characters have been long and justly regarded as the "stock-in-trade" of impostors; and, though numerous as mushroom s they are met with only in the quiet and bye-lanes of life, for its busy or prominent places abound in lessons that tend not to reliance.

We have found them among the lords as well as the ladies of creation; but the brightest example of believers in all things we ever knew, was our own cousin, Faith Finden.

From the dawn of our remembrance, readers, the look backward to that point is long and cast over many ruins; but from the date mentioned, cousin Faith was the sole mistress of a large old-fashioned house, covered with roses in the front, and ivy in the rear, and worthy to be the first seen mansion of the forest village of Edminstone, situated as it is in the heart of Sherwood, and abounding in traces and traditions of more primitive and sylvan times.

It is probable that cousin Faith must have known childhood and youth as they come in swift succession to all mortals, but both had cut her acquaintance before our recollection: yet cousin Faith had never grown old in heart; never did the fretful-



ness, the suspicions, or the fault-finding propensities of age deepen the furrows on her brow or soul ; and bound up still with the best of our early memories of long summer days (when all her premises, from the oak-parlour to the orchard, were at our service, and winter evenings cheered by strange old songs and tales) is the large erect figure habited in many, though rather incongruous, colours, which she believed to be the fashion, the mild blue eye so trusting and so kindly in its glance, and the broad, tranquil brow where the footmarks of time, plain as they were, had never effaced the unsuspecting simplicity of childhood.

There was a remarkable coincidence between the baptismal name and the character of our cousin which indicated no small degree of foreknowledge in its bestower. She had three sisters, respectively named Patience, Hope, and Charity,—what a family they must have been ! but one after another had gone wedding-ways till Faith was left alone in the old house. There she lived on years and years with the duties and distinctions of a maiden-aunt rapidly growing upon her, notwithstanding the fact that she was handsomely provided for both in face and fortune ; but on one point only was that believing soul incredulous,—and that was suitors' vows. The village said it had not been always so with cousin Faith ; some remembered, but people will say more than their prayers, when billets-doux and tokens of affection said to be eternal had passed between her and the rector's eldest son, but family pride and the university came between them ; and at their next meeting the young gentleman, who had just been forgiven for eloping with one of the professor's daughters, solemnly assured her that he would have proved a mirror of constancy if the ladies had only allowed him. This satisfactory explanation was received without a doubt,—our cousin Faith never doubted anything ; but the whole trust of her heart had been sent forth and shipwrecked on that one venture, and life had nothing more of the kind to risk or lose. Yet on every other subject she continued mighty in believing ; never did a prediction reach her ears without finding full reliance, especially if uttered with sufficient confidence ; and the neighbourhood was not behind the rest of the world, for it had its prophets, and Faith believed them all, from the gypsy fortune-teller who revealed to the rather plain housemaid that a young marquis was about to come for her in his carriage, to the deranged quaker who informed the village generally, and our cousin in particular, that the end of the world would take place exactly at three minutes and a half past nine A.M. on the ensuing Good Friday.

Never was there a pious extravaganza known to puzzle the Church or fire the newspapers, from Johanna Southcote down to the unknown tongues of the Irvingites, but found in Faith a confiding though peaceful disciple ; and the impression was sure to wear off just as the tumult in the outer world died away in time to leave room for some other persuasion no less preposterous and equally believed.

Having three married sisters, our cousin was blessed with an abundant store of nephews and nieces, who, their parents averred, must be a great comfort to their maiden-aunt in her solitary house, and therefore sent them with all convenient speed to make trial of her fortitude and boundless deccivability as soon as they emerged from the nursery. The first contribution to Faith Finden's stock of consolation was forwarded by her eldest sister Patience in the form of her second daughter, Miss Prudence (the family had quite a taste of their own for names), but the young lady in question had a cheek somewhat too rosy and an eye too bright to warrant the selection as far as she was concerned. Hope sent her quota, consisting of the youngest and most unmanageable of half a dozen boys ; and Charity, being provided with a still larger stock, afforded two, which each and all of the papas and mammas



concerned declared to be a great sacrifice on her part, intended solely for the behoof and benefit of Faith Finden,—and she believed that.

We cannot reckon by any effort of memory the amount of taxation imposed on her unfailing trust by the olive-branches of Patience, Hope, and Charity; as the newspapers say, “it may be more easily imagined than described;” but we have a special recollection of our own first attempt in the line, which was to persuade cousin Faith that Dr. Pennywise, who understood our constitution, had forbidden us to eat anything but strawberries during the summer. N.B. Her garden was full of them. “Fortune favours the courageous,” and we were successful; but truly their name was Legion that followed in the wake of that early achievement. Yet, oh! how often in our after-years,—when we had wandered in the world of thought, and learned how little was certain, when the trusts of our youth had been shaken down, and the fires of its altars replaced by knowledge how painfully gathered, and reason how slowly gained,—have we wished, though the wish was also vanity, for the faith of those undoubting days which our cousin had never left, and to which we could return no more.

The olive-branches grew up, and cousin Faith believed on; oh! what she did believe! and with the exception of some occasional discoveries, matters went on gloriously with them and smoothly with their seniors till Miss Prudence had reached her eighteenth year, at which period the young lady thought proper to terminate a series of very late promenades taken in the garden because she loved moonlight and solitude, by eloping with a sentimental youth of a gardener; and her aunt reaped a rich harvest of blame, which generally falls to the lot of those who fail in the important charge of other people’s children. Patience was of course outrageously angry; Hope predicted that the affair would ruin the family; and Charity declared that the fault was all Faith Finden’s, and—marvel not, readers—she believed that also.

Poor cousin Faith! it was not the last of her believing exploits, though the first of many misfortunes which follow each other thick and fast, as the flakes of a northern snow-storm. She had still three gems of nephews, each of whom did according to his several ability in dispersing the small patrimony which might have increased considerably under her simple habits and careful management. It was about a year after Prudence had taken her chosen place in the world of matrimony that Faith paid us a visit early one summer morning. She had been always a close housekeeper, and age was coming fast upon her; but the brow grew bright under the silvered hair, and there was joy in her greeting as she enquired if we had heard the good news that poor Pious (such was the appellation of Hope’s youngest born) had really reformed at last; and here let us premise that Master Pious, after a suitable course of self-culture, had been expelled from the Cambridge University, and taken his chance for death or glory in a regiment of the line. But he had grown weary of military honours and the drill-sergeant within the first month; and the epistle which his aunt now put into our hands modestly requested her to purchase his discharge, and send him a not inconsiderable sum, with which he promised rather indefinitely—perhaps, like certain politicians, the gentleman had scruples against pledging himself too strongly, but he did promise—to mend and improve his ways, make his fortune in some business or other, and finally repay Faith either in cash or gratitude. “And what did you do?” said we. Oh, slow of heart to believe, might we not have known Faith’s answer. “Sent him the money, poor boy. Isn’t he going to turn a new man, and give up all his follies? He’ll be an honour to us yet, and a credit to his country. I had wonderful dreams about that.” And Faith related her visions; but the money had been sent, and nothing was heard of Pious for many a year.

Meantime the Messieurs Charity (in old Greek fashion we give them the maternal



name) went on and prospered so well in deceiving their aunt, that at length they tried the same process on themselves, and became persuaded that all trades and professions whatever were beneath young men of their spirit and appearance, and therefore devoted their attention to idleness and dissipation. In short, they were country beaux; but their genius was cramped in Edminstone, and their last grand attack on their aunt's finances was made for the purpose of a journey to London, where the one went in search of a government situation, which he never got, and the other, in hopes of captivating a countess, in which he was equally unsuccessful. But during their absence Faith's solitude was cheered by the visits of a new comer to the village; he was a gentleman who came whence nobody knew, and lived nobody could tell how; but he designated himself a Professor of Geology and member of the British Association. The greater part of his time was spent in making observations on the soil around our cousin's habitation, with all kinds of indescribable instruments; and Faith was at last informed, under the solemn seal of secrecy, that he had discovered a gold mine at the foot of her kitchen garden. Oh what visions of splendour, after her own unselfish nature, did that relation disclose to our cousin! for she believed it as none other could. Estates were to be provided for her nephews, and portions for her nieces, not forgetting poor Prudence's family (there was a family now as Faith knew to her cost), whom all their relations neglected, because they were most in need of friendship. At first these projects were known only by hints, faint, but frequent, as the professor of geology had insisted on secrecy. Whilst he repaired to London armed with full powers and all the funds poor Faith could muster, in order to negotiate with the lord of the soil and establish a right to the mine and all its riches for her and her heirs for ever, he had certainly discovered a mine in cousin Faith, if not in her garden. But as time flowed on, signs of failing finances and outworn credit made themselves manifest to the neighbourhood day by day; the ancient honours of her establishment were retrenched, and even her comforts abridged; bills arrived that could not be answered, at least with the one thing satisfactory.

Solicitors' letters came many and strong, and the member of the British Association forgot to return and open the mine. Under these circumstances we saw our last of Faith Finden; she had been faithful (to her creditors), though it was over little. The pleasant old house of our childhood was stripped and cheerless; the meadows, the orchard, and even the furniture, were sold; but roses still clung to the windows, and ivy to the walls. Years had fallen heavily on her; poverty had chilled, and friends had forgotten her home; but the well-spring of the heart was still exhaustless, for she believed yet, aye, with a trust whose depth we could never fathom. She congratulated herself on having retained the kitchen garden, on account of the gold mine, which would enrich the family; and almost in the same breath wondered if poor Pious had forgotten his aunt, or when he would make his fortune, and better days come to them all. The better days did come, but Faith never saw their light; for in one month from that period, just when an execution was about to take place on her premises, a slow fever dismissed her spirit, with all its boundless trust, to that eternity in which so many have believed, and sought by such different ways. But on the same day the long silent Pious arrived expressly to visit his aunt, after a railway speculation, whose success resembled that of the far renowned "Jeames." That was the only promise fulfilled of all her believing years, and the only recompense of all her love and trust was (we have it on the sexton's authority) the finest funeral that ever was seen in Edminstone.



## NATURAL FOUNTAINS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME.

OF the Fontana di Trevi, or the other great public fountains which give magnificence, and beauty, and coolness to the city of Rome, I say nothing. They have been well described by Eustace, and have had the charms of poetry and romance thrown over them by Madame de Staël. I speak only of the founts and welling streams which are the special resorts of the peasantry. These are numerous in the hilly country behind Rome, and simple, unostentatious, and unadorned by art, as Juvenal, in his time, wished the grotto of Egeria to be. In the bosom of the hills about Tivoli, and Albano, and Castel Gandolfi, and on the lower ridges of the towering Apennines, which slope off into the bleak Abruzzi, the pedestrian traveller may come suddenly upon secluded fountains which seem to have served Ovid for his description of the natural mirror in which Narcissus gazed himself to death.

No inconsiderable portion of the life of a Roman *paesana* is spent at the fountain, or brook, or river-side. Thither she goes morning and evening, for the supply of water necessary to supply her family; there she washes her own and her husband's and children's clothes; and there oftentimes on the Sunday or Saint's day morning she completes her festal toilette, making the clear water supply the place of a mirror. There, too, she meets her neighbours and talks over the events of the day, the humble but not always unexciting occurrences of the district (for the brigands are sometimes abroad, or an old feud has broken out between this village and that, and blows have been given and knives drawn, or some wild buffaloes of the Pontine Marshes have been killing their herdsmen). The fountain is to the women what (in the larger villages) the barber's shop is to the men—the place for sauntering and gossiping. In the days of old Rome the barbers were the greatest gossips, and their shops the great gossiping places of Rome. They are so still. But the people of better condition—*i galantuomini*—in the small towns and villages, where there are no coffee-houses, congregate and gossip in the *spezierie*, or apothecaries' shops. Every evening some group or other is found collected round the spot. The earthen vases, often so graceful and so classical in their outline, are deposited upon the stone brink, to be filled, one after the other, and the women, giving themselves up to the genius of the place, discourse volubly, and faster than the water flows. Now and then the picture is improved by the arrival of some hind with his tall cream-coloured oxen “fatigued with the plough,” or of a shepherd or goatherd with his flock, or of some muleteer that stops to slake his thirst and refresh his mules, or of the collecting lay-brother of some Franciscan, Capuchin, or other monastery of the mendicant orders, who is on his way homeward, and must be home before the bells have done chiming the “Ave Maria,” but who, nevertheless, must find time to take his *bisaccia*, or begging-bag, from his shoulders (well or ill filled according to his luck, persuasiveness, or circumstances), to rest himself for a while, and commune with the matrons and damsels clustering round the fountain. Scenes of this sort constantly present themselves in the Roman states and the Neapolitan kingdom, as also in the south of Spain (where many of the fountains are works of the Moors) and (only with some trifling differences) in Greece, Turkey, and all through the East. The fountain, or the well—like that outside of the town of Samaria, to which the woman with her water-pot came to draw water, when “Jesus, being wearied with his journey, sat on the well”—is, in all these countries, found



outside of nearly every town and village. It is here, after the heat of the day, that the village gossips congregate, "*Cum tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,*" or when the cooling sun calls forth most listeners.

In the Roman states many of the fountains—though the stone-work be injured and the sculpture on them defaced—are at least as ancient as the days of Horace, are shaded by the tree he so much admired (the ilex), and are worthy altogether of the praise he bestowed on the Fons Bandusiæ, whose water, clearer than glass (*splendidior vitro*), gushed, with a cooling sound, through hollow rocks. As the bright but brief twilight fades away, the women, collecting their washed clothes or balancing their vases on their heads, walk homeward with an erect gait, the gossips suspend their long stories, and singly, or in little groups, the parties disappear, with their *Santa Notte!* or "Good (or holy) night to you!"

Fons erat illimis nitidis argenteus undis,  
Quem neque pastores neque pastæ monte capellæ  
Contigerant aliudve pecus : etc.\*

Or,

Pure from all soil, the silver fountain made  
A mirror, picturing forth the pendent glade ;  
No trampling herd, stray kid, or, ruder still,  
Shepherd or shepherd's crook, disturb'd the rill :  
Nor drooping branch, nor plume of bird unclean,  
Nor leaf deciduous in the lake serene,  
Ruffled its smoothness : all around was spread  
The freshest verdure, by its moisture fed :  
Above, impervious to the noon-tide beam,  
A sheltered wood o'er-canopied the stream.

Another district uncommonly rich in fountains, with the most picturesque accessories, is beyond the Neapolitan frontier in the long, winding valley of the river Volturno, the Vulturnus of the Roman poets and historians.

Descending by that valley, from the Abruzzi, towards Capua and Naples, or following the route which Hannibal and his Carthaginians once took, you pass through the ancient town of Isernia, which was famed in the Social War, and through the still more ancient town of Venafro, where the flesh of the wild boar is as plentiful and as savoury as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when Horace sang of it. You also pass by or under various quaint old villages, which stand on the acclivities or summits of the mountains on either side the river and valley, and which partially occupy the sites of towns of the Samnites. Some of these villages exhibit traces of their ancient Samnite walls and towers, or present the picturesque ruins of feudal castles, and all those which stand on the mountains' sides have one or more old fountains, filled by some of the innumerable springs which rush from the rocks, and trickle down to the Volturno. In Isernia there are three or four public fountains, enclosed and decorated with the common native marble. At Venafro, which lies on a much lower level, at the foot of a wooded mountain, and only a short distance from the right bank of the river, the fountains are more numerous. And here a local peculiarity enhances the beauty of the scene. At Venafro, and in no other town in the kingdom that I ever visited, the women make use of large copper vases for drawing and carrying home their water from the fountain. These vessels are gracefully shaped, and are kept as clean and bright as burnished gold. The women (the fair sex are always the water-drawers in these regions) carry the vases on their heads,

\* Metamor. iii. 407.



nicely balancing them, and never using their hands and arms except to put the vase on their crowns, and then to remove it at their journey's end. And, in this manner, the maids and matrons of Venafrò will carry a vessel full of water over rough, rocky roads or paths, and up the steep side of the hill on which good part of the town is built, without spilling a drop of the water. As the costume of the district is pre-eminently picturesque, and the Venafritanes are unusually well-favoured and well-made women, the moving picture at eventide is altogether charming. The last time I arrived at that antique and most romantic town was on a glorious summer evening, nigh upon the Ave Maria. The day had been excessively hot. I had been almost baked or broiled on my horse in riding from the town of Castel di Sangro (where towers and frowns the most picturesque ruin of a baronial castle that eye ever beheld), and across the bare, rocky ridge which separates the valley of the river Sangro from that of the Volturno. But as I descended into the latter valley, a few miles below Isernia, I got again into verdure and a most refreshing and delicious coolness. The rapid current of the Volturno, which, throughout its course, is one of the quickest of rivers, created or carried along with it a corresponding current of fresh air; a thousand little brooks and streamlets, fed, at their sources, by the melting snow of the loftier and more distant mountains, ran, foaming and sparkling, down the hills towards the river, as if they were racing to see which should be the first to reach it; some boys were driving home flocks of frolicsome goats from the thymy hills, and the hinds who had been a-field were returning into the town with their very primitive implements of agriculture over their shoulders. As I rode by them every man's hand was to his sugar-loaf hat, and a short salutation on every tongue. As I came to the skirts of the town I saw the women with their bright scarlet bodices and picturesque head-gear trooping to or from a fountain with their large copper vessels so gracefully poised, and I heard the cooling sound of plashing waters on every side, and the voices of the youngest or merriest-hearted who were singing on their way. Other troops, on their road to or from another fountain, presented themselves, now crossing, now mingling, now separating, like figures in a stately dance; and every woman of them all carried her head erect like a princess, and on it her gold-like vase. 'Twas a scene to paint, not to describe in words. The recollection of it compensates in full for the cruel persecution I that night endured from the gigantic fleas and grosser vermin of antique Venafrò.

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#### PARVER THE QUAKER, AND HIS TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

ANTHONY PARVER was a quaker, poorer and less educated than most of his brethren, by trade a shoemaker. Can any one assign a reason why so many shoemakers have become eminent for their genius or their enthusiasm? The employment is still, often solitary, and allows a man to be meditative. Anthony Parver, as he worked with his awl, was over-mastered with an idea that he was called and commanded to translate the Scriptures. His faith attributed the impulse, whose origin he could not trace in his own will, or in the concatenation of his human thoughts, to the Divine Spirit. But

if he was an enthusiast, he was an enthusiast of much sanity; for he sought the accomplishment of his end by the necessary means, and did not begin to translate till he had mastered the original tongues. We know not what assistance he received in this great undertaking, which was commenced when he had long outlived the years of physical docility; but if it be true, as stated, that he began with the Hebrew first (and it was the natural course to occur to his mind), he must have had some, for there was then no Hebrew and English lexicon or grammar. However, he did acquire a competent knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. He afterwards learned Greek, and Latin last of



all. But still he could not have accomplished his purpose without pecuniary aid, and that aid was liberally afforded by Dr. Fothergill, at whose sole expense Parver's Translation of the Old and New Testaments, with notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes folio, was printed, and appeared in 1765. The cost of the work is stated at not less than 200*l*. A short account of this extraordinary effort of faith and perseverance may be found in Southey's *Omniana*. It is said to be remarkable for a close adherence to the Hebrew idiom. It has not apparently attracted as much notice among biblical scholars as the curiosity, to say no more, of its production would seem to challenge. We never saw it but once, and that was in the library of a *Friend*. We doubt, indeed, whether any new translation, however learned, exact, or truly orthodox, will ever appear to English Christians to be the real Bible. The language of the authorised version is the perfection of English, and it can never be written again, for the language of prose is one of the few things in which the English have really degenerated. Our tongue has lost its holiness."—*Hartley Coleridge: Biographia Borealis, in Life of Dr. John Fothergill.*

#### LEASES OF FARMS.

Mr. Baker, of Writtle, the originator of Farmers' Clubs, in proposing an improved form of lease, *for which the farmers seem more desirous of agitating, than for protection*, stated, a few weeks ago, at a meeting of one of those clubs, that in this improved lease he had provided for the tenant being paid for his improvements by fair valuation at the end of the term, which would prevent his exhausting the soil before quitting the occupation,—a thing that no good tenant would do, if he only saw that he could be compensated for his improvements at the end of his term. *As the system now stands*, said Mr. Baker, *a tenant cultivates his farm well for the first seven years of his lease, and, in the last seven years, extracts every improvement*, so that he generally leaves the farm in a worse state than he found it. It has been to this cause, in good part, that the slow improvement of the cultivated lands of England is attributable. What he wished to see was, that a farm should not only be improved by a tenant, but that (in case of change) it should be handed over to the next tenant with all the improvements. Thus we might attain perfection in farming

to an extent of which farmers at present could form no idea. English agriculture is deteriorated, and has to fear further deterioration, not by low prices, but by the farmers wanting proper leases. So said Mr. Baker, and so do we believe. The tendency of the present system of leases is to keep land and agriculture in *statu quo* while population and most other things are in a state of rapid progression. It is clear that the landholder would benefit equally with the farmer by the lease proposed by Mr. Baker. Practical men assure us that the difficulties of the valuation, at the falling in of the lease, are greater in appearance than they would prove,—after a little practice—in reality. At all events, the scheme merits serious attention.

#### CIVIL WAR BETWEEN CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH MEN.

"In most of the conflicts which have divided nations against themselves, one side or other have been so wicked, or both so worthless, or the points at issue so personal and valueless, that the recital of their progress and results merely amuses by variety of incident, or disgusts by sameness of depravity; but in the principles and fortunes of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, we still experience a real and vital concern. The warmth of passions, though abated, is not extinguished. We feel as if our own liberty, our own allegiance, our own honour and religion were involved in the dispute.—*Hartley Coleridge. Biographia Borealis. Memoir of Lord Fairfax.*

"When ordinary acquirements cease to be a distinction in any class, not more will attain to that eminence which may entitle them to look above their inherited station, than the demands of society will provide for. The rest will continue to study at leisure hours for their own improvement and delight, but without the ambitious yearnings which make homely duties irksome, the lazy conceit which calls honest industry vile drudgery, the inordinate hopes which, whether starved or surfeited, perish miserably, and leave behind them vanity and vexation of spirit."—*Hartley Coleridge: Biog. Borealis.*

"It is almost a proverbial remark, that those nations in which the penal code has been particularly mild, have been distinguished from all others by the rarity of crime."—*Shelley: Essays, Letters from Abroad, &c.*



## THE GAMESTER.

(From 'Mr. Blount's MSS.' By the Author of 'Gilbert Earle.')

Pleas'd the fresh packs on cloth of green they see,  
And seizing handle with preluding glee;  
They draw, they sit, they shuffle, cut and deal,  
Like friends assembled, but like foes to feel.

CRABBE.

[From the *Diary*.]

London, Dec. 1799.

I lost a cruel deal of money, last night, at ——'s. Plague take it, this is paying dearly for one's whistle, indeed. I must take care what I am about—for I should never do for a poor man; and I am not quite, I hope, the sort of person who would turn rook, after having lost all his feathers as a pigeon. The transition, indeed, is by no means rare:—

“On commence par être dupe,  
On finit par être fripon.”

The history of many a man in this town (I might say, perhaps, with more propriety, *on* this town) is summed up in this distich;—aye, and of men who carry a good face upon it, and are welcome and well received in good society. This, I confess, appears to me to be somewhat an anomaly in our moral code. A woman who lapses from what is considered the point of honour in her sex, is turned, without recall, from out the social pale. A *cordon sanitaire* is drawn round her to prevent the spread of the contagion to the uninfected. But a man who is known to live upon play—“whose carriage,” as Count Bassett has it, “rolls upon the four aces”—whose skill at all games is extreme, and whose luck is, to say the least of it, extraordinary,—such a man, as long as he is not detected in downright (must I use the word?) *cheating*, is rather looked upon as a person of talent and accomplishment to be admired, than as a swindler to be thrown out at the window. But, then, he must play at the best clubs, and fleece the highest, richest, and most fashionable men. Sharpers “in rags” are never to be tolerated. If he be himself a man of good family, so much the better; but, at all events, he must live in a “good set,” and fly at high game, or he will never get on in this very moral and consistent country. Some century or so ago, younger brothers used to take the air and a purse upon Hounslow Heath; and their merit then consisted in their boldness towards men, and their good breeding towards women. Now we see many a seion of many a noble house expend their small patrimony in initiation into the profession which they carry on afterwards with so much skill and success. It may almost be looked upon as sinking their capital in a business which will ultimately bring them a large return.

There is Charles S——, now:—who does not know Charles S.?—what ‘man about town’ is not proud to boast of his acquaintance?—what numberless aspirants pretend to his acquaintance, though they have it not! This man is the younger son of a baronet, and began the world with a younger brother's fortune, of some eight thousand pounds, and a commission in the Guards. In about two years he had lost



about ten out of his eight thousand pounds, which it cost him his commission, and everything else he had in the world, to make good. This is six or seven years ago; and he now lives at the rate of from two to three thousand a year;

“Crowns in his purse he has, and goods at home—”

—money in the funds, horses, equipages, and all other *necessaries* of modern luxury. Who can say that, in a pecuniary point of view, his ten thousand pounds were not well laid out?

Still, calculating the odds appears to me to be somewhat a dreary occupation for a lifetime; and cutting a nine at Macao but a questionable accomplishment to have acquired during its course. With these men, play is business—it is regarded and followed as such, and considered only with reference to the hard cash which it produces. They could not seek it as I do—for excitement, for oblivion. They could not invoke the Demon of Gaming to drive out other demons worse even than he. They watch the turn of the last card at Rouge et Noir, and of the die at Hazard, with interest, it is true; but not as I do, with the feverish anxiety I seek to raise, but which they shun with the strongest and minutest care.

And do I gain the “forgetfulness of other ills” which I pay so dearly for? For the moment, perhaps I do; but when I walk home at five or six in the morning, with my eyes sunken, my head aching as if it would split, my spirits jaded, my nerves unstrung from over-excitement, the revulsion is almost as bad as the continuance of my former depression could have been. And if I am ruined, which, as I go on, is likely enough, I shall indeed have bought this maddening excitement at a high price. I have never cared or thought about money; perhaps for the reason that I have always had it—at least sufficiently to meet my wants. I have been careless, rather than extravagant, in my expenses: living as a bachelor, with a bachelor’s no-establishment, I could afford to do this. But the last few months have *hurt* me. For the first time, I have been obliged to take thought for my resources, and “this dislikes me.” And yet, what can I do?—The enjoyments of family life, of a domestic home, are debarred from me. I cannot vegetate like a plant—never moving from the same spot; inert, monotonous, and moping. I have tried it, and it almost wore me to death. If it had killed me at once, I should have thanked it. My mind and heart are in an unhealthy state, and are not to be satisfied with wholesome food: Drams, mental drams, are needful for me now.

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[*The following is of a few days’ later date.*]

TRULY, these places have been aptly named. They are, indeed, *Hells*. The appellation was probably originally given in jest, but it has often been a most melancholy earnest. If being the abode of the passions the most evil of our nature—of those least redeemed by one spark of nobleness or generosity—if lust of gain, if frantic and unhallowed joy, if still more frantic and desperate despair—if the sufferings and yellings of the victims, and the icy imperturbability of the presiding demon—if these can make a place resemble Hell, then have these places been rightly named.

A record of the horrors of a gaming-house would form, at once, a most curious document as regards our moral constitution, and a manual of warning to those about to enter the Charybdis of play. Its chief fault would be, the unvaried density of its shade: without any breaks of light to relieve it, it would be too oppressive to the soul. To wade through the masses of crime, and of self-wrought misery, which such



a book would furnish, would be too revolting and painful. But if one of its frequenters, now and then, were to write, faithfully and minutely, his individual confessions, they would, I think, be the strongest moral lesson that ever was read upon the subject. The play of 'The Gamester,' as Kemble and Mrs. Siddons act it, is the most powerful rebuke to this vice which now exists; but still it is a work of fiction—and fiction never can possess the moral effect which a real story furnishes. If a man who has lost fortune, fame, self-respect, (and how many are there who answer this description!) by the indulgence of this damnable passion, were to narrate the steps by which, one by one, he was deprived of these the only things which make life worth the living, it would, I am convinced, have a more powerful effect than even the inimitable representation of so tragic a story as that I have mentioned above.

It was only yesterday that I was witness to a scene, though not so awful, perhaps more revolting than the effects of gaming as portrayed in the work I have been alluding to. Whenever there are circumstances of tragic interest and horror, the event in which they mingle acquires, from them alone, a certain character of elevation, which does not, perhaps, naturally belong to it. When 'Death mingles in the dance,' the awful effect which it always produces upon humanity tends to throw all the coarser and more degrading adjuncts out of view. Thus the weakness and vice of Beverley gain a degree of dignity from the very extent of their ruinous consequences. But what I beheld yesterday was wholly void of these extrinsic aids; and presented, in unrelieved deformity, the humiliating spectacle of a gentleman, and a man of honour, fallen into all the disgrace and crapulosity of base and dishonest practices.

I was at school with Jack Barnard, and have known him, off and on, all my life. We were next boys to each other in the school, and I had consequently the means of knowing him pretty accurately and intimately. He had the reputation (—and he deserved both branches of it—) of being a very clever, and a very idle, fellow. His idleness, however, usually got the better of his talents; and he was, certainly, not nearly so distinguished, as a scholar, as many who were not, by far, naturally his equals. He grew up a very handsome fellow, also; and he thus had more advantages from the hand of Nature than are commonly given to one individual. He was a younger brother; but he inherited a small estate, which enabled him to follow the vocation of "a man about town"—to which he certainly was well fitted, both by the degree and the nature of his talents, as well as by his inaptitude to any continuous application. He was distinguished for conversational and convivial powers; and, in truth, I scarcely remember to have met a man more agreeable in society. His flow of spirits and of bright good-humour was extreme; and he was, consequently, exceedingly popular, and sought after. Nor was this all. He was an honourable and a generous-minded man; and was as much esteemed for these qualities by those who can appreciate them, as he was for his more brilliant and unsubstantial attributes by the superficial butterflies of the world.

I had not seen him for some time. He had, on my last return to town, disappeared from the scene, and I could hear but little concerning him. The waves of the London world are like those of the physical sea;—they close over anything that sinks from its surface, and display no trace to tell that it has been there. I gathered, however, that he had been unfortunate at play; and a whisper or two reached me, touching some gambling disputes, which told very ill for him, and which, knowing him as I had done, I was very loth to give belief to.



A few days ago, however, I received a letter which dissipated at once the friendly doubts to which I had clung. I thought, at the first glance, that the hand-writing had once been familiar to me; but still I was surprised when, on turning to the last page, I saw Barnard's well-known name at the bottom. The letter was dated from the King's Bench prison; and was written in a tone half of shame, half—I can scarcely call it of effrontery, but of that reckless, assumed unconsciousness of any cause for shame existing, which is often one of the shapes in which it shows itself. Every now and then, however, there burst forth a flash of the spirits and brilliancy which had distinguished his better days,—now, alas! so much obscured by the dense mists of ruined fortune and tainted fame. The purport of the letter was, ostensibly to ask me to go to see him in his new dwelling, on which he cut sundry jokes; but I could see clearly enough, that the only reason he could desire my visit was to borrow money of me; so (for, with all his errors and vices, he was my old companion and schoolfellow) I put a few pounds into my pocket yesterday morning, and set off for poor Barnard's "seat in Surrey." I had never been within these celebrated walls before, and I looked forward to my visit with some curiosity. I had never been an inmate of a prison, except in company with Peregrine Pickle, Roderick Random, and Smollett's other heroes—every one of whom, by the way, Humphrey Clinker not excepted, he, at one period or other of their adventures, conducts to gaol. The general characteristics of the place, on first entering it, are still similar to what might be expected from his descriptions. There is a large open space, bounded on one side by the high brick wall surmounted with a *chevaux-de-frise*, which bespeaks the nature of the place; while on the other rises a line of shabby, squalid-looking buildings, which, at a price, little suited, I should imagine, to the circumstances of the in-dwellers, are doled out, by the square-foot, to those of whose "*res angustæ*" this is the home. The open space is, it seems, at once the promenade and the gymnasium of the prison; for the wall is partitioned off into four very good racket-grounds, in which several persons were at full play, while others contented themselves with the more moderate exercise of parading up and down near the buildings.

I inquired for Mr. Barnard, and was accordingly shown up to his room. Jack had always been a luxurious, expensive fellow in his habits, and had occupied, for several years past, an excellent first-floor lodging in St. James's-street. It was there where I had last seen him; and certainly there was some little difference between his gay drawing-room, and the low, close, dingy hole of about twelve feet square into which I was now ushered. The man who had accompanied me from the lodge to point out my friend's quarters, had been chaunting their praises, as we had threaded passage after passage, and ascended stair after stair. I judged that the man's ideas of splendour and convenience must be in conformity with the samples of those two qualities by which he was surrounded. But, still, I was not quite prepared for their being pitched in so low a key. Yet I might have been prepared too; for, as we passed along a narrow, gloomy corridor, which smelled close, sour, and faint, from the number of thickly-inhabited and ill-ventilated rooms which opened into it, my conductor said to me, "This, sir, is a nice walk for the gentlemen, when it's bad weather, or after nightfall." I might have been prepared for anything after this.

It was about one o'clock when I was shown into Barnard's room. He was still at breakfast; the bed was unmade, the air was close and fusty, and the room altogether foul and in disorder. B. raised his head as we entered, and a sudden gleam of joy and gratitude lighted up his sunken and wasted features. He was in his dressing-



gown; was unshaved, for three days at least; a shirt of about the same date was improvidently apparent at the breast; his breeches-knees were unfastened; his stockings were ungartered; his whole appearance was slovenly and squalid—in one comprehensive word, it befitted his abode. For his breakfast apparatus there appeared, on a very dirty cloth, a tea-pot with a broken spout, a half-quartern loaf, and a slice of butter resting upon a fragment of some luckless poem instead of a plate. Added to these, I thought I caught a glimpse, as it was removed at our entrance, of what had sadly the appearance of a brandy-bottle! “Poor, poor fellow!” thought I, “and art thou come to this?”

Jack received me, at first, with a frank, open, affectionate manner. He had been taken by surprise—he was touched—and Nature, for a few minutes, had her way. But, as he recovered from the first emotion, he thought it necessary to put on that conventional assumption of no-shame, which I have said appeared in some parts of his letter, and which is at once the surest and the most disagreeable way of showing the existence of that shame which it so vainly strives to hide.

Heavens! what a wreck he is become! That fine, handsome, athletic fellow has shrunk into a stooping, shrivelled, nervous drunkard; his eye bloodshot, his hand shaking, his breath reeking, his person unclean!—his mind, like his body, appeared to have been infected by the air of the place. He talked in its low language, and seemed imbued with its low ideas. He was become a worthy denizen of the place; and what had brought him thither?—Play.

Could this miserable man whom I saw before me, be the gay, the brilliant, Jack Barnard, who had so long glittered in the galaxy of fashion, and ever been distinguished from its minor stars? Could this be he whose society had been courted by men, whose attentions had been always welcome to women?—To women?—Faugh!—look at him now!—And what brought him to this?—Play.

As I looked at him, Pierre’s exclamation to Jaffier rose in my mind; so strongly, indeed, I had it, at the moment, on my tongue’s tip:—

“————— thou my once-loved, valued friend?

————— the man so-call’d my friend

Was gen’rous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,

Noble in mind, and in his person lovely;

\* \* \* \* \*

But thou! a wretched, base, false, worthless *drunkard*,

Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;

All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee!”

But no! I was compelled to despise poor Jack, but I could not detest him; I felt no anger towards him, not a jot; pity, sorrow, contempt, if you will—but detestation I could not feel.

I found, as I had expected, that to borrow, or rather to beg, money of me was the true cause of Barnard’s desiring to see me. He thought, perhaps (possibly he had judged by experience in other quarters), that I might either take no notice of his letter, or coolly refuse his request, if he had made it by that means; while, no doubt, he supposed the heart of an old schoolfellow could not resist the horrors of the prison, if once he could get him to come to see them.

He had no need, poor fellow, Heaven knows, to use any extraneous means to induce me to grant him what assistance I could; but, even if, like Sterne, “I had predetermined not to give him a single sou,” it would have been impossible for me to have withstood the plea, true or false, on which he grounded his request. He said he had a new-comer “chummed in upon him”—and he wanted money “to chum



him out." On inquiring into the meaning of this jargon, I found that each of these rooms (as they are by courtesy called in the prison) was liable to four inmates!—but that, if the first occupier was rich enough to pay the rest a certain weekly modicum to keep away, he then might have it to himself, while they hired a share of some hole with half the sum, and lived upon the rest! And this, Barnard told me, was the sole source of subsistence of a very large proportion of the prisoners!

Being here, I naturally wished to see what there was to be seen; and B. undertook to show me over the prison. Whilst he was dressing I went down into the court to look a little about me, to say nothing of my anxiety, by this time, to breathe a fresher air. I was more struck with the great *variety* of appearance among the prisoners than with any other one point about them. Some were dressed far better—that is, far more point device in the fashion—than myself; and were, in every respect, figures which one would expect rather to meet in St. James's Street than within the walls of the Bench. The class next below these were "shabby genteel"—they had good clothes and dirty linen, or clothes well cut and of good materials, but woefully shabby and threadbare. All these men seemed to have a dash of what is vulgarly called "the blood" about them; and, indeed, I thought I recognised one or two of their faces as having seen them at Tattersall's. Others, again, seemed to be driven to every shift and device to make an appearance in any degree decent. Coloured handkerchiefs, without any collar; coats buttoned to the throat; gaiters and boots strenuously drawn up to meet the knee-band—all these shifts were to be seen, to supply, or to conceal, the foulness or the lack of linen. The next degree lower again scorned any such hypocritical devices: they appeared in undisguised squalidity and filth. In them the very remnants of shame had long since passed away. Among this class were certainly some as unpromising-looking ruffians as any I ever beheld. Some of these fellows had let their beards grow till they looked like Caliban; others appeared in every conceivable incongruity of dress, as if they had disposed of the major part of their wardrobe, and were now clothed with the fragments. There was a considerable number of low huckster-looking shops, in which those who possessed a little money could contrive to get rid of it. A coffee-house, and the shops of various dealers in eatables, were conspicuous. As I stood near a tolerable-looking butcher's, a man came out with a lank mutton-chop between his fingers, whom, on looking into his face, I recognised as having been, a few years back, one of the most fashionable and fastidious men about town!

I walked forward to the racket-ground, where a game of some interest was going forward. From constant practice these men are excellent players; and I stood looking on attentively through the vicissitudes of a game between, as I was told, two of the best of them, who seemed to me to be pretty equally matched. At last, one of them got the advantage, and exclaimed, "I'll bet two to one I win the game!" "Done!" exclaimed a voice from behind me; and, on looking round, I beheld Barnard, who could not even resist this miserable gambling in this miserable place. And, in two minutes, I saw him hand over, with the utmost coolness, one of the guineas I had given him, which were the last and the only he had in the world.

He looked cleaner than he had done in his own room; for he was washed and shaved, and had a clean shirt on; but his dress was dilapidated to the last degree, and the broad daylight showed still more forcibly what an utter wreck he had become. His face was bloated and discoloured; his leg was shrivelled; his whole form bespoke that most wretched of all things—vicious penury.

He proceeded to show me round the prison; and, before long, I affected not to



have known it was so late, and abridged my visit: for he seemed to be hail-fellow-well-met with all these vulgar ruffians; and I could not bear to witness such utter degradation on the part of one whom I had once admired and loved.

How omnivorous is the Fiend of Gaming! It not only flies at the higher game of family ruin, and despair, and suicide, but it stoops to prey upon garbage like this! Nay, more, it prepares the loathsome morsel for itself, and does not sicken in the process. Alas! alas! who could have thought such a fate awaited a man like Barnard, so generous, so brilliant? It is too painful to think that he has thoroughly sunken to suit it.

## INTOLERANCE OF MUSLIMS.

*(From an unpublished volume of 'The Englishwoman in Egypt.')*

My residence here occasions my having often friendly intercourse with persons who, according to Eastern etiquette, I must call ladies; persons born of Christian parents, and reared through childhood in the Christian profession, but now of the faith of Mohammed. I allude to those unfortunate beings who, torn from their native countries, are brought hither as slaves. One thing with respect to them, and common to them and the Memlooks, or male white slaves, very much surprises me: it is this; that they are generally far more bigoted than the rest of their co-religionists. In other respects, many of them seem to me still to have amiable dispositions, which make me to mourn the more for their unhappy lot. But it is not so with the Memlooks, among whom I frequently hear of beings more like infernal spirits than men; monsters in cruelty and in every imaginable vice. There is also another class, very numerous in this country, somewhat similarly circumstanced; of whom some are deserving of much pity, while others cannot be too severely condemned. By the former, I mean those children of Christians, who, having early lost their parents here by death or desertion, have been easily induced to change their religious profession, and some of whom are perhaps sincere in calling themselves Muslims. Of those who have become apostates after having attained years of discretion, many are persons of the vilest character, as you might naturally imagine; in their assumed bigotry far surpassing those who are Muslims from their birth, and behaving to their respectable Christian relations with the most abominable arrogance and tyranny. I will give you an example.

A renegade, originally an Eastern Christian, who is living in great favour with the government, had been expecting for some time the arrival of a nephew from Syria, who left him years before, and had never heard of his apostacy. On his arrival his uncle received him with much show of affection. After conversing with him for some time, the uncle confessed his change of religion, but assured his nephew that many and great benefits had followed his profession of the faith of El-Islâm, reconciling the advantages of his position, and concluding by conjuring him to follow his example. No argument, however, availed; for the young man steadily assured him that his religion was dearer to him than any other consideration; that no temptation should induce him to renounce it; and that, with the help of God, he would welcome poverty while he possessed the consolations of a Christian. The uncle finding him inexorable, and firmly resolving to subdue, if possible, what he styled an obstinate and rebellious spirit, had recourse to stratagem. Having desired his nephew to take refreshment and repose, he repaired to several of his especial Muslim friends, and col-



lecting them in a neighbouring mosque, he told them to wait there until he should send his nephew to call one of them by name, when he begged that they would seize him, on the ground of his temerity in entering a mosque, being a Christian, and compel him, on pain of death, to renounce the faith of his fathers. "Use any means," said he, "however violent: raise a popular tumult if necessary; and do not release him until he shall have professed himself a Muslim." Having given these directions, he returned to his house; and after describing the mosque to his nephew, he desired him to enter it, and call a certain person, mentioning him by name, saying that his uncle desired to speak with him. The young man accordingly repaired to the mosque; but, arriving at the door, he felt alarmed, for he saw several persons within the doorway, who, in their anxiety to perform the bidding of his uncle, overshot the mark, and beckoned to him eagerly. He had but one moment for consideration, and that proved sufficient: he apprehended that his life was in danger, and fled. Threading his way through intricate streets, he reached a convent. Here he threw himself at the feet of the first person he met belonging to the place, and briefly told his story. This person conducted him to the presence of the superior and others, to whom he related all that had occurred, assuring them that he believed his life would be sacrificed if he returned to his uncle, determined as he was, at all hazards, to preserve his Christian profession. Thus resolved, he intreated them to give him some employment in the convent; to which they replied, that all the situations were adequately filled, therefore they could not grant his request, unless he would undertake to become a scullion. "On my head," answered the young Christian, in token of his readiness and fidelity; and he repaired to the kitchen, and thankfully applied himself to his new duties. A pious man, of some influence, residing in the convent, remarked the young stranger with deep interest, and after he had performed for one fortnight his duties in a station so ill-suited to his birth and expectations, succeeded in obtaining for him a lucrative place of trust, to which he at once removed him. This anecdote was related by one intimately acquainted with the circumstances of the young man.

The occurrence above related happened long before the period when the present Sultán, yielding to the remonstrances of the Christian powers of Europe, exempted from the penalty of death all persons who, having been originally Christians or Jews, and having become Muslims, returned to their first faiths: therefore, if the young man whom I have mentioned had complied with the desire of his uncle, he could not have professed himself again a Christian without losing his life, unless recommended to the notice of the Páshá.

The mildness of Mohammed 'Alee with reference to religion, in cases with respect to which the law is severe and cruel in the utmost degree, is, in my opinion, his best quality. I could mention more than one instance in which, long ago, he forbade the execution of the sentence of the law upon persons who had been Muslims from their birth, and had become professed Christians. In cases of a different kind, in which religion has been concerned, he has also signalled himself by his moderation, or, if you like so to call it, by his enlightened, and wise, and conciliatory policy. While the Sultán's government has been insolently interposing every imaginable obstacle in the way of the erection of our Church at Jerusalem, the foundations of a noble English Church have been laid at Alexandria with the ready permission of Mohammed 'Alee, and with the Turkish law directly opposed to it. The latter church will, it is said, be a very remarkable building; the style is said to be chiefly Byzantine; but the general character rather like that of ancient Greece and Italy. Its architect is Mr. Wild, an artist well known in England, who has been for nearly three years im-



proving himself in his art by the study of Arabian architecture in this country, and good judges here have formed very high expectations of the results of his late investigations.

With regard to Mohammed 'Alee's religious toleration, I should observe, that you can hardly conceive the hatred which it draws upon him from the Muslims in general. Their enmity to the Christians and Jews has much increased during the last few years; apparently roused to indignation at witnessing so many European innovations adopted by Turks and Memlooks in the service of the government. Occasionally it manifests itself in a manner truly ridiculous. You will scarcely believe, that when Dr. Wolff was in this country, and had published some placards exhorting the Muslims to relinquish their false faith, and bestowing (in their opinions) some very disrespectful epithets upon their prophet, the principal 'Ulama held a secret council on the subject, and made him the object of a kind of mock trial, he not being present. The majority decided that sentence of death should be passed upon him for blasphemy; but a few of the less fanatical prevailed upon them to commute this sentence, and to decree that he should be flogged and banished. They knew that their decree could not be executed. This is a secret history, which I have received from high authority.

## POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

"CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases." Such was the first axiom stereotyped in our memory by the untiring repetitions of Dr. Birch, our early conductor in the highway of knowledge. Worthy man! he brought it to bear on every occasion when, as will happen at times even to schoolmasters, he found himself in the wrong. What a glorious discovery for us! and, true to the power of pleasing impressions, the maxim has kept its place whilst many a weary lesson and much of his hard-learned lore have left but a dim and dusty trace in our school-day recollections. But time has enforced its truth by sterner teachings. Often since the days of Dr. Birch have we found that "circumstances altered cases," not always to our liking. Aye, readers, and they alter opinions marvellously, too! And we speak it not of politicians; the right of change is their ancient and established privilege; but it has marked the progress of early associates, and it may be of early friends, in life's upward or downward ways; tell us, have their views been always the same? at every step of the journey have they seen the social world in the same light from the summit as at the foot of the steep? Verily, our own experience supplies many negative answers to the question; and, with permission, we will relate one of them.

Twenty years ago (are not the days of our memory many?), the snow was deep on the streets of Birmingham, and the sky above had on the foggy greyness of December; but Christmas times were approaching, with all their varied promise for its trading, toiling thousands, in which precious number we were then included. Three o'clock had struck; clerks and shopmen were hurrying home to dinner; and, fully impressed with the importance of the hour, we also were in motion, when, on passing the dashing establishment of Little and Co., silk-mercers, of course, to her Majesty, where our old schoolfellow, William Weston, had lately commenced his retailing career, we



recollected that there might be time to call and see how he got on, particularly as our eye was caught by the small bonnet (we would have known it among a thousand) and long brown curls of Alice Ford, who stepped into the shop before us, just as the Dobson's new carriage rolled away, with the declaration that it was "Hodious cold," pronounced by mamma, the young ladies, and Master Harry, in full and lofty chorus.

Within we found a cessation of hostilities: the lull of the dinner-hour had come; the stars of the shop were departed; but the duty of keeping watch and ward must fall on somebody, and for the present it descended on William Weston; but matters of higher moment occupied his attention: treason had been committed against the shopman's crown and dignity; the eyes were flashing, and the dark pale face looked fiery as the sunset through a storm. Yet Master Weston's anger had at least a voice. "The low, paltry upstarts!" cried he, "to pretend they had forgotten us, after all the old friendship and all the holidays we spent together, before old Saunders' will put them into a carriage. Fine ornaments they are for it! but Harry's the worst by far; as if we were not schoolfellows, and I did not save him many a fagging! How can people forget!"

"They remember well, William," said Alice, "that you are but a shopman and I am a daily governess; for nobody left us a legacy, and—"

"And I would not take all their money," interrupted Weston, "with such a burthen of mean pride; but they are not worth speaking of. How do you do, Frederick?"

We responded; and in a few minutes were fully informed of the enormity perpetrated by the Dobsons, which consisted of "not knowing," as the phrase goes, either Weston or Alice, asking for sundry things which the shop did not contain, and finally driving off without the least token of recognition.

William Weston and Alice Ford were respectively the son and the daughter of a departed attorney. The well-known proverb touching two of a trade had been found false logic in the case of their fathers, who, though connected only by their common profession, were remarkable for a quiet and unvarying friendship, which neither parish disputes nor legal jealousies were able to interrupt. They had been next-door neighbours from the commencement of their practice, and Fortune seemed determined to give the world an instance of the much-talked-of equality in Messieurs Ford and Weston; for it would have been a difficult point to decide which was the least successful. Yet they struggled on, year after year, and both contrived to marry; but death, who summons even attorneys, served the last writ on them within six months of each other, leaving their widows provided each with a young son and daughter, a very small stock of furniture, and a large one of patient industry.

All these the ladies turned to the best account; and, whether in memory of the dead, or because of mutual confidence, the bands of friendship grew tighter between the families. The children had the same playthings, went to the same school, and firmly believed they were all brothers and sisters, till time taught them other lessons. Nor was the analogy of the paternal fortunes wanting; both the widows let their front rooms to lodgers of very good character, took in genteel washing, and kept, as Mrs. Weston termed it, a "quite respectable mangle."

The ancient trust of the widow and fatherless was fulfilled to them after many difficulties and some pinching years; their children at last grew up to help them, and at the period of our story Mrs. Weston saw her son a shopman and her daughter a dress-maker's girl; while Mrs. Ford wept over her brave and handsome boy, who would



go to sea, and rejoiced over her daughter Alice, who had always been reputed the genius of the neighbourhood, as she entered on the most laborious, though not the most esteemed of the learned professions ; for the girl was a daily governess.

But greater changes had occurred to their acquaintances, the Dobsons over the way. The death of an old uncle in India, of whose existence they had a vague impression for many a year, had suddenly put them in possession of a considerable fortune, gathered Brama knows how ; but sufficient to raise the honest tradesman and his family above all ideas of the button manufactory for the rest of their days. Why did not some of our relations go to India in time ? they might have been ready to die now with very satisfactory results to us ; but the wretches didn't, and here we are, marvellously anxious for the complete equality of mankind, and as great an enemy to pride as William Weston was on the day of his philippic against the Dobson's.

We will not linger over the beauties of that oration ; suffice it to say, that the strength of the language considerably exceeded the elegance of its style. We threw in our quota of moral reflections, united with sundry quotations from the poets ; how mighty were their voices to us then ! and at length both concluded that the Dobsons knew no better. But the young face of Alice grew sadly serious as she remarked that " it was only what might have been expected, and just the way of the world."

There was what the Americans would call " nothing particular " between William and Alice ; they had been playmates, they were friends ; and at the period of which we speak, the one was a tall not over-handsome youth, with good business habits and a firm determination to make his way in life ; and the other, a fair slender girl with a face that might have been the glory of any aristocratic poetess, and we have heard that such things are, for its calm and intellectual beauty ; but the brow had grown too early thoughtful, like one for whom life had more of care than hope.

Readers, there is many a change and many a lesson if mankind could only profit by them in the course of twenty years, which period had passed over us and our fortunes from the day of that provocation discussed in the premises of Little and Co., till one of the no less bitter and foggy days which heralded last Christmas, when in novelist parlance we " might have been perceived," supposing any one had taken the trouble, rapidly moving up one of the principal streets of Manchester with an eye of most diligent vigilance directed to the door-plates on either side. We need not speak of our experience nor experiments in the art of existence during the intervening time ; the friends that had fallen from us, the hopes we had survived, and the tasks but begun which we trusted would survive us all,—these are reserved for " a more convenient season ;" but at the moment we had lately arrived by the evening train, and were on earnest search for the mansion of W. Weston, Esq. Such were the only legible words out of many written by way of address on a rather diminutive parcel which then reposed in our breast-pocket ; it had been recommended to our special attention by a lady at Boulogne, and every attention had certainly been paid it, for we shrewdly suspected that the precious deposit contained lace for the benefit of Mrs. Weston, who was, we understood, a baronet's daughter, and therefore ought to have a taste for Valenciennes. But the haven of our search was gained, a large fashionable house almost at the top of the street, with half a dozen lackeys in front of it making all the bustle they could about a newly-arrived carriage, out of which a remarkably well dressed and rather stout gentleman was handing a large unmeaning-faced woman bending under the combined weight of furs, jewels, and Irish tabinet,



whilst a little lady, in a most unexceptionable morning dress, surveyed the scene with evident amusement from a window of the drawing-room. "Here we are all, Mr. Weston," said the occupant of the carriage, "not one of the children would stay at home, they love your house and Mrs. Weston so"—here she cast an upward glance to the window. "But I have brought Miss Ford with me, she is the only person can keep the darlings quiet—and out came the lady's train, three boys and two girls; there was packing; all with round fair faces and hair inclining to red, and out of the rumble, unassisted and entirely unnoticed, except by the staring servants, with garments that told of struggling respectability, and a face on which the steps of time had pressed heavily, came a solitary and careful-looking woman, but the eye had the old expression of clear and earnest thought which still in our memory distinguished Alice Ford.

The world had gone well with William Weston since last we heard him denounce the pride of the Dobsons. True, his mother had died in her humble days, and his young sister perished early, worn down by the toil of her overcrowded trade; and his old playmate Alice, with her enduring energy which he had never known, and talents to which his were but the small dust of the balance, had toiled on through years of unremitting labour, less esteemed and far less remunerated than those of an ordinary footman. But for the man's exertions there were better returns, and an easier path to prosperity; he had grown skilful in satins, and profound in Gros de Naples,—mighty in persuading ladies to buy, and discriminating in the colours for the season; some prudence, ordinary industry, and a little more than ordinary perseverance had raised him by the swift and almost certain steps of commerce to a place among the silk manufacturers of Britain, an aristocratic connection, and a handsome establishment, in front of which he now stood with feelings like those of the Eastern king—old history, pardon the comparison!—who said, "Is not this great Babylon, which I have built for the might of my glory and the excellence of my power?" We stood there too an unknown spectator in virtue of the years that made Ulysses a stranger at his own home threshold to all but one faithful memory, but oh! what a world of welcomes and attentions were showered on Lady Poplin,—so we heard him appropriately name the carriage-brought visitor and the fine red—we mean golden—haired branches of her husband's rather new baronetcy, while the presence of Alice, the friend of his youth, the associate of his humbler, and it might be his happier, years, was acknowledged by one of those half salutations vouchsafed to persons who come as mere appendages to the principal character, and cannot expect to be observed in their individual capacity.

Could he have forgotten? No! there was memory in the man's eye; the past was calling up its armies of kindly deeds, and pleasant hours, and early recollections; but they came in vain, for she was a nursery governess.

We marked a shadow of sorrowful remembrance stealing over Alice's quiet glance as she passed, but there was nothing there of reproach or surprise.

In bustling visitor and visited, and as we followed in all the dignity of leisure in order to deliver that precious parcel, with the scene of the Birmingham shop rising in full relief before our mental vision, we discovered the truth of Dr. Birch's observation, that "Circumstances alter cases."



## ANDREW MARVELL AND JOHN MILTON.

(From the 'Life of Marvell,' in the 'Cabinet Portrait Gallery,' vol. viii.)

IN the year 1667, "a great epoch in the history of the human mind,"\* because Milton then first gave to the world his 'Paradise Lost,' Marvell took up his pen to serve his friend, writing some English couplets, which were inserted among the commendatory verses prefixed, as usual, to the epic. To a lover of literary history these commendatory verses, which come thick upon us in most old books, are very interesting, even though the quality of the rhyme should not be first-rate. But Andrew Marvell's couplets on the first appearance of 'Paradise Lost' offer many good lines. He thus judiciously calls the public attention to Milton's blindness, and to the sublimity and awfulness of his subject:—

When I beheld the poet blind yet bold,  
In slender book his vast design unfold,  
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,  
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,  
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred truths to fable and old song;  
So Samson grop'd the temple's posts in spite,  
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

He thus defends the great poet's preference of blank verse to rhyme.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;  
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,  
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.  
Their fancies like our bushy points appear:  
The poets tag them; we for fashion wear.  
I, too, transported by the mode, commend,  
And while I meant to praise thee, must offend.

Thy verse, created like thy theme sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

About five years after the appearance of 'Paradise Lost,' Marvell again stood forth as the champion of Milton. One Doctor Samuel Parker, who had gone through most of the changes in politics and religion, having been royalist, republican, fifth-monarchy man, conventicler, and now royalist and high-churchman over again, published, in 1670, in a book called 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' the most violent invectives against Nonconformists and Commonwealth-men like Milton, against all who favoured and protected them, and against every approach to liberty of conscience. In speaking of the different sects Parker laid it down as golden rules for King Charles, that to show tenderness and indulgence to such men "was to nourish vipers in his bowels,"—that princes might, "with less hazard, give liberty to men's vices than to their consciences." Doctor Owen replied to Parker in his 'Liberty and Truth Vindicated.' Parker made rejoinder next year, in 'A Defence and Continuation of Ecclesiastical Polity,' against Doctor Owen; and in 1672 renewed the attack in a preface to a posthumous work of Bishop Bramhall. In this preface Parker affected to pour not only abuse, but also contempt, upon the whole body of his old companions, the Nonconformists. Of Milton he spoke in a manner calculated to hound all the enemies of the poet upon him, and to put him again in extreme danger. Marvell instantly took up the pen; and soon there came forth, to the amusement of court and town, his first brilliant prose satire, entitled '*The Rehearsal Transposed; or, Animadversions on a late Book entitled a Preface, showing what Grounds and Apprehensions there are of Popery.* London: printed by A. B., for the Assignees of John Calvin and Theodore

\* Hartley Coleridge.



*Beza, at the Sign of the King's Indulgence, on the south side of the Lake Lemane, 1672.* This production overran with wit and irony, while here and there the writer's wrath was as majestic as that of Juvenal. Of the invention of printing he writes with this finished irony:—"The press (that villainous engine), invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church than the doctrine can make amends for. It was a happy time when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library. When the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the liturgy, and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. Could the press but at once be conjured to obey only an *imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, perhaps, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles; but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than a hundred systematical divines, with their sweaty preaching. And, what is a strange thing, the very sponges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are become now the instruments to make them legible. Their ugly printing letters look but like so many rotten teeth-drawers; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O, printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind!—that *lead when moulded into bullets is not so mortal as when formed into letters!* There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpents' teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented."

Besides much more wit of the same kind, there is in the 'Rehearsal Trans-

posed' much solemn and most energetic writing—Marvell pleads for toleration in language which seems inspired. Parker, as deficient in modesty as in wit, attempted a reply, under the title of 'A Reproof of the 'Rehearsal Transposed,' with a mild Exhortation to the Magistrate, to crush with the Secular Arm the pestilent Wit, the Servant of Cromwell, and the Friend of Milton.' But this turn-coat politician and unmannerly polemic, who very probably knew that Charles II., whose keen relish for wit of all kinds has passed into a proverb, had declared Marvell to be the best prose satirist of the age, much doubted whether the vengeance of the secular arm could be made to fall upon his adversary, and therefore had recourse to other threats. An anonymous epistle, "short as a blunderbuss," was pitched into honest Andrew's very humble lodging. No doubt it was written by or for the Doctor, and thus was it worded:—"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God I will cut thy throat." The pestilent wit, Marvell, adopted the words as a motto, and printed them on the title-page of his 'Second Part of the Rehearsal Transposed,' which was published in 1673. However dull and obtuse he may have been to the sense of shame, this second pamphlet must have brought some blushes to the cheek of Parker. Milton, though blind, poor, and otherwise afflicted, was still alive, and it was easy for his witty friend to expose the monstrosity of attempting to make still more wretched the last hours of such a man. Marvell also exposed, in his happiest manner, the baseness and interested changeableness of the poet's assailant, telling the world how Parker, in former times, used to pride himself on the friendship of Milton, much frequenting his house in Moorfields, and there predicting to Marvell himself the speedy death of Charles II. and the consequent restoration of the Commonwealth and the Cromwellian order of things.

"J. M.," says Andrew, "was, and is, a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side; and he writ, *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises of no



other nature than that which I mentioned to you writ by your own father, only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment. At his Majesty's happy return, J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, of his royal clemency, and has ever since lived in a most retired silence. It was after that, I well remember it, that being one day at his house, I there first met you accidentally. But there it was when you, as I told you, wandered up and down Moorfields, astrologising on

A SCORPION, A SALAMANDER, AND AN AID TO MEMORY.—That great Florentine artist, Benvenuto Cellini, wrote an autobiography, and almost filled it with marvellous stories. The following relate to his childhood:—"Andrew Cellini, my grandfather, was still living when I was about three years of age, and he then above a hundred. They had one day removed a water-pipe, and there came out of it a large scorpion, which they had not perceived: it descended upon the ground, and had got under a great bench, when I saw it and ran to take hold of it. This scorpion was of such a size, that whilst I held it in my little hand, it put out its tail on one side, and on the other darted its two mouths; I ran overjoyed to my grandfather, crying out, "Grandfather, see my pretty little crab." The good old man, who knew it to be a scorpion, was so frightened that he seemed ready to drop down dead, and begged it of me with great eagerness; but I grasped it the harder, and cried, for I did not choose to part with it. My father, who was in the house, flew to my assistance upon hearing the noise, but was struck with such terror and surprise at the sight of that venomous reptile, that he could not think of any means of rescuing me from my perilous situation. But happening, just at that instant, to espy a pair of scissors, he gently laid hold of them, and humouring me all he could, he cut off the tail and head of the scorpion: then finding I had received no harm, he pronounced it a happy omen.

the duration of his Majesty's government, that you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourses you there used he is too generous to remember."

Marvell's generous and tender care of the author of 'Paradise Lost' began with his troubles at the Restoration, and never ceased until the poet's death. Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, states that "Marvell, with other friends, frequently visited the poet when secreted on account of the threats of government."

"When I was about five years of age, my father happened to be in a little room in which they had been washing, and where there was a good fire of oak burning: with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold: he looked at this time into the flames, and saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which could live in the hottest part of that element; instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear. I fell a-crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, spake these words:—"My dear child, I don't give you that box for any fault you have committed, but that you may recollect that the little creature in the fire is a *Salamander*, such an one as never was beheld before, to my knowledge;" so saying, he embraced me, and gave me some money."—*Thomas Nugent's Translation.*

This is a pretty fair beginning to a marvellously adventurous life; but Benvenuto continues, upon the *crescendo* principle, and with a bold disregard of the trammels of truth: and yet there are many and great truths in his book.

"The love of rank is the besetting temptation of womanhood."—*Hartley Coleridge.*

"Statesmen have yet to learn how much it is to have the *imagination* of the country on their side."—*Id.*



## ENIGMA XIII.

I GRACED Don Pedro's revelry,  
 All dressed in fire and feather,  
 When loveliness and chivalry  
 Were met to feast together ;  
 He flung the slave who moved the lid,  
 A purse of maravedis ;  
 And this that gallant Spaniard did  
 For me, and for the Ladies.

He vowed a vow, that noble knight,  
 Before he went to table,  
 To make his only sport the fight,  
 His only couch the stable,  
 Till he had dragg'd, as he was bid,  
 Five score of Turks to Cadiz ;—  
 And this that gallant Spaniard did  
 For me, and for the Ladies.

To ride through mountains where my  
 first

A banquet would be reckoned,—  
 Through deserts where to quench their  
 thirst

Men vainly turn my second ;—  
 To leave the gates of fair Madrid,  
 To dare the gates of Hades ;—  
 And this that gallant Spaniard did,  
 For me, and for the Ladies.





## MILTON AND COWLEY.

[The following 'Conversation' and 'Songs of the Civil War' are amongst the early productions of one of the most distinguished orators and writers of our day. They were published in 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine' in the year 1824. The 'Songs of the Huguenots,' by the same author, are known wherever the English language is read. The papers which we now take the freedom of reprinting have a far higher value than belongs to mere promises of future excellence. The author of the celebrated articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and of 'The Lays of Rome,' has no cause to regret, what too many have to regret, that the literary productions of his youth have not passed into obscurity. His first laurels are still fresh.]

## A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY AND MR. JOHN MILTON, TOUCHING  
THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

SET DOWN BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

"Refere sermones Deorum et  
Magna modis tenuare parvis."—HORACE: :

I HAVE thought it good to set down in writing a memorable debate, wherein I was a listener, and two men of pregnant parts and great reputation discoursers; hoping that my friends will not be displeased to have a record both of the strange times through which I have lived, and of the famous men with whom I have conversed. It chanced, in the warm and beautiful spring of the year 1665, a little before the saddest summer that ever London saw, that I went to the Bowling-Green at Piccadilly, whither, at that time, the best gentry made continual resort. There I met Mr. Cowley, who had lately left Barnelms. There was then a house preparing for him at Chertsey, and till it should be finished he had come up for a short time to London, that he might urge a suit to his Grace of Buckingham touching certain lands of her Majesty's, whereof he requested a lease. I had the honour to be familiarly acquainted with that worthy gentleman and most excellent poet, whose death hath been deplored with as general a consent of all powers that delight in the woods, or in verse, or in love, as was of old that of Daphnis or of Gallus.

After some talk, which it is not material to set down at large, concerning his suit and his vexations at the court, where indeed his honesty did him more harm than his parts could do him good, I entreated him to dine with me at my lodging in the Temple, which he most courteously promised. And that so eminent a guest might not lack a better entertainment than cooks or vintners can provide, I sent to the house of Mr. John Milton, in the Artillery-Walk, to beg that he would also be my guest; for though he had been secretary, first to the Council of State, and after that, to the Protector, and Mr. Cowley had held the same post under the Lord St. Albans in his banishment, I hoped, notwithstanding, that they would think themselves rather united by their common art than divided by their different factions. And so indeed it proved. For while we sate at table, they talked freely of many men and things, as well ancient as modern, with much civility. Nay, Mr. Milton, who seldom tasted wine, both because of his singular temperance and because of his gout, did



more than once pledge Mr. Cowley, who was indeed no hermit in diet. At last, being heated, Mr. Milton begged that I would open the windows. "Nay," said I, "if you desire fresh air and coolness, what should hinder us, as the evening is fair, from sailing for an hour on the river?" To this they both cheerfully consented, and forth we walked, Mr. Cowley and I leading Mr. Milton between us, to the Temple Stairs. There we took a boat, and thence we were rowed up the river.

The wind was pleasant; the evening fine; the sky, the earth, and the water beautiful to look upon. But Mr. Cowley and I held our peace, and said nothing of the gay sights around us, lest we should too feelingly remind Mr. Milton of his calamity; whereof, however, he needed no monitor: for soon he said sadly, "Ah, Mr. Cowley, you are a happy man. What would I now give but for one more look at the sun, and the waters, and the gardens of this fair city!"

"I know not," said Mr. Cowley, "whether we ought not rather to envy you for that which makes you to envy others; and that specially in this place, where all eyes which are not closed in blindness ought to become fountains of tears. What can we look upon which is not a memorial of change and sorrow, of fair things vanished, and evil things done? When I see the gate of Whitehall, and the stately pillars of the Banqueting-House, I cannot choose but think of what I have there seen in former days—masques, and pageants, and dances, and smiles, and the waving of graceful heads, and the bounding of delicate feet. And then I turn to thoughts of other things, which even to remember makes me to blush and weep;—of the great black scaffold, and the axe and block, which were placed before those very windows; and the voice seems to sound in mine ears, the lawless and terrible voice, which cried out that the head of a king was the head of a traitor. There stands Westminster Hall, which who can look upon and not tremble to think how time, and change, and death confound the counsels of the wise, and beat down the weapons of the mighty? How have I seen it surrounded with tens of thousands of petitioners crying for justice and privilege! How have I heard it shake with fierce and proud words, which made the hearts of the people burn within them! Then it is blockaded by dragoons and cleared by pikemen. And they who have conquered their master go forth trembling at the word of their servant. And yet a little while, and the usurper comes forth from it, in his robe of ermine, with the golden staff in one hand and the Bible in the other, amidst the roaring of the guns and the shouting of the people. And yet again a little while, and the doors are thronged with multitudes in black, and the hearse and the plumes come forth; and the tyrant is borne, in more than royal pomp, to a royal sepulchre. A few days more, and his head is fixed to rot on the pinnacles of that very hall where he sat on a throne in his life, and lay in state after his death. When I think on all these things, to look round me makes me sad at heart. True it is that God hath restored to us our old laws, and the rightful line of our kings. Yet, how I know not, but it seems to me that something is wanting—that our court hath not the old gravity, nor our people the old loyalty. These evil times, like the great deluge, have overwhelmed and confused all earthly things. And, even as those waters, though at last they abated, yet, as the learned write, destroyed all trace of the garden of Eden, so that its place hath never since been found, so hath this opening of all the flood-gates of political evil effaced all marks of the ancient political paradise."

"Sir," by your favour," said Mr. Milton, "though, from many circumstances both of body and of fortune, I might plead fairer excuses for despondency than yourself, I yet look not so sadly either on the past or on the future. That a deluge hath



passed over this our nation, I deny not; but I hold it not to be such a deluge as that of which you speak, but rather a blessed flood, like those of the Nile, which in its overflow doth indeed wash away ancient landmarks, and confound boundaries, and sweep away dwellings, yea, doth give birth to many foul and dangerous reptiles. Yet hence is the fulness of the granary, the beauty of the garden, the nurture of all living things.

“ I remember well, Mr. Cowley, what you have said concerning these things in your ‘ Discourse of the Government of Oliver Cromwell,’ which my friend Elwood read to me last year. Truly, for elegance and rhetoric, that essay is to be compared with the finest tractates of Isocrates and Cicero; but neither that nor any other book, nor events which, with most men, have, more than any book, weight and authority, have altered my opinion, that of all assemblies that ever were in this world, the best and the most useful was our Long Parliament. I speak not this as wishing to provoke debate, which neither yet do I decline.”

Mr. Cowley was, as I could see, a little nettled; yet, as he was a man of a kind disposition and a most refined courtesy, he put a force upon himself, and answered, with more vehemence and quickness indeed than was his wont, yet not uncivilly: “ Surely, Mr. Milton, you speak not as you think. I am indeed one of those who believe that God hath reserved to himself the censure of kings, and that their crimes and oppressions are not to be resisted by the hands of their subjects. Yet can I easily find excuse for the violence of such as are stung to madness by grievous tyranny. But what shall we say for these men? Which of their just demands was not granted? Which even of their cruel and unreasonable requisitions, so as it were not inconsistent with all law and order, was refused? Had they not sent Strafford to the block and Laud to the Tower? Had they not destroyed the Courts of the High Commission and the Star Chamber? Had they not reversed the proceedings confirmed by the voices of the judges of England, in the matter of ship-money? Had they not taken from the king his ancient and most lawful power touching the order of knighthood? Had they not provided that, after their dissolution, triennial parliaments should be holden, and that their own power should continue till of their great condescension they should be pleased to resign it themselves? What more could they ask? Was it not enough that they had taken from their king all his oppressive powers, and many that were most salutary? Was it not enough that they had filled his council-board with his enemies, and his prisons with his adherents? Was it not enough that they had raised a furious multitude, to shout and swagger daily under the very windows of his royal palace? Was it not enough that they had taken from him the most blessed prerogative of princely mercy; that, complaining of intolerance themselves, they had denied all toleration to others; that they had urged against forms, scruples childish as those of any formalist; that they had persecuted the least remnant of the Popish rites with the fiercest bitterness of the Popish spirit? Must they, besides all this, have full power to command his armies, and to massacre his friends?

“ For military command, it was never known in any monarchy, nay, in any well-ordered republic, that it was committed to the debates of a large and unsettled assembly. For their other requisition, that he should give up to their vengeance all who had defended the rights of his crown, his honour must have been ruined if he had complied. Is it not therefore plain that they desired these things only in order that, by refusing, his Majesty might give them a pretence for war?

“ Men have often risen up against fraud, against cruelty, against rapine; but when



before was it known that concessions were met with importunities, graciousness with insults, the open palm of bounty with the clenched fist of malice? Was it like trusty delegates of the Commons of England, and faithful stewards of their liberty and their wealth, to engage them for such causes in civil war, which, both to liberty and to wealth, is of all things the most hostile? Evil indeed must be the disease which is not more tolerable than such a medicine. Those who, even to save a nation from tyrants, excite it to civil war, do in general but minister to it the same miserable kind of relief wherewith the wizards of Pharaoh mocked the Egyptian. We read that, when Moses had turned their waters into blood, those impious magicians, intending not benefit to the thirsting people, but vain and emulous ostentation of their own art, did themselves also change into blood the water which the plague had spared. Such sad comfort do those who stir up war minister to the oppressed. But here, where was the oppression? What was the favour which had not been granted? What was the evil which had not been removed? What further could they desire?"

"These questions," said Mr. Milton, austere, "have indeed often deceived the ignorant, but that Mr. Cowley should have been so beguiled, I marvel. You ask what more the Parliament could desire? I will answer you in one word—security. What are votes, and statutes, and resolutions? They have no eyes to see, no hands to strike and avenge. They must have some safeguard from without. Many things, therefore, which in themselves were peradventure hurtful, was this Parliament constrained to ask, lest otherwise good laws and precious rights should be without defence. Nor did they want a great and signal example of this danger. I need not remind you that, many years before, the two Houses had presented to the king the Petition of Right, wherein were set down all the most valuable privileges of the people of this realm. Did not Charles accept it? Did he not declare it to be law? Was it not as fully enacted as ever were any of those bills of the Long Parliament concerning which you spoke? And were those privileges therefore enjoyed more fully by the people? No: the king did from that time redouble his oppressions as if to avenge himself for the shame of having been compelled to renounce them. Then were our estates laid under shameful impositions, our houses ransacked, our bodies imprisoned. Then was the steel of the hangman blunted with mangling the ears of harmless men. Then our very minds were fettered, and the iron entered into our souls. Then we were compelled to hide our hatred, our sorrow, and our scorn, to laugh with hidden faces at the mummery of Laud, to curse under our breath the tyranny of Wentworth. Of old time it was well and nobly said by one of our kings, that an Englishman ought to be free as his thoughts. Our prince reversed the maxim; he strove to make our thoughts as much slaves as ourselves. To sneer at a Romish pageant, to miscall a Lord's crest, were crimes for which there was no mercy. These were all the fruits which we gathered from those excellent laws of the former Parliament, from these solemn promises of the king. Were we to be deceived again? Were we again to give subsidies, and receive nothing but promises? Were we again to make wholesome statutes, and then leave them to be broken daily and hourly, until the oppressor should have squandered another supply, and should be ready for another perjury? You ask what they could desire which he had not already granted. Let me ask of you another question. What pledge could he give which he had not already violated? From the first year of his reign, whenever he had need of the purses of his Commons to support the revels of Buckingham or the processions of Laud, he had assured them that, as he was a gentleman and a king, he would sacredly preserve their rights. He



had pawned those solemn pledges, and pawned them again and again ; but when had he redeemed them ? ‘ Upon my faith,’—‘ Upon my sacred word,’—‘ Upon the honour of a prince,’—came so easily from his lips, and dwelt so short a time on his mind, that they were as little to be trusted as the ‘ By these hilts ’ of an Alsatian dicer.

“ Therefore it is that I praise this Parliament for what else I might have condemned. If what he had granted had been granted graciously and readily, if what he had before promised had been faithfully observed, they could not be defended. It was because he had never yielded the worst abuse without a long struggle, and seldom without a large bribe ; it was because he had no sooner disentangled himself from his troubles than he forgot his promises ; and, more like a villainous huckster than a great king, kept both the prerogative and the large price which had been paid to him to forego it ; it was because of these things that it was necessary and just to bind with forcible restraints one who could be bound neither by law nor honour. Nay, even while he was making those very concessions of which you speak, he betrayed his deadly hatred against the people and their friends. Not only did he, contrary to all that ever was deemed lawful in England, order that members of the Commons House of Parliament should be impeached of high treason at the bar of the Lords—thereby violating both the trial by jury and the privileges of the House,—but, not content with breaking the law by his ministers, he went himself armed to assail it. In the birth-place and sanctuary of freedom, in the House itself, nay, in the very chair of the Speaker, placed for the protection of free speech and privilege, he sat, rolling his eyes round the benches, searching for those whose blood he desired, and singling out his opposers to the slaughter. This most foul outrage fails. Then again for the old arts. Then come gracious messages. Then come courteous speeches. Then is again mortgaged his often forfeited honour. He will never again violate the laws. He will respect their rights as if they were his own. He pledges the dignity of his crown ; that crown which had been committed to him for the weal of his people, and which he never named, but that he might the more easily delude and oppress them.

“ The power of the sword, I grant you, was not one to be permanently possessed by Parliament. Neither did that Parliament demand it as a permanent possession. They asked it only for temporary security. Nor can I see on what conditions they could safely make peace with that false and wicked king, save such as would deprive him of all power to injure.

“ For civil war, that it is an evil I dispute not. But that it is the greatest of evils, that I stoutly deny. It doth indeed appear to the misjudging to be a worse calamity than bad government, because its miseries are collected together within a short space and time, and may easily at one view be taken in and perceived. But the misfortunes of nations ruled by tyrants, being distributed over many centuries and many places, as they are of greater weight and number, so are they of less display. When the Devil of tyranny hath gone into the body politic he departs not but with struggles, and foaming, and great convulsions. Shall he, therefore, vex it for ever, lest, in going out, he for a moment tear and rend it ? Truly this argument touching the evils of war would better become my friend Elwood, or some other of the people called Quakers, than a courtier and a cavalier. It applies no more to this war than to all others, as well foreign as domestic, and in this war, no more to the Houses than to the king ; nay not so much, since he by a little sincerity and moderation might have rendered that needless which their duty to God and man then enforced them to do.”



“ Pardon me, Mr. Milton,” said Mr. Cowley ; “ I grieve to hear you speak thus of that good king. Most unhappy indeed he was, in that he reigned at a time when the spirit of the then living generation was for freedom, and the precedents of former ages for prerogative. His case was like to that of Christopher Columbus, when he sailed forth on an unknown ocean, and found that the compass whereby he shaped his course had shifted from the north pole whereto before it had constantly pointed. So it was with Charles. His compass varied, and therefore he could not tack aright. If he had been an absolute king he would doubtless, like Titus Vespasian, have been called the delight of the human race. If he had been a Doge of Venice, or a Stadtholder of Holland, he would never have outstepped the laws. But he lived when our government had neither clear definitions nor strong sanctions. Let, therefore, his faults be ascribed to the time : of his virtues the praise is his own.

“ Never was there a more gracious prince, or a more proper gentleman. In every pleasure he was temperate, in conversation mild and grave, in friendship constant, to his servants liberal, to his queen faithful and loving, in battle brave, in sorrow and captivity resolved, in death most Christian and forgiving.

“ For his oppressions, let us look at the former history of this realm. James was never accounted a tyrant. Elizabeth is esteemed to have been the mother of her people. Were they less arbitrary ? Did they never lay hands on the purses of their subjects but by Act of Parliament ? Did they never confine insolent and disobedient men but in due course of law ? Was the court of Star Chamber less active ? Were the ears of libellers more safe ? I pray you, let not King Charles be thus dealt with. It was enough that in his life he was tried for an alleged breach of laws which none ever heard named till they were discovered for his destruction. Let not his fame be treated as was his sacred and anointed body. Let not his memory be tried by principles found out *ex post facto*. Let us not judge by the spirit of one generation a man whose disposition had been formed by the temper and fashion of another.”

“ Nay, but conceive me, Mr. Cowley,” said Mr. Milton, “ inasmuch as, at the beginning of his reign, he imitated those who had governed before him, I blame him not. To expect that kings will, of their own free choice, abridge their prerogative, were argument of but slender wisdom. Whatever, therefore, lawless, unjust, or cruel he either did or permitted during the first years of his reign I pass by. But for what was done after that he had solemnly given his consent to the Petition of Right, where shall we find defence ? Let it be supposed, which yet I concede not, that the tyranny of his father and of Queen Elizabeth had been no less rigorous than was his. But had his father, had that queen, sworn, like him, to abstain from those rigours ? Had they, like him, for good and valuable consideration, aliened their hurtful prerogatives ? Surely not : from whatever excuse you can plead for him, he had wholly excluded himself. The borders of countries, we know, are mostly the seats of perpetual wars and tumults. It was the same with the undefined frontiers, which of old separated privilege and prerogative. They were the debatable land of our polity. It was no marvel if, both on the one side and on the other, inroads were often made. But when treaties have been concluded, spaces measured, lines drawn, landmarks set up, that which before might pass for innocent error or just reprisal, becomes robbery, perjury, deadly sin. He knew not, you say, which of his powers were founded on ancient law, and which only on vicious example. But had he not read the Petition of Right ? Had not proclamation been made from his throne : *Soit fait comme il est désiré* ?

“ For his private virtues they are beside the question. Remember you not,” and



Mr. Milton smiled, but somewhat sternly, "what Dr. Caius saith in the Merry Wives of Shakspeare? 'What shall the honest man do in my closet? There is no honest man that shall come in my closet.' Even so say I. There is no good man who shall make us his slaves. If he break his word to his people, is it a sufficient defence that he keeps it to his companions? If he oppress and extort all day, shall he be held blameless because he prayeth at night and morning? If he be insatiable in plunder and revenge, shall we pass it by because in meat and drink he is temperate? If he have lived like a tyrant, shall all be forgotten because he hath died like a martyr?"

"He was a man, as I think, who had so much semblance of virtues as might make his vices most dangerous. He was not a tyrant after our wonted English model. The second Richard, the second and fourth Edwards, and the eighth Harry, were men profuse, gay, boisterous; lovers of women and of wine, of no outward sanctity or gravity. Charles was a ruler after the Italian fashion; grave, demure, of a solemn carriage, and a sober diet; as constant at prayers as a priest, as heedless of oaths as an atheist."

Mr. Cowley answered somewhat sharply: "I am sorry, sir, to hear you speak thus. I had hoped that the vehemence of spirit which was caused by these violent times had now abated. Yet, sure, Mr. Milton, whatever you may think of the character of King Charles, you will not still justify his murder."

"Sir," said Mr. Milton, "I must have been of a hard and strange nature, if the vehemence which was imputed to me in my younger days had not been diminished by the afflictions wherewith it hath pleased Almighty God to hasten mine age. I will not now defend all that I may heretofore have written. But this I say, that I perceive not wherefore a king should be exempted from all punishment. Is it just that where most is given least should be required? or politic that, where there is the greatest power to injure, there should be no danger to restrain? But, you will say there is no such law. Such a law there is. There is the law of self-preservation written by God himself on our hearts. There is the primal compact and bond of society, not graven on stone, nor sealed with wax, nor put down on parchment, nor set forth in any express form of words by men when of old they came together; but implied in the very act that they so came together, pre-supposed in all subsequent law, not to be repealed by any authority, not invalidated by being omitted in any code; inasmuch as from thence are all codes and all authority."

"Neither do I well see wherefore you cavaliers, and, indeed, many of us whom you merrily call Roundheads, distinguish between those who fought against King Charles, and specially after the second commission given to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and those who condemned him to death. Sure, if his person were inviolable, it was as wicked to lift the sword against it at Naseby as the axe at Whitehall. If his life might justly be taken, why not in course of trial as well as by right of war?"

"Thus much in general as touching the right. But for the execution of King Charles in particular, I will not now undertake to defend it. Death is inflicted, not that the culprit may die, but that the state may be thereby advantaged. And, from all that I know, I think that the death of King Charles hath more hindered than advanced the liberties of England."

"First, he left an heir. He was in captivity: the heir was in freedom. He was odious to the Scots: the heir was favoured by them. To kill the captive therefore, whereby the heir, in the apprehension of all royalists, became forthwith king; what



was it, in truth, but to set their captive free, and to give him besides other great advantages ?

“Next, it was a deed most odious to the people, and not only to your party, but to many among ourselves ; and as it is perilous for any government to outrage the public opinion, so most was it perilous for a government which had from that opinion alone its birth, its nurture, and its defence.

“Yet, doth not this properly belong to our dispute ; nor can these faults be justly charged upon that most renowned Parliament. For, as you know, the high court of justice was not established until the House had been purged of such members as were adverse to the army, and brought wholly under the control of the chief officers.”

“And who,” said Mr. Cowley, “levied that army ? Who commissioned those officers ? Was not the fate of the Commons as justly deserved as was that of Diomedes, who was devoured by those horses which he had himself taught to feed on the flesh and blood of men ? How could they hope that others would respect laws which they had themselves insulted ; that swords which had been drawn against the prerogatives of the king would be put up at an ordinance of the Commons ? It was believed of old, that there were some devils easily raised, but never to be laid ; insomuch, that if a magician called them up, he should be forced to find them always some employment ; for, though they would do all his bidding, yet, if he left them but for one moment without some work of evil to perform, they would turn their claws against himself. Such a fiend is an army. They who evoke it cannot dismiss it. They are at once its masters and its slaves. Let them not fail to find for it task after task of blood and rapine. Let them not leave it for a moment in repose, lest it tear them in pieces.

“Thus it was with that famous assembly. They formed a force which they could neither govern nor resist. They made it powerful ; they made it fanatical. As if military insolence were not of itself sufficiently dangerous, they heightened it with spiritual pride—they encouraged their soldiers to rave from the tops of tubs against the men of Belial, till every trooper thought himself a prophet. They taught them to abuse Popery, till every drummer fancied that he was as infallible as a Pope.

“Then was it that religion changed her nature. She was no longer the parent of arts and letters, of wholesome knowledge, of innocent pleasures, of blessed household smiles. In their place came sour faces, whining voices, the chattering of fools, the yells of madmen. Then men fasted from meat and drink, who fasted not from bribes and blood. Then men frowned at stage-plays, who smiled at massacres. Then men preached against painted faces, who felt no remorse for their own most painted lives. Religion had been a pole-star to light and to guide. It was now more like to that ominous star in the book of the Apocalypse, which fell from heaven upon the fountains and rivers, and changed them into wormwood ; for even so did it descend from its high and celestial dwelling-place to plague this earth, and to turn into bitterness all that was sweet, and into poison all that was nourishing.

“Therefore it was not strange that such things should follow. They who had closed the barriers of London against the king could not defend them against their own creatures. They who had so stoutly cried for privilege, when that prince, most unadvisedly no doubt, came among them to demand their members, durst not wag their fingers when Oliver filled their hall with soldiers, gave their mace to a corporal, put their keys in his pocket, and drove them forth with base terms, borrowed half from the conventicle and half from the ale-house. Then were we, like the trees of the forest in holy writ, given over to the rule of the bramble ; then from the basest of



the shrubs came forth the fire which devoured the cedars of Lebanon. We bowed down before a man of mean birth, of ungraceful demeanour, of stammering and most vulgar utterance, of scandalous and notorious hypocrisy. Our laws were made and unmade at his pleasure; the constitution of our parliaments changed by his writ and proclamation; our persons imprisoned; our property plundered; our lands and houses overrun with soldiers; and the great charter itself was but argument for a scurrilous jest: and for all this we may thank that parliament; for never, unless they had so violently shaken the vessel, could such foul dregs have risen to the top."

Then answered Mr. Milton: "What you have now said comprehends so great a number of subjects, that it would require, not an evening's sail on the Thames, but rather a voyage to the Indies, accurately to treat of all; yet, in as few words as I may, I will explain my sense of these matters.

"First, as to the army. An army, as you have well set forth, is always a weapon dangerous to those who use it; yet he who falls among thieves spares not to fire his musketoon, because he may be slain if it burst in his hand. Nor must states refrain from defending themselves, lest their defenders should at last turn against them. Nevertheless, against this danger statesmen should carefully provide; and, that they may do so, they should take especial care that neither the officers nor the soldiers do forget that they are also citizens. I do believe that the English army would have continued to obey the Parliament with all duty, but for one act, which, as it was in intention, in seeming, and in immediate effect, worthy to be compared with the most famous in history, so was it, in its final consequence, most injurious. I speak of that ordinance called the *self-denying*, and of the new model of the army. By those measures the Commons gave up the command of their forces into the hands of men who were not of themselves. Hence, doubtless, derived no small honour to that noble assembly, which sacrificed to the hope of public good the assurance of private advantage. And, as to the conduct of the war, the scheme prospered. Witness the battle of Naseby, and the memorable exploits of Fairfax in the west; but thereby the Parliament lost that hold on the soldiers and that power to control them, which they retained while every regiment was commanded by their own members. Politicians there be, who would wholly divide the legislative from the executive power. In the golden age this may have succeeded; in the millennium it may succeed again. But where great armies and great taxes are required, there the executive government must always hold a great authority, which authority, that it may not oppress and destroy the legislature, must be in some manner blended with it. The leaders of foreign mercenaries have always been most dangerous to a country. The officers of native armies, deprived of the civil privileges of other men, are as much to be feared. This was the great error of that Parliament; and though an error it were, it was an error generous, virtuous, and more to be deplored than censured.

"Hence came the power of the army and its leaders, and especially of that most famous leader, whom both in our conversation to-day, and in that discourse whereon I before touched, you have, in my poor opinion, far too roughly handled. Wherefore you speak contemptibly of his parts I know not; but I suspect that you are not free from the error common to studious and speculative men. Because Oliver was an ungraceful orator, and never said, either in public or private, anything memorable, you will have it that he was of a mean capacity. Sure this is unjust. Many men have there been ignorant of letters, without wit, without eloquence, who yet had the wisdom to devise, and the courage to perform, that which they lacked language to explain. Such men often, in troubled times, have worked out the deliverance of



nations and their own greatness, not by logie, not by rhetorie, but by wariness in success, by calmness in danger, by fierce and stubborn resolution in all adversity. The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence; and such an one, in my judgment, was his late Highness, who, if none were to treat his name scornfully now, who shook not at the sound of it while he lived, would, by very few, be mentioned otherwise than with reverence. His own deeds shall avoueh him for a great statesman, a great soldier, a true lover of his country, a mereiful and generous conqueror.

“For his faults, let us reffect that they who seem to lead are oftentimes most constrained to follow. They who will mix with men, and speecially they who will govern them, must, in many things, obey them. They who will yield to no such conditions may be hermits, but cannot be generals and statesmen. If a man will walk straight forward without turning to the right or the left, he must walk in a desert and not in Cheapside. Thus was he enforced to do many things which jumped not with his inelination nor made for his honour; because the army, on which alone he could depend for power and life, might not otherwise be contented. And I, for mine own part, marvel less that he sometimes was fain to indulge their violence than that he could so often restrain it.

“In that he dissolved the Parliament, I praise him. It then was so diminished in numbers, as well by the death as by the exclusion of members, that it was no longer the same assembly; and if at that time it had made itself perpetual, we should have been governed, not by an English House of Commons, but by a Venetian Council.

“If in his following rule he overstepped the laws, I pity rather than condemn him. He may be compared to that Mæandius of Samos, of whom Herodotus saith, in his Thalia, that wishing to be of all men the most just, he was not able; for after the death of Polyerates he offered freedom to the people, and not till certain of them threatened to call him to a reekoning for what he had formerly done, did he change his purpose, and make himself a tyrant, lest he should be treated as a criminal.

“Such was the ease of Oliver. He gave to his country a form of government so free and admirable, that, in near six thousand years, human wisdom hath never devised any more excellent contrivance for human happiness. To himself he reserved so little power that it would seareely have suffieed for his safety, and it is a marvel that it could suffice for his ambition. When, after that, he found that the members of his Parliament disputed his right even to that small authority which he had kept, when he might have kept all, then indeed I own that he began to govern by the sword those who would not suffer him to govern by the law.

“But for the rest, what sovereign was ever more princely in pardoning injuries, in conquering enemies, in extending the dominions and the renown of his people? What sea, what shore did he not mark with imperishable memorials of his friendship or his vengeance? The gold of Spain, the steel of Sweden, the ten thousand sails of Holland, availed nothing against him. While every foreign state trembled at our arms, we sat secure from all assault. War, which often so strangely troubles both husbandry and eommerce, never silenced the song of our reapers, or the sound of our looms. Justice was equally administered; God was freely worshipped.

“Now look at that which we have taken in exechange. With the restored king have come over to us vices of every sort, and most the basest and most shameful—lust, without love—servitude, without loyalty—foulness of speech—dishonesty of



dealing—grinning contempt of all things good and generous. The throne is surrounded by men whom the former Charles would have spurned from his footstool. The altar is served by slaves whose knees are supple to every being but God. Rhymers, whose books the hangman should burn, pandars, actors, and buffoons, these drink a health and throw a main with the king; these have stars on their breasts and gold sticks in their hands; these shut out from his presence the best and bravest of those who bled for his house. Even so doth God visit those who know not how to value freedom. He gives them over to the tyranny which they have desired, *“Ἰνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος.”*

“I will not,” said Mr. Cowley, “dispute with you on this argument. But if it be as you say, how can you maintain that England hath been so greatly advantaged by the rebellion?”

“Understand me rightly, Sir,” said Mr. Milton. “This nation is not given over to slavery and vice. We tasted indeed the fruits of liberty before they had well ripened. Their flavour was harsh and bitter, and we turned from them with loathing to the sweeter poisons of servitude. This is but for a time. England is sleeping on the lap of Dalilah, traitorously chained, but not yet shorn of strength. Let the cry be once heard—the Philistines be upon thee; and at once that sleep will be broken, and those chains will be as flax in the fire. The great Parliament hath left behind it in our hearts and minds a hatred of tyrants, a just knowledge of our rights, a scorn of vain and deluding names; and that the revellers of Whitehall shall surely find. The sun is darkened, but it is only for a moment: it is but an eclipse; though all birds of evil omen have begun to scream, and all ravenous beasts have gone forth to prey, thinking it to be midnight. Woe to them if they be abroad when the rays again shine forth.

“The king hath judged ill. Had he been wise, he would have remembered that he owed his restoration only to confusions which had wearied us out, and made us eager for repose. He would have known that the folly and perfidy of a prince would restore to the good old cause many hearts which had been alienated thence by the turbulence of factions; for, if I know ought of history, or of the heart of man, he will soon learn that the last champion of the people was not destroyed when he murdered Vane, nor seduced when he beguiled Fairfax.”

Mr. Cowley seemed to me not to take much amiss what Mr. Milton had said touching that thankless court, which had indeed but poorly requited his own good service. He only said, therefore, “Another rebellion! Alas! Alas! Mr. Milton! If there be no choice but between despotism and anarchy, I prefer despotism.”

“Many men,” said Mr. Milton, “have floridly and ingeniously compared anarchy and despotism; but they who so amuse themselves do but look at separate parts of that which is truly one great whole. Each is the cause and the effect of the other;—the evils of either are the evils of both. Thus do states move on in the same eternal cycle, which, from the remotest point, brings them back again to the same sad starting-post: and till both those who govern and those who obey shall learn and mark this great truth, men can expect little through the future, as they have known little through the past, save vicissitude of extreme evils, alternately producing and produced.

“When will rulers learn, that where liberty is not, security and order can never be? We talk of absolute power, but all power hath limits, which, if not fixed by the moderation of the governors, will be fixed by the force of the governed. Sovereigns may send their opposers to dungeons; they may clear out a senate-house with



soldiers : they may enlist armies of spies ; they may hang scores of the disaffected in chains at every cross road ; but what power shall stand in that frightful time when rebellion hath become a less evil than endurance ? Who shall dissolve that terrible tribunal, which, in the hearts of the oppressed, denounces against the oppressor the doom of its wild justice ? Who shall repeal the law of self-defence ? What arms or discipline shall resist the strength of famine and despair ? How often were the ancient Cæsars dragged from their golden palaces, stripped of their purple robes, mangled, stoned, defiled with filth, pierced with hooks, hurled into Tiber ! How often have the Eastern Sultans perished by the sabres of their own Janissaries, or the bow-strings of their own mutes ! For no power which is not limited by laws can ever be protected by them. Small, therefore, is the wisdom of those who would fly to servitude as if it were a refuge from commotion ; for anarchy is the sure consequence of tyranny. That governments may be safe, nations must be free. Their passions must have an outlet provided, lest they make one.

“ When I was at Naples, I went with Signor Manso, a gentleman of excellent parts and breeding, who had been the familiar friend of that famous poet Torquato Tasso, to see the burning mountain Vesuvius. I wondered how the peasants could venture to dwell so fearlessly and cheerfully on its sides, when the lava was flowing from its summit ; but Manso smiled, and told me that when the fire descends freely, they retreat before it without haste or fear. They can tell how fast it will move, and how far ; and they know, moreover, that though it may work some little damage, it will soon cover the fields over which it hath passed with rich vineyards and sweet flowers. But when the flames are pent up in the mountain, then it is that they have reason to fear ; then it is that the earth sinks and the sea swells ; then cities are swallowed up, and their place knoweth them no more. So it is in politics : where the people is most closely restrained, there it gives the greatest shocks to peace and order ; therefore would I say to all kings, let your demagogues lead crowds, lest they lead armies ; let them bluster, lest they massacre ; a little turbulence is, as it were, the rainbow of the state ; it shows indeed that there is a passing shower, but it is a pledge that there shall be no deluge.”

“ This is true,” said Mr. Cowley : “ yet these admonitions are not less needful to subjects than to sovereigns.”

“ Surely,” said Mr. Milton, “ and, that I may end this long debate with a few words in which we shall both agree, I hold that as freedom is the only safeguard of governments, so are order and moderation generally necessary to preserve freedom. Even the vainest opinions of men are not to be outraged by those who propose to themselves the happiness of men for their end, and who must work with the passions of men for their means. The blind reverence for things ancient is indeed so foolish that it might make a wise man laugh, if it were not also sometimes so mischievous that it would rather make a good man weep. Yet, since it may not be wholly cured, it must be discreetly indulged, and therefore those who would amend evil laws should consider rather how much it may be safe to spare, than how much it may be possible to change. Have you not heard that men who have been shut up for many years in dungeons shrink if they see the light, and fall down if their irons be struck off ? And so, when nations have long been in the house of bondage, the chains which have crippled them are necessary to support them, the darkness which hath weakened their sight is necessary to preserve it. Therefore release them not too rashly, lest they curse their freedom and pine for their prison.

“ I think indeed that the renowned Parliament of which we have talked so much,



did show, until it became subject to the soldiers, a singular and admirable moderation, in such times scarcely to be hoped, and most worthy to be an example to all that shall come after. But on this argument I have said enough, and I will therefore only pray to Almighty God that those who shall, in future times, stand forth in defence of our liberties, as well civil as religious, may adorn the good cause by merey, prudence, and soberness, to the glory of his name and the happiness and honour of the English people."

And so ended that discourse; and not long after we were set on shore again at the Temple-gardens, and there parted company: and the same evening I took notes of what had been said, which I have here more fully set down, from regard both to the fame of the men, and the importance of the subject-matter.

T. M.

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## SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Here warlike cobblers railed from tops of casks  
At lords and love-locks, monarchy and masques.—  
There many a graceless page blaspheming reel'd,  
From his dear cards and bumpers, to the field:  
The famished rooks, impatient of delay,  
Gnaw their cogg'd dice and curse the lingering prey:  
His sad Andromache, with fruitless care,  
Paints her wan lips and braids her borrowed hair:  
For Church and King he quits his favourite arts,  
Forsakes his Knaves, forsakes his Queen of Hearts:  
For Church and King he burns to stain with gore  
His doublet, stained with nought but sack before.

*From a MS. Poem.*

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### I. THE CAVALIER'S MARCH TO LONDON.

To horse! to horse! brave Cavaliers!  
To horse for Church and Crown!  
Strike, strike your tents! snatch up your spears!  
And ho for London town!  
The imperial harlot, doom'd a prey  
To our avenging fires,  
Sends up the voice of her dismay  
From all her hundred spires.

The Strand resounds with maiden's shrieks,  
The 'Change with merchants' sighs,  
And blushes stand on brazen cheeks,  
And tears in iron eyes;  
And, pale with fasting and with fright,  
Each Puritan Committee  
Hath summon'd forth to prayer and fight  
The Roundheads of the City.

And soon shall London's sentries hear  
The thunder of our drum,  
And London's dames, in wilder fear,  
Shall cry, Alack; They come!



Fling the fascines ;—tear up the spikes ;  
 And forward, one and all.  
 Down, down with all their train-band pikes,  
 Down with their mud-built wall.

Quarter ?—Foul fall your whining noise,  
 Ye recreant spawn of fraud !  
 No quarter ! Think on Strafford, boys.  
 No quarter ! Think on Laud.  
 What ho ! The craven slaves retire.  
 On ! Trample them to mud,  
 No quarter !—Charge.—No quarter !—Fire.  
 No quarter !—Blood !—Blood !—Blood !

Where next ? In sooth there lacks no witch,  
 Brave lads, to tell us where,  
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,  
 Her daughters wondrous fair :  
 And let that dastard be the theme  
 Of many a board's derision,  
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream  
 Of any sweet Precisian.

Their lean divines, of solemn brow,  
 Sworn foes to throne and steeple,  
 From an unwonted pulpit now  
 Shall edify the people :  
 Till the tir'd hangman, in despair,  
 Shall curse his blunted shears,  
 And vainly pinch, and scrape, and tear,  
 Around their leathern ears.

We'll hang, above his own Guildhall,  
 The city's grave Recorder,  
 And on the den of thieves we'll fall,  
 Though Pym should speak to order.  
 In vain the lank-haired gang shall try  
 To cheat our martial law ;  
 In vain shall Lenthall trembling cry  
 That strangers must withdraw.

Of bench and woolsack, tub and chair,  
 We'll build a glorious pyre,  
 And tons of rebel parchment there  
 Shall crackle in the fire.  
 With them shall perish, cheek by jowl,  
 Petition, psalm, and libel,  
 The Colonel's canting muster-roll,  
 The Chaplain's dog-ear'd bible.



We 'll tread a measure round the blaze  
 Where England's pest expires,  
 And lead along the dance's maze  
 The beauties of the friars:  
 Then smiles in every face shall shine,  
 And joy in every soul.  
 Bring forth, bring forth the oldest wine,  
 And crown the largest bowl.

And as with nod and laugh ye sip  
 The goblet's rich carnation,  
 Whose bursting bubbles seem to tip  
 The wink of invitation;  
 Drink to those names,—those glorious names,—  
 Those names no time shall sever,—  
 Drink, in a draught as deep as Thames,  
 Our Church and King for ever!

T. M.

II. THE BATTLE OF NASEBY, BY OBADIAH BIND-  
 THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-  
 NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERJEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?  
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine;  
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,  
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line!  
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
 For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
 His bravoës of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall;  
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes:—close your ranks:—  
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.



They are here :—they rush on.—We are broken—we are gone :—  
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !  
 Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound :—the centre hath given ground :—  
 Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?  
 Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.  
 Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
 Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
 Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
 And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
 Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple-Bar.  
 And he—he turns, he flies,—shame to those cruel eyes  
 That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain : and ere ye strip the slain,  
 First give another stab to make your guest secure ;  
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,  
 The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools, your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,  
 When ye kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;  
 And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,  
 Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

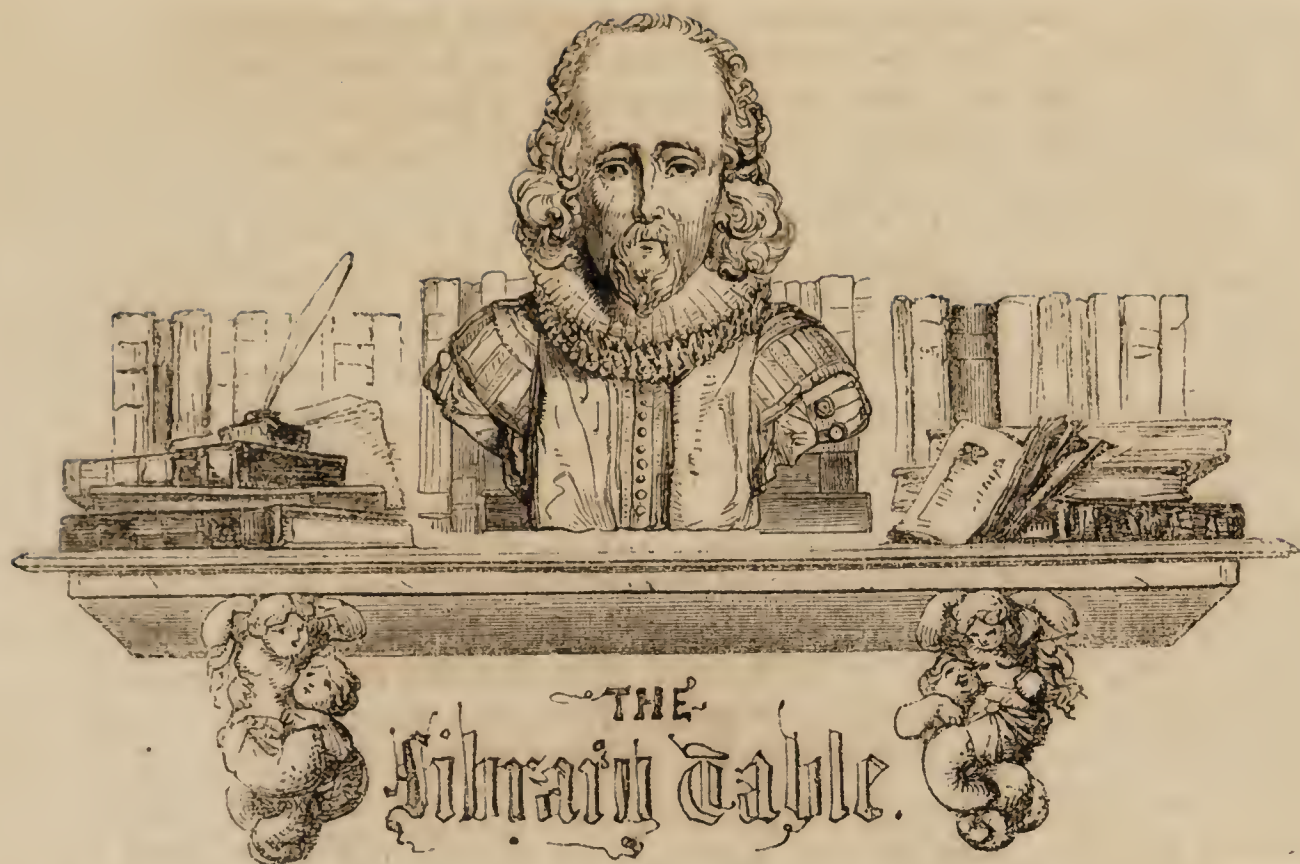
Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,  
 And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades ;  
 Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
 Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades ?

Down, down, for ever down, with the mitre and the crown,  
 With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope ;  
 There is woe in Oxford Halls ; there is wail in Durham's Stalls :  
 The Jesuit smites his bosom : the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
 And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword ;  
 And the Kings of earth in fear, shall shudder when they hear  
 What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

T. M.





## BACON; HIS WRITINGS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

BY GEO. L. CRAIK, M.A.—VOL. I.

THIS is the title of a work which is to be completed in Three Volumes, at One Shilling each. It is not our intention to give any analysis of a book which is itself an analysis, but first to call attention to the principles upon which books of this class claim a respect beyond what is usually given by those who sneer at attempts to make the higher literature familiar to all. To do this it will be sufficient to quote Mr. Craik's Introduction:—

“Bacon has himself said, that, although some books may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, that should be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; ‘else,’ he adds, ‘distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.’ This is in his essay entitled ‘Of Studies;’ and undoubtedly the works of a great writer can only be properly studied in their original form.

“But abridgments, compendiums, analyses, even of the works of the greatest writers, may still serve important purposes. If properly executed, even the student of the original works may find them of use both as guides and as remembrancers. A good compendium should be at least the best index and synopsis. The more extensive the original book, or books, the more is such a compendious analysis wanted, not to supersede or be a substitute for the original, but to accompany it as an introduction and instrument of ready reference. It is like a map of a country through which one has travelled, or is about to travel; or rather it is like what is called the key map prefixed to a voluminous atlas, by which all the other maps are brought together into one view, and their consultation facilitated.

“To the generality of readers, again, a comprehensive survey in small compass of an extensive and various mass of writings is calculated to be more than such a mere convenient table of contents or ground-plan. In the same Essay Bacon has said, ‘Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed



and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.' This must be understood, from the title and whole strain of the essay, to be addressed to students—to the comparatively few, a large portion of whose time is occupied with books. If the illustrious author had been treating of the subject of reading in general, with the 'great faculty,' as he has himself called it, which he possessed in so eminent a degree, of contracting his view as well as of dilating and dispersing it, of making his mental eye a microscope to discern the parts of whatever he investigated as well as a telescope to take in the whole, he would not have omitted to remark also, that the same book is often to be read in one way by one man and in another way by another. We cannot have a better example than his own writings. In their entire form they fill many volumes; they have been collected in three or four large folios, in five quartos, in a dozen or more octavos. Let the student of literature or philosophy, we say again, by all means read and inwardly digest every page of them; but it would be the height of pedantry to recommend that anything like that should be done by all readers. Even if the entire body of Bacon's works could be produced at so small a cost as to be within the reach of all readers, the time to peruse them would be wanting. Nor, even if such of them as are not in English were to be all translated (which they have not yet been), would they be found to be all, or nearly all, of universal interest. Another remark that Bacon himself would not have failed to make if he had been examining the question of reading books in its whole extent, and on all sides, is, that, with few exceptions, all books lose something of their first importance, at least for the world at large, with the lapse of time. Works of science, or positive knowledge, especially, are always to some extent superseded, at least for their main or primary purpose, by the growth or extension of that very branch of knowledge which they may have been the first to set before the eyes of men, as the torch may be dimmed and made useless by the greater light it has itself served to kindle. Much of what Bacon has left us is interesting now only as having either been or seemed to be of importance at the time when it was first published; that is to say, only as an evidence of the state of knowledge in those days. Much is the same thing that we have elsewhere in another form, or is the rudimentary conception of what is more fully brought out elsewhere. To the student of the history of science, or of the progress of thought and discovery in the mind of Bacon, all these indications are curious and precious; he will scrutinize them all anxiously, and will even wish that they were more numerous. But it is the results of such scrutiny principally that the ordinary reader wants; at most a few specimens of the repetitions and variations and exploded errors will be enough for him. Is nobody to be thought entitled to know anything about Bacon and his philosophy—about which everybody has heard so much—who cannot or will not make himself master of every line that Bacon has written? Here, as in all other cases, there is one kind of knowledge which the professed student of the particular subject in question requires, and quite another kind which suffices for the general reader—who may be considered as a mere looker-on at the operation which the other is carrying on. It is right that such an observer should have understanding enough of the matter to comprehend what he sees done; it is not at all necessary that he should be able to do it. Even if the highest education were to be universally diffused, still some must have their attention more especially directed to one department of knowledge, some to another; and therefore in every department there must still be the few thoroughly instructed, and the many to whom the subject is known only in its outlines and general principles.



“Such a knowledge of what is called the Baconian philosophy we hope to present our readers with the materials for acquiring in these volumes. Our plan, of producing for the most part Bacon’s own words, will have at least the advantage of trustworthiness and safety. Our duty will be to confine ourselves principally to exposition, and to deal but little either in controversy or in criticism. The only respect, therefore, in which we shall have to draw upon the confidence of the reader will be that we exhibit all the evidence which is material upon any disputed point.

“But what is understood by the Baconian philosophy is only one of the things to which the extant writings of Bacon relate. About half of the entire body of them, even if we exclude his Letters, has nothing to do with his system or method of philosophy. If we confine ourselves to his English writings, the portion of them that relates to his method of philosophy will be found to be less than a third of the whole. The other two-thirds are occupied with matters Moral, Theological, Historical, Political, and Legal.

“Bacon is a great name both in the history of philosophy and in our English literature. At the same time, with the exception of his Essays, what he has written is very little known to the general reader. He stands, therefore, exactly in the position which seems to make it expedient that an account of his works should be given, and so much of them as can be made generally interesting produced for popular perusal, in such a form as the present. It is the object of the series of analytical accounts of great writers, to which the present volumes belong, to introduce the most numerous class of readers to an actual acquaintance with those chief works, in our own literature and in that of other countries, with the names at least of the authors of which everybody is familiar. And this we believe to be likely to prove by far the most effectual way of promoting the more general study of the works in their original and complete form.”

We subjoin a passage which is sufficient evidence that the higher order of criticism may be properly associated with such an attempt as this to popularize a Great Writer:—

“Jonson has said of Bacon’s speaking, that his hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss; neither can his readers remit their attention for a sentence, or for a clause of a sentence, without missing a portion of the thought. We do not speak merely of the vividness and pregnancy of the expression; that is another thing. What we mean is, that the flow of the reasoning or reflection never pauses, never diminishes. True or false, one new thought, one new view succeeds another as fast as it is possible to exhibit them. Nor is this true only of the Essays, where the style is more formally aphoristic and economical. His other writings are less pointed and epigrammatic; but the packing of the thoughts is nearly as close everywhere. Every word indicates a working, teeming mind. Much of what is said, indeed, may be merely ingenious; some portion of the abundance may be even incumbering, and would, we may think, be better away; but there, at any rate, it is, never-failing and seemingly inexhaustible, at the least the richest intermixture of wisdom, fancy, and ingenuity in succession, often a combination and interfusion of all the three.

“Then there is the uncommonness and characteristic air of nearly all the thoughts. It might be supposed that after any true thing has once been said, and generally felt and accepted, it would pass into common property, and cease to be recognisable as the thought of an individual. But it does not so happen. An original thought never loses its stamp of originality. If it has been struck out in an illiterate and unrecord-



ing age, it spreads indeed everywhere among the people; but it retains its distinctive shape of a peculiar utterance, a proverb, and, after having been repeated for a thousand years, it shows like a flash of fire among other words every time it is used. It is the same with an original thought in a book. It always remains new, fresh, and striking. A mere scientific truth may become a commonplace; it is something entirely separate from the mind of the discoverer; but a happily expressed thought is a fragment of the mind which first gave it such expression, and will always continue to be something unlike what any other mind would have produced. Take any discovery in astronomy: we could not say from anything that is known of the minds of Copernicus, or Galileo, or Tycho Brahe, or Kepler, from which of them it proceeded, nor does the mention of it in ordinary circumstances recal its author; no part of its importance, no part of its beauty or its life lies in its connection with him: it has no flavour or character of any kind which it has taken from him, or which makes any likeness between him and it. He has thrown it forth as the tissue is thrown forth by the loom; a moral saying is more like the grape, that is ever racy of the soil where it grew. Thus, a characteristic thought of Bacon's cannot be taken possession of by any one else and made his own; in the change of the Baconian form or expression, the thought itself would be changed; it must therefore always retain that peculiarity of aspect which marks it as his, and which will keep it for ever as distinguishable and as striking as it was at first. A discovery made by Kepler might easily, if we were to judge only by the intellectual characters of the two, be attributed to Copernicus; but a verse of Homer's or a sentence of Bacon's will usually, like a picture by Raphaël, attest their own paternity.

"Bacon's manner of writing has been described by his chaplain and first biographer in the following terms:—'In the composing of his books, he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any fineness or affectation of phrases; and would often ask if the meaning were expressed plainly enough; as being one that accounted words to be but subservient or ministerial to matter, and not the principal. And, if his style were polite, it was because he could do no otherwise. Neither was he given to any light conceits, or descanting upon words, but did ever purposely and industriously avoid them; for he held such things to be but digressions or diversions from the scope intended, and to derogate from the weight and dignity of the style.' What is here said of his avoidance of all mere verbal conceits is true, and the fact merits especial attention as notably discriminating the wit of Bacon from that of every other English writer eminent for that quality in his age. Probably nothing resembling a pun, or any quibble of that class, is to be found in all that he has written. Nor does he torture thoughts more than words; having once given the thought full and fitting expression, he lets it alone, and passes on to the next. Yet the characteristic of his writing is pre-eminently wit, understood in the largest and highest sense, as the perception and exhibition of things in their less obvious relations. Upon no topic is he ever trite, or a repeater of what has been said by others; he cannot quote a verse of Scripture without giving it an interpretation of his own. And yet the peculiar view that he takes of everything, never, or very rarely, appears forced or unnatural; if it be the last that would occur to an ordinary thinker, it looks as if it were the first that had occurred to him.

"Much of this comes of the real originality of Bacon's manner of thinking; but the effect is also in part owing to his great oratorical skill or art of expression. The manner of his writing is as striking and uncommon as the matter. Or rather, we should say, the arraying and apparelling of his thoughts is as brilliant as the thoughts



themselves. He has no passion; but no man had ever more of the mere ingenuity and fancy that belong to eloquence. His style is all over colour and imagery; so much so, indeed, that this sort of enrichment may be said frequently to enter into its substance, and to constitute his thoughts rather than to clothe and decorate them. Metaphors, similitudes, and analogies make up a great part of his reasoning,—are constantly brought in for proof and argument as well as for illustration. Not that this forms any objection to the force or soundness of the reasoning. In moral exposition, which is totally different in its nature from mathematical demonstration—as different as a piece of music is from the multiplication table—what is at all times principally wanted, almost the one thing needful, is the spirit and pulse of life; if that be present in sufficient strength, the manner in which it shows itself, or the source whence it is obtained, is of little consequence. Consider what all such exposition is. It rarely or never takes the form of pure syllogism or absolutely necessary deduction; its nature does not admit of its doing so; it never can, except perhaps for a step or two now and then by a process of forcing or torture, be reduced to that form. What is called moral reasoning consists, in addition to the historical statement of the necessary facts, mainly of such excitement addressed to the reader or hearer as enables and impels him to supply everything else for himself—to see the subject in the same light in which the writer or speaker sees it, and to come to the same conclusions. There are various ways, we repeat, of producing this effect, according to the circumstances of the case. Almost the only position that can be universally affirmed is, that the thing cannot be done in the manner of a mathematical demonstration; in moral questions that mode of reasoning is at once powerless and, for any continued effort, impossible. It may be accomplished by mere artifice of narration; by the clear exhibition of the subject in the proper points of view; by passionate declamation; by invective; by ridicule; by epigrams and witticisms; and, often, as effectually as in any other way, or more so than in any other, by ingenious analogies and similitudes and other fanciful illustrations. None of these modes of exposition, it is true, are in a strict sense logically conclusive; but any one is nearly as much so as any other; and at any rate no methods more purely logical are possible. An extended concatenation of perfect syllogisms upon any moral subject would be a mere string of truisms and inanities.

“We do not admit, therefore, that there is anything false or hollow in Bacon’s manner of reasoning, because he deals largely in figurative illustrations. When in the above essay he represents truth as a kind of daylight, and falsehood or fiction as a candlelight, we contend that he expounds an idea and impresses a conviction as distinctly and completely as could have been done by the soberest and most colourless statement. Nay, much more distinctly and effectually; for there is a life and power in the figure that the plain statement would not have had, awakening a corresponding life and power of conception in the mind of the reader. Nor is an imaginative manner of thinking, or a figurative style, inconsistent with soundness of judgment or correctness of exposition. The highest of all truths have been expounded poetically. Many of the highest truths cannot be conceived at all except imaginatively. A mind of imaginative capacity is in the region of thought and reasoning to a mind without imagination what in the world of sense the man who sees is to him who is blind. The latter may have a tolerably correct notion of anything he can touch and handle; but the former alone can embrace the grand panorama of nature.”



## ENIGMA XIV.

Row on, row on! — The First may  
light

My shallop o'er the wave to-night;  
But she will hide, in a little while,  
The lustre of her silent smile;

For fickle she is, and changeful still,  
As a madman's wish, or a woman's will.

Row on, row on! — The Second is high  
In my own bright lady's balcony;  
And she beside it, pale and mute,  
Untold her beads, untouched her lute,  
Is wondering why her lover's skiff  
So slowly glides to the lonely cliff.

Row on, row on! — When the Whole is  
fled,  
The song will be hushed, and the rapture  
dead;

And I must go, in my grief again  
To the toils of day, and the haunts of men,  
To a future of fear, and a present of care,  
And memory's dream of the things that  
were.





## ADDRESS TO THE READER.

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THIS is the last Number of the 'Penny Magazine,' and this is the last paper which its Editor shall compose for a work which he has conducted for more than fourteen years. Gibbon has recorded his feelings on writing "the last lines of the last page" of his immortal 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire :—“ A sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion.” It is so, perhaps, with every man who does for the last time what he has been long accustomed to do.

The present Series of the 'Penny Magazine' is closed after an experiment of only six months. The Editor has no reason to complain of the want of public encouragement, for the sale of this Series has exceeded that of its predecessor in 1845. But the sale, such as it is, is scarcely remunerating; and there are indications that it may decline rather than increase. This is a hint which cannot be mistaken. It shall not be said of his humble efforts to continue, upon an equality with the best of his contemporaries, a publication which once had a decided pre-eminence, that—

“ Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.”

He leaves this portion of the field of popular literature to be cultivated by those whose new energy may be worth more than his old experience. The 'Penny Magazine' shall begin and end with him. It shall not pass into other hands.

There are revolutions in popular literature, as in everything else. The 'Penny Magazine' and 'Chambers's Journal' entered the field together. It is our privilege to quit the field first, and to quit it voluntarily. We have come to the conviction that the *weekly* demand for such miscellanies is in a great measure passing away. The *monthly* sale may be a more permanent matter. But the 'Penny Magazine' having for the most part ceased to sell as a weekly sheet, we find that the peculiar usefulness of such a publication has come to an end. In the first number of the 'Penny Magazine,' dated



March 31, 1832, it was said "There are a very great number of persons who can spare half an hour for the reading of a newspaper, who are sometimes disinclined to open a book. For these we shall endeavour to prepare a useful and entertaining Weekly Magazine, that may be taken up and laid down without requiring any considerable effort; and that may tend to fix the mind upon calmer, and, it may be, purer subjects of thought than the violence of party discussion, or the stimulating details of crime and suffering. We have, however, no expectation of superseding the newspaper, and no desire to supersede it." The success of this attempt was one of the most remarkable characteristics of the time. The 'Penny Magazine' very soon reached a sale of two hundred thousand, in numbers and parts. The penny sheets of ribaldry and impiety were driven from the field. Gradually, however, has the newspaper, with its greater passing attractions, assumed a far higher character, than in the days when a Weekly Magazine was thought necessary for the diffusion of sound knowledge. The reduction of the Stamp duty, the rapid distribution through the agency of railroads, has sent the newspaper into every corner of the kingdom; and the conductors of the London and Provincial Press have, with very few exceptions, applied themselves to their duties with the conviction that they are *now* addressing a people who deserve the praise which Milton bestowed upon their forefathers—"a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, inquiring, and piercing spirit,—acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to." The British Newspaper Press has of late years done a great deal, a very great deal, to vindicate its claim to the praise of "the best public instructor." That the 'Penny Magazine,' and other publications conducted in a like spirit, have done something to elevate the popular mind, and to make it appreciate a rational, honest, and temperate newspaper, in preference to a declamatory, insidious, and violent newspaper, will, we believe, be conceded by most persons.

Two years ago the Editor wrote thus in the first *Weekly Volume* :—"The number of weekly periodical works (not newspapers) issued in London on Saturday, May 4, 1844, was about sixty. Of these the weekly sale of 'Chambers's Journal,' the 'Penny Magazine,' the 'Saturday Magazine,' the 'Mirror,' the 'Mechanics' Magazine,' the 'Athenæum,' the 'Literary Gazette,' the 'Lancet,' the 'Church of England Magazine,' 'Punch,' and of several others of the more important, amounts to little less than 300,000 copies, or about fifteen millions annually. The greater number of these are devoted to the supply of persons who have only a very small sum to expend weekly upon their home reading. They are not adapted to the principle of asso-



ciation in book-clubs. They are taken home, read, laid aside, perhaps destroyed, and sometimes, we trust, preserved and bound. With few exceptions, they are innocuous. The love of excitement is, perhaps, too much cultivated; but, on the whole, we have no hesitation in affirming that they have superseded much that was injurious in the cheaper literature." We have again collected all the *weekly* periodical sheets issued in London on a given Saturday in the present month. They may be classed thus:—

Literary Papers	2
Economical and Social Journals	12
Penny and three-halfpenny Magazines	14
Tracts	3
Musical	5
Weekly sheets, forming separate books	37

73

It is from this competition that the 'Penny Magazine' now withdraws itself. Its Editor most earnestly wishes success to those who are keeping on their course with honesty and ability—to those who do not administer to a fraudulent cheapness, by pilfering from every copyright work that comes in their way—to those who have regard to the heavy responsibility which every writer ought to feel who addresses large bodies of his fellow-men—to those who do not hold out false hopes and extravagant expectations to the great mass of the working classes, or seek to array the rich against the poor and the poor against the rich—to those who advocate every real and practical improvement of our social condition, and sneer not at ameliorations of indigence and discomfort that may be effected without political convulsion—to those, in short, who are honest teachers of the people. He rejoices that there are many in the field, and some who have come at the eleventh hour, who deserve the wages of zealous and faithful labourers. But there are others who are carrying out the principle of cheap weekly sheets to the disgrace of the system, and who appear to have got some considerable hold upon the less informed of the working people, and especially upon the young. There are manufactories in London whence hundreds of reams of vile paper and printing issue weekly; where large bodies of children are employed to arrange types, at the wages of shirt-makers, from copy furnished by the most ignorant, at the wages of scavengers. In truth, such writers, if they deserve the name of writers, *are* scavengers. All the garbage that belongs to the history of crime and misery is raked together, to diffuse a moral miasma through the land, in the shape of the most vulgar and brutal fiction. 'Penny Magazines,' and 'Edinburgh Journals,' and 'Weekly Instructors,' and



‘People’s Journals,’ have little chance of circulation *amongst the least informed class*, who most require sound knowledge, while the cheap book-sellers’ shops are filled with such things as ‘Newgate, a Romance,’ ‘The Black Mantle, or the Murder at the Old Jewry,’ ‘The Spectre of the Hall,’ ‘The Love-Child,’ ‘The Feast of Blood,’ ‘The Convict,’ and twenty others, all of the same exciting character to the young and ignorant. But the detrimental exercise of the printing-press is only to be met by its wholesome employment. We have no fear for the righteous cause of cheap literature.

The publication of the **WEEKLY VOLUME** was commenced in 1844, in the belief that “there is a demand for **BOOKS** of standard value and universal interest, cheap enough to find their way into every cottage, so trustworthy in their facts, sound in their principles, and attractive in their subjects and their treatment, as to be welcome to the most instructed readers.” In this belief the Editor of the ‘Penny Magazine’ has been able to produce **ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE WEEKLY VOLUMES**. He is now about to continue the **SAME CLASS OF BOOK MONTHLY**. To those who have so long supported the ‘Penny Magazine,’ he ventures to recommend the purchase of ‘**KNIGHT’S MONTHLY VOLUME**,’ as carrying onward the principle of a cheap diffusion of wholesome literature, in accordance with what he believes to be a symptom of the spread of knowledge—a desire to form permanent libraries of information and entertainment, in preference to the purchase of Miscellanies, that, whatever be their merit, must to some extent be of ephemeral value.

CHARLES KNIGHT.

June 19, 1846.

THE END.



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